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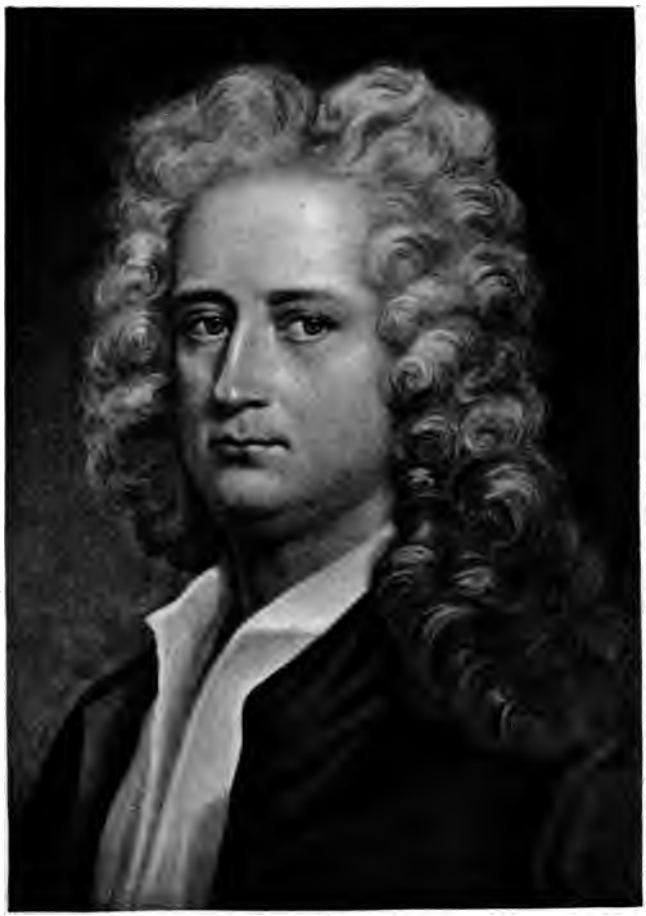

Joseph Addison.

THE WORKS OF

JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

Volume III.

Edited by TEMPLE SCOTT

With a Biographical Introduction

By Rt. Hon. W. E. H. LECKY, M. P.

Journal to Stella

Vol. II.

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and Catherine.—Morrow, dearest sirrahs, and farewell; and God Almighty bless MD, poor little dear MD, for so I mean, and Presto too. I'll write to you again to-night, that is, I'll begin my next letter. Farewell, &c.

This little bit belongs to MD; we must always write on the margin:[1] you are saucy rogues.

LETTER XXXII.

London, October 9, 1711.

I was forced to lie down at twelve to-day, and mend my night's sleep: I slept till after two, and then sent for a bit of mutton and pot of ale from the next cook's shop, and had no stomach. I went out at four, and called to see Biddy Floyd, which I had not done these three months: she is something marked, but has recovered her complexion quite, and looks very well. Then I sat the evening with Mrs Vanhomrigh, and drank coffee, and ate an egg. I likewise took a new lodging to-day, not liking a ground-floor, nor the ill smell, and other circumstances. I lodge, or shall lodge, by Leicester Fields, and pay ten shillings a week; that won't hold out long, faith. I shall lie here but one night more. It rained terribly till one o'clock to-day. I lie, for I shall lie here two nights, till Thursday, and then remove. Did I tell you that my friend Mrs Barton has a brother drowned, that went on the expedition with Jack Hill? He was a lieutenant-colonel, and a coxcomb; and she keeps her chamber in form, and the servants say, she receives no messages.——Answer MD's letter, Presto, d'ye hear? No, says Presto, I won't yet, I'm busy; you're a saucy rogue. Who talks?

10. It cost me two shillings in coach-hire to dine in the city with a printer. I have sent, and caused to be sent, three pamphlets out in a fortnight. I will ply the rogues warm; and whenever anything of theirs makes a noise, it shall have an answer. I have instructed an under spur-leather to write so, that it is taken for mine. A rogue that writes a news-

[1] "This happens to be the only single line written upon the margin of any of his journals. By some accident there was a margin about as broad as the back of a razor, and therefore he made this use of it." (Note in original edition.)

paper, called The Protestant Post Boy, has reflected on me in one of his papers; but the Secretary has taken him up, and he shall have a squeeze extraordinary. He says, that an ambitious tantivy, missing of his towering hopes of preferment in Ireland, is come over to vent his spleen on the late ministry, &c. I'll tantivy him with a vengeance. I sat the evening at home, and am very husy, and can hardly find time to write, unless it were to MD. I am in furious haste.

11. I dined to-day with Lord-Treasurer. Thursdays are now his days when his choice company comes, but we are too much multiplied. George Granville sent his excuses upon being ill; I hear he apprehends the apoplexy, which would grieve me much. Lord-Treasurer calls Prior nothing but Monsieur Baudrier, which was the feigned name of the Frenchman that writ his Journey to Paris. They pretend to suspect me, so I talk freely of it, and put them out of their play. Lord-Treasurer calls me now Dr Martin, because martin [1] is a sort of a swallow, and so is a swift. When he and I came last Monday from Windsor, we were reading all the signs on the road. He is a pure trifler; tell the Bishop of Clogher so. I made him make two lines in verse for the Bell and Dragon, and they were rare bad ones. I suppose Dilly is with you by this time: what could his reason be of leaving London, and not owning it? 'Twas plaguy silly. I believe his natural inconstancy made him weary. I think he is the king of inconstancy. I staid with Lord-Treasurer till ten; we had five lords and three commoners. Go to ombre, sirrahs.

12. Mrs Vanhomrigh has changed her lodging as well as I. She found she had got with a bawd, and removed. I dined with her to-day; for though she boards, her landlady does not dine with her. I am grown a mighty lover of herrings; but they are much smaller here than with you. In the afternoon I visited an old major-general, and eat six oysters; then sat an hour with Mrs Colledge, the joiner's daughter that was hanged; it was the joiner was hanged, and not his daughter; with Thompson's wife, a magistrate. There was the famous Mrs Floyd of Chester, who, I think,

[1] "From this pleasantry of my Lord Oxford, the appellative Martinus Scriblerus took its rise." (Note in original edition.)

is the handsomest woman (except MD) that ever I saw. She told me, that twenty people had sent her the verses upon Biddy, as meant to her: and, indeed, in point of handsomeness, she deserves them much better: I will not go to Windsor to-morrow, and so I told the Secretary to-day. I hate the thoughts of Saturday and Sunday suppers with Lord-Treasurer. Jack Hill is come home from his unfortunate expedition, and is, I think, now at Windsor: I have not yet seen him. He is privately blamed by his own friends for want of conduct. He called a council of war, and therein it was determined to come back. But they say, a general should not do that, because the officers will always give their opinion for returning, since the blame will not lie upon them, but the general. I pity him heartily. Bernage received his commission to-day.

13. I dined to-day with Colonel Crowe, late governor of Barbadoes; he is a great acquaintance of your friend Sterne, to whom I trusted the box. Lord-Treasurer has refused Sterne's business, and I doubt he is a rake; Jemmy Leigh stays for him, and nobody knows where to find him. I am so busy now, I have hardly time to spare to write to our little MD; but in a fortnight I hope it will be over. I am going now to be busy, &c.

14. I was going to dine with Dr Cockburn, but Sir Andrew Fountaine met me, and carried me to Mrs Van's, where I drank the last bottle of Raymond's wine, admirable good, better than any I get among the ministry. I must pick up time to answer this letter of MD's; I'll do it in a day or two for certain.——I am glad I am not at Windsor, for it is very cold, and I won't have a fire till November. I am contriving how to stop up my grate with bricks. Patrick was drunk last night; but did not come to me, else I should have given him t'other cuff. I sat this evening with Mrs Barton; it is the first day of her seeing company; but I made her merry enough, and we were three hours disputing upon Whig and Tory. She grieved for her brother only for form, and he was a sad dog. Is Stella well enough to go to church, pray? no numbings left? no darkness in your eyes? do you walk and exercise? Your exercise is ombre.——People are coming up to town: the queen will be at Hampton Court in a week. Lady Betty

Germain, I hear, is come; and Lord Pembroke is coming: his wife is as big with child as she can tumble.

15. I sat at home till four this afternoon to-day writing, and ate a roll and butter; then visited Will. Congreve an hour or two, and supped with Lord-Treasurer, who came from Windsor to-day, and brought Prior with him. The Queen has thanked Prior for his good service in France, and promised to make him a Commissioner of the Customs. Several of that commission are to be out; among the rest, my friend Sir Matthew Dudley. I can do nothing for him, he is so hated by the ministry. Lord-Treasurer kept me till twelve, so I need not tell you it is now late.

16. I dined to-day with Mr Secretary at Dr. Cotesworth's, where he now lodges till his house be got ready in Golden Square. One Boyer,[1] a French dog, has abused me in a pamphlet, and I have got him up in a messenger's hands: the Secretary promises me to swinge him. Lord-Treasurer told me last night, that he had the honour to be abused with me in a pamphlet. I must make that rogue an example, for warning to others. I was to see Jack Hill this morning, who made that unfortunate expedition; and there is still more misfortune; for that ship, which was admiral of his fleet,[2] is blown up in the Thames, by an accident and carelessness of some rogue, who was going, as they think, to steal some gunpowder: five hundred men are lost. We don't yet know the particulars. I am got home by seven, and am going to be busy, and you are going to play and supper; you live ten times happier than I; but I should live ten times happier than you if I were with MD. I saw Jemmy Leigh to-day in the street, who tells me that Sterne has not lain above once these three weeks in his lodgings, and he doubts he takes ill courses; he stays only till he can find Sterne to go along with him, and he cannot hear of him. I begged him to inquire about the box when he comes to Chester, which he promises.

17. The Secretary and I dined to-day with Brigadier

[1] Abel Boyer's pamphlet was entitled, "An Account of the State and Progress of the Present Negotiations for Peace." The author was a well-known hackwriter of the time.

[2] "The Edgar," a ship of seventy-four guns. Four hundred men were killed.

Britton, a great friend of his. The lady of the house is very gallant, about thirty-five; she is said to have a great deal of wit; but I see nothing among any of them that equals MD by a bar's length, as hope saved.[1] My Lord-Treasurer is much out of order; he has a sore throat, and the gravel, and a pain in his breast where the wound was: pray God preserve him. The Queen comes to Hampton Court on Tuesday next; people are coming fast to town, and I must answer MD's letter, which I can hardly find time to do, though I am at home the greatest part of the day. Lady Betty Germain and I were disputing Whig and Tory to death this morning. She is grown very fat, and looks mighty well. Biddy Floyd was there, and she is, I think, very much spoiled with the small-pox.

18. Lord-Treasurer is still out of order, and that breaks our method of dining there to-day. He is often subject to a sore throat, and some time or other it will kill him, unless he takes more care than he is apt to do. It was said about the town, that poor Lord Peterborow was dead at Frankfort; but he is something better, and the Queen is sending him to Italy, where I hope the warm climate will recover him: he has abundance of excellent qualities, and we love one another mightily. I was this afternoon in the city, ate a bit of meat, and settled some things with a printer. I will answer your letter on Saturday, if possible, and then send away this; so to fetch up the odd days I lost at Windsor, and keep constant to my fortnight. Ombre time is now coming on, and we shall have nothing but Manley, and Walls, and Stoytes, and the Dean. Have you got no new acquaintance? Poor girls; nobody knows MD's good qualities.—'Tis very cold; but I will not have a fire till November, that's pozz.—Well, but coming home to-night, I found on my table a letter from MD; faith I was angry, that is with myself; and I was afraid too to see MD's hand so soon, for fear of something, I don't know what: at last I opened it, and it was over well, and a bill for the two hundred guineas. However, 'tis a sad thing that this letter is not gone, nor your twenty-first answered yet.

19. I was invited to-day to dine with Mrs Van, with some

[1] As I hope to be saved.

company who did not come; but I ate nothing but herrings; you must know I hardly ever eat of above one thing, and that the plainest ordinary meat at table; I love it best, and believe it wholesomest. You love rarities; yes you do; I wish you had all that I ever see where I go. I was coming home early, and met the Secretary in his chair, who persuaded me to go with him to Britton's;[1] for he said he had been all day at business, and had eaten nothing. So I went, and the time past so, that we staid till two, so you may believe 'tis late enough.

20. This day has gone all wrong, by sitting up so late last night. Lord-Treasurer is not yet well, and can't go to Windsor. I dined with Sir Matthew Dudley, and took occasion to hint to him that he would lose his employment, for which I am very sorry. Lord Pembroke and his family are all come to town. I was kept so long at a friend's this evening that I cannot send this to-night. When I knocked at my lodgings, a fellow asked me where lodged Dr Swift? I told him I was the person: he gave me a letter he brought from the Secretary's office, and I gave him a shilling: when I came up, I saw Dingley's hand: faith I was afraid, I do not know what. At last it was a formal letter from Dingley about her exchequer business. Well, I'll do it on Monday, and settle it with Tooke. And now, boys, for your letter, I mean the first, N. 21. Let's see; come out, little letter. I never had the letter from the Bishop that Raymond mentions; but I have written to Ned Southwell, to desire the Duke of Ormond to speak to His Reverence, that he may leave off his impertinence. What a' pox can they think I am doing for the Archbishop here? You have a pretty notion of me in Ireland, to make me an agent for the Archbishop of Dublin. — Why; do you think I value your people's ingratitude about my part in serving them? I remit them their First-Fruits of ingratitude, as freely as I got the other remitted to them. The Lord-Treasurer defers writing his letter to them, or else they would be plaguily confounded by this time. For, he designs to give the merit of it wholly to the Queen and me, and to let them know it was done before the Duke of Ormond was Lord-Lieutenant. You

[1] To the house of Brigadier Britton, mentioned below, Oct. 31.

visit, you dine abroad, you see friends; you pilgarlic; you walk from Finglass, you a cat's foot. O Lord—Lady Gore hung her child by the *waist;* what is that waist?[1] I don't understand that word; he must hang on till you explain or spell it.—I don't believe he was pretty, that's a liiii.—Pish; burn your First-Fruits; again at it. Stella has made twenty false spellings in her writing; I'll send them to you all back again on the other side of this letter, to mend them; I won't miss one. Why; I think there were seventeen bishops' names to the letter Lord Oxford received.—I will send you some pamphlets by Leigh; put me in mind of it on Monday, for I shall go then to the printer; yes, and the Miscellany. I am mightily obliged to Walls, but I don't deserve it by any usage of him here, having seen him but twice, and once *en passant.* Mrs Manley forsworn ombre! What; and no blazing star appear? no monsters born? no whale thrown up? have you not found out some evasion for her? She had no such regard to oaths in her younger days. I got the books for nothing, Madam Dingley; but the wine I got not; it was but a promise.—Yes, my head is pretty well in the main, only now and then a little threatening or so.—You talk of my reconciling some great folks. I tell you what. The Secretary told me last night, that he had found the reason why the Queen was cold to him for some months past; that a friend had told it him yesterday; and it was, that they suspected he was at the bottom with the Duke of Marlborough. Then he said, he had reflected upon all I had spoken to him long ago; but he thought it had only been my suspicion, and my zeal and kindness for him. I said I had reason to take that very ill, to imagine I knew so little of the world as to talk at a venture to a great minister; that I had gone between him and Lord-Treasurer often, and told each of them what I had said to the other, and that I had informed him so before: he said all that you may imagine to excuse himself, and approve my conduct. I told him I knew all along that this proceeding of mine was the surest way to send me back to my willows in Ireland, but that I regarded it not, provided I could do the kingdom service in keeping them well together. I minded him how

[1] Scott remarks, "modern usage has sanctioned Stella's spelling." Swift's spelling was "wast."

often I had told Lord-Treasurer, Lord-Keeper, and him together, that all things depended on their union, and that my comfort was to see them love one another; and I had told them all singly that I had not said this by chance, &c. He was in a rage to be thus suspected; swears he will be upon a better foot, or none at all; and I do not see how they can well want him in this juncture. I hope to find a way of settling this matter. I act an honest part; that will bring me neither honour nor praise. MD must think the better of me for it: nobody else shall ever know of it. Here's politics enough for once; but Madam D. D. gave me occasion for it. I think I told you I have got into lodgings that don't smell ill—O Lord! the spectacles: well, I'll do that on Monday too; although it goes against me to be employed for folks that neither you nor I care a groat for. Is the eight pounds from Hawkshaw included in the thirty-nine pounds five shillings and twopence? How do I know by this how my account stands? Can't you write five or six lines to cast it up? Mine is forty-four pounds *per annum*, and eight pounds from Hawkshaw makes fifty-two pounds. Pray set it right, and let me know; you had best.—And so now I have answered N. 21, and 'tis late, and I will answer N. 22 in my next: this cannot go to-night, but shall on Tuesday: and so go to your play, and lose your money, with your two eggs a penny; silly jade; you witty? very pretty.

21. Mrs. Van would have me dine with her again to-day, and so I did, though Lady Mountjoy has sent two or three times to have me see and dine with her, and she is a little body I love very well. My head has ached a little in the evenings these three or four days, but it is not of the giddy sort, so I do not much value it. I was to see Lord Harley to-day, but Lord-Treasurer took physic, and I could not see him. He has voided much gravel, and is better, but not well; he talks of going on Tuesday to see the Queen at Hampton Court; I wish he may be able. I never saw so fine a summer day as this was: how is it with you pray? and can't you remember, naughty packs? I han't seen Lord Pembroke yet. He will be sorry to miss Dilly: I wonder you say nothing of Dilly's being got to Ireland; if he be not there soon, I shall have some certain odd thoughts: guess them if you can.

22. I dined in the city to-day with Dr Freind, at one of my printers: I inquired for Leigh, but could not find him: I have forgot what sort of apron you want. I must rout among your letters, a needle in a bottle of hay. I gave Sterne directions, but where to find him Lord knows. I have bespoken the spectacles; got a set of Examiners, and five pamphlets, which I have either written or contributed to, except the best, which is the Vindication of the Duke of Marlborough; and is entirely of the author of the Atalantis. I have settled Dingley's affair with Tooke, who has undertaken it, and understands it. I have bespoken a Miscellany: what would you have me do more? It cost me a shilling coming home; it rains terribly, and did so in the morning. Lord-Treasurer has had an ill day, in much pain. He writes and does business in his chamber now he is ill: the man is bewitched: he desires to see me, and I'll maul him, but he will not value it a rush. I am half weary of them all. I often burst out into these thoughts, and will certainly steal away as soon as I decently can. I have many friends, and many enemies; and the last are more constant in their nature. I have no shuddering at all to think of retiring to my old circumstances, if you can be easy; but I will always live in Ireland as I did the last time; I will not hunt for dinners there: nor converse with more than a very few.

23. Morning. This goes to-day, and shall be sealed by and by. Lord-Treasurer takes physic again to-day; I believe I shall dine with Lord Dupplin. Mr Tooke brought me a letter directed for me at Morphew's the bookseller. I suppose, by the postage, it came from Ireland; it is a woman's hand, and seems false spelt on purpose; it is in such sort of verse as Harris's petition;[1] rallies me for writing merry things, and not upon divinity; and is like the subject of the Archbishop's last letter, as I told you. Can you guess whom it came from? it is not ill written; pray find it out; there is a Latin verse at the end of it all rightly spelt; yet the English, as I think, affectedly wrong in many places. My plaguing time is coming. A young fellow brought me a letter from Judge Coote, with recommendation to be lieutenant of a man of war. He is the son of one Echlin, who

[1] Swift's own lines, "Mrs Frances Harris's Petition."

was minister of Belfast before Tisdall, and I have got some other new customers; but I shall trouble my friends as little as possible. Saucy Stella used to jeer me for meddling with other folks affairs; but now I am punished for it.—Patrick has brought the candle, and I have no more room. Farewell, &c. &c.

Here is a full and true account of Stella's new spelling.

Plaguely, . . .	Plaguily.[1]
Dineing, . . .	Dining.
Straingers, . . .	Strangers.
Chais, ...	Chase.
Waist, ...	Wast.
Houer, . . .	Hour.
Immagin, . . .	Imagine.
A bout, . . .	About.
Intellegence, . .	Intelligence.
Aboundance, . .	Abundance.
Merrit, . . .	Merit.
Secreet, . . .	Secret.
Phamphlets, . .	Pamphlets.
Bussiness, . . .	Business.

Tell me truly, sirrah, how many of these are mistakes of the pen, and how many are you to answer for as real ill spelling? There are but fourteen; I said twenty by guess. You must not be angry, for I will have you spell right, let the world go how it will. Though, after all, there is but a mistake of one letter in any of these words. I allow you henceforth but six false spellings in every letter you send me.

LETTER XXXIII.

London, October 23, 1711.

I dined with Lord Dupplin as I told you I would, and put my thirty-second into the post-office my own self; and I believe there has not been one moment since we parted,

[1] "This column of words, as they are corrected, is in Stella's hand." (Note in original edition.)

Esther Johnson (Stella)
from a picture in the possession of G. Villiers Bruce Esq

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wherein a letter was not upon the road going or coming to or from PMD.[1] If the Queen knew it, she would give us a pension; for it is we bring good luck to their post-boys and their packets; else they would break their necks and sink. But, an old saying and a true one:

> Be it snow, or storm, or hail,
> PMD's letters never fail;
> Cross winds may sometimes make them tarry,
> But PMD's letters can't miscarry.

Terrible rain to-day, but it cleared up at night enough to save my twelvepence coming home. Lord-Treasurer is much better this evening. I hate to have him ill, he is so confoundedly careless. I won't answer your letter yet, so be satisfied.

24. I called at Lord-Treasurer's to-day at noon; he was eating some broth in his bed-chamber, undressed, with a thousand papers about him. He has a little fever upon him, and his eye terribly blood-shot; yet he dressed himself and went out to the Treasury. He told me, he had a letter from a lady with a complaint against me; it was from Mrs. Cutts, a sister of Lord Cutts, who writ to him, that I had abused her brother: you remember the Salamander,[2] it is printed in the Miscellany. I told my lord, that I would never regard complaints, and that I expected, whenever he received any against me, he would immediately put them into the fire, and forget them, else I should have no quiet. I had a little turn in my head this morning; which, though it did not last above a moment, yet being of the true sort, has made me as weak as a dog all this day. 'Tis the first I have had this half year. I shall take my pills if I hear of it again. I dined at Lady Mountjoy's with Harry Coote,[3] and went to see Lord Pembroke upon his coming to town.—The

[1] "That is Presto and MD."

[2] Lord Cutts obtained the name from his coolness under fire at the siege of Namur. Swift's verses, "The Description of a Salamander," are a scurrilous and disgusting attack on a brave man.

[3] See p. 27. This is probably the Coote whom Swift introduced to Pope with a letter which ran, "Dear Pope, though the little fellow that brings this be a justice of peace, and a member of our Irish House of Commons; yet he may not be altogether unworthy of your acquaintance." (Spence.)

Whig party are furious against a peace, and every day some ballad comes out reflecting on the ministry on that account. The Secretary St John has seized on a dozen booksellers and publishers into his messengers' hands.[1] Some of the foreign ministers have published the preliminaries agreed on here between France and England; and people rail at them as insufficient to treat a peace upon; but the secret is, that the French have agreed to articles much more important, which our ministers have not communicated, and the people, who think they know all, are discontented that there is no more. This was an inconvenience I foretold to the Secretary; but we could contrive no way to fence against it. So there's politics for you.

25. The Queen is at Hampton Court; she went on Tuesday in that terrible rain. I dined with Lewis at his lodgings, to dispatch some business we had. I sent this morning and evening to Lord-Treasurer, and he is much worse by going out; I am in pain about evening. He has sent for Dr. Radcliffe; pray God preserve him. The Chancellor of the Exchequer[2] showed me to-day a ballad in manuscript against Lord-Treasurer and his South Sea project; it is very sharply written: if it be not printed, I will send it you. If it be, it shall go in your packet of pamphlets.—I found out your letter about directions for the apron, and have ordered to be bought a cheap, green silk work apron; I have it by heart. I sat this evening with Mrs Barton, who is my near neighbour. It was a delicious day, and I got my walk, and was thinking whether MD was walking too just at that time that Presto was.—This paper does not cost me a farthing, I have it from the Secretary's office. I long till to-morrow to know how my Lord-Treasurer sleeps this night, and to hear he mends: we are all undone without him; so pray for him, sirrahs, and don't stay too late at the Dean's.

26. I dined with Mrs Van; for the weather is so bad, and I am so busy, that I can't dine with great folks: and besides

[1] By a violent stretch of power St. John, on Oct. 23, committed fourteen booksellers and printers to custody for printing and publishing libellous pamphlets. They were continued on their own recognizances till the end of the term.

[2] Robert Benson became Chancellor of the Exchequer in June, 1711.

I dare eat but little, to keep my head in order, which is better. Lord-Treasurer is very ill, but I hope in no danger. We have no quiet with the Whigs, they are so violent against a peace; but I'll cool them, with a vengeance very soon. I have not heard from the Bishop of Clogher, whether he has got his statues. I writ to him six weeks ago; he's so busy with his Parliament. I won't answer your letter yet, say what you will, saucy girls.

27. I forgot to go about some business this morning, which cost me double the time; and I was forced to be at the Secretary's office till four, and lose my dinner; so I went to Mrs Van's, and made them get me three herrings, which I am very fond of, and they are a light victuals: besides, I was to have supped at Lady Ashburnham's; but the drab did not call for us in her coach, as she promised, but sent for us, and so I sent my excuses. It has been a terrible rainy day, but so flattering in the morning, that I would needs go out in my new hat. I met Leigh and Sterne as I was going into the Park. Leigh says he will go to Ireland in ten days, if he can get Sterne to go with him; so I will send him the things for MD, and I have desired him to inquire about the box. I hate that Sterne for his carelessness about it; but it was my fault.

29. I was all this terrible rainy day with my friend Lewis upon business of importance; and I dined with him, and came home about seven, and thought I would amuse myself a little, after the pains I had taken. I saw a volume of Congreve's plays in my room, that Patrick had taken to read; and I looked into it, and in mere loitering read in it till twelve, like an owl and a fool: if ever I do so again; never saw the like. Count Gallas,[1] the Emperor's envoy, you will hear, is in disgrace with us: the Queen has ordered her ministers to have no more commerce with him; the reason is, the fool writ a rude letter to Lord Dartmouth, Secretary of State, complaining of our proceedings about a peace; and he is always in close confidence with Lord Wharton and Sunderland, and others of the late ministry. I

[1] He was dismissed with a message that he should no more come to court, but that what his master had to communicate would be well received from the hands of another minister, and that he might depart from the kingdom when he thought fit.

I believe you begin to think there will be no peace; the Whigs here are sure it cannot be, and stocks are fallen again. But I am confident there will, unless France plays us tricks; and you may venture a wager with any of your Whig acquaintance, that we shall not have another campaign. You will get more by it than by ombre, sirrah.—I let slip telling you yesterday's journal, which I thought to have done this morning, but blundered. I dined yesterday at Harry Coote's, with Lord Hatton, Mr Finch, a son of Lord Nottingham, and Sir Andrew Fountaine. I left them soon; but hear they staid till two in the morning, and were all drunk; and so good night for last night, and good night for to-night. You blundering goosecap, an't you ashamed to blunder to young ladies? I shall have a fire in three or four days now, oh ho.

30. I was to-day in the city concerting some things with a printer, and am to be to-morrow all day busy with Mr Secretary about the same. I won't tell you now; but the ministers reckon it will do abundance of good, and open the eyes of the nation, who are half bewitched against a peace. Few of this generation can remember any thing but war and taxes, and they think it is as it should be; whereas 'tis certain we are the most undone people in Europe, as I am afraid I shall make appear beyond all contradiction. But I forgot; I won't tell you what I will do, nor what I will not do: so let me alone, and go to Stoyte, and give Goody Stoyte and Catherine my humble service; I love Goody Stoyte better than Goody Walls. Who'll pay me for this green apron? I will have the money; it cost ten shillings and sixpence. I think it plaguy dear for a cheap thing; but they said that English silk would cockle, and I know not what. You have the making into the bargain. 'Tis right Italian: I have sent it and the pamphlets to Leigh, and will send the Miscellanies and spectacles in a day or two. I would send more; but faith I'm plaguy poor at present.

31. The devil's in this Secretary; when I went this morning he had people with him; but says he, we are to dine with Prior to-day, and then will do all our business in the afternoon: at two, Prior sends word he is otherwise engaged; then the Secretary and I go and dine with Brigadier Britton,

sit till eight, grow merry, no business done; he is in haste to see Lady Jersey; we part, and appoint no time to meet again. This is the fault of all the present ministers, teasing me to death for my assistance, laying the whole weight of their affairs upon it, yet slipping opportunities. Lord-Treasurer mends every day, though slowly: I hope he will take care of himself. Pray, will you send to Parvisol to send me a bill of twenty pounds as soon as he can, for I want money. I must have money; I will have money, sirrahs.

Nov. 1. I went to-day into the city to settle some business with Stratford, and to dine with him; but he was engaged, and I was so angry I would not dine with any other merchant, but went to my printer, and ate a bit, and did business of mischief with him, and I shall have the spectacles and Miscellany to-morrow, and leave them with Leigh. A fine day always makes me go into the city, if I can spare time, because it is exercise; and that does me more good than any thing. I have heard nothing since of my head, but a little, I don't know how, sometimes: but I am very temperate, especially now the Treasurer is ill, and the ministers often at Hampton Court, and the Secretary not yet fixed in his house, and I hate dining with many of my old acquaintance. Here has been a fellow discovered going out of the East India House with sixteen thousand pounds in money and bills; he would have escaped, if he had not been so uneasy with thirst, that he stole out before his time, and was caught. But what is that to MD? I wish we had the money, provided the East India Company was never the worse; you know we must not covet, &c. Our weather, for this fortnight past, is chequered, a fair and a rainy day; this was very fine, and I have walked four miles; wish MD would do so, lazy sluttikins.

2. It has rained all day with a *continuendo*, and I went in a chair to dine with Mrs Van; always there in a very rainy day. But I made a shift to come back afoot. I live a very retired life, pay very few visits, and keep but very little company; I read no newspapers. I am sorry I sent you the Examiner, for the printer is going to print them in a small volume: it seems the author is too proud to have them printed by subscription, though his friends offered, they say, to make it worth five hundred pounds to him. The Spec-

tators are likewise printing in a larger and a smaller volume, so I believe they are going to leave them off, and indeed people grow weary of them, though they are often prettily written. We have had no news for me to send you now towards the end of my letter. The Queen has the gout a little; I hoped the Lord-Treasurer would have had it too, but Radcliffe told me yesterday it was the rheumatism in his knee and foot; however he mends, and I hope will be abroad in a short time. I am told they design giving away several employments before the Parliament sits, which will be the thirteenth instant. I either do not like, or not understand this policy; and if Lord-Treasurer does not mend soon, they must give them just before the sessions. But he is the greatest procrastinator in the world.

3. A fine day this, and I walked a pretty deal: I stuffed the Secretary's pockets with papers, which he must read and settle at Hampton Court, where he went to-day, and stays some time. They have no lodgings for me there, so I can't go, for the town is small, chargeable, and inconvenient. Lord-Treasurer had a very ill night last night, with much pain in his knee and foot, but is easier to-day.—And so I went to visit Prior about some business, and so he was not within, and so Sir Andrew Fountaine made me dine to-day again with Mrs. Van, and I came home soon, remembering this must go to-night, and that I had a letter of MD's to answer. O Lord, where is it? let me see; so, so, here it is. You grudge writing so soon. Pox on that bill; the woman would have me manage that money for her. I do not know what to do with it now I have it: I am like the unprofitable steward in the Gospel: I laid it up in a napkin; there thou hast what is thine own, &c. Well, well, I know of your new mayor. (I'll tell you a pun; a fishmonger owed a man two crowns; so he sent him a piece of bad ling and a tench, and then said he was paid: how is that now? find it out; for I won't tell it you: which of you finds it out?) Well, but as I was saying, what care I for your mayor? I fancy Ford may tell Forbes right about my returning to Ireland before Christmas, or soon after. I'm sorry you did not go on with your story about Pray God you be John; I never heard it in my life, and wonder what it can be.—Ah, Stella, faith you leaned upon your Bible to think what to say when you writ

that. Yes, that story of the Secretary's making me an example is true; "never heard it before;" why how could you hear it? is it possible to tell you the hundredth part of what passes in our companies here? the Secretary is as easy with me as Mr Addison was. I have often thought what a splutter Sir William Temple makes [made] about being Secretary of State; I think Mr St John the greatest young man I ever knew; wit, capacity, beauty, quickness of apprehension, good learning, and an excellent taste; the best orator in the House of Commons, admirable conversation, good nature, and good manners; generous, and a despiser of money. His only fault is talking to his friends in way of complaint of too great a load of business, which looks a little like affectation; and he endeavours too much to mix the fine gentleman, and man of pleasure, with the man of business. What truth and sincerity he may have I know not: he is now but thirty-two, and has been Secretary above a year. Is not all this extraordinary? how he stands with the Queen and Lord-Treasurer I have told you before. This is his character; and I believe you will be diverted by knowing it. I writ to the Archbishop of Dublin, Bishop of Cloyne and of Clogher together, five weeks ago from Windsor: I hope they had my letters; pray know if Clogher had his.—Fig for your physician and his advice, Madam Dingley; if I grow worse, I will; otherwise I will trust to temperance and exercise: your fall of the leaf; what care I when the leaves fall? I am sorry to see them fall with all my heart; but why should I take physic because leaves fall off from trees? that won't hinder them from falling. If a man falls from a horse, must I take physic for that?—This arguing makes you mad; but it is true right reason, not to be disproved.—I am glad at heart to hear poor Stella is better; use exercise and walk, spend pattens and spare potions, wear out clogs and waste claret. Have you found out my pun of the fishmonger? don't read a word more till you have got it. And Stella is handsome again you say? and is she fat? I have sent to Leigh the set of Examiners; the first thirteen were written by several hands, some good, some bad; the next three-and-thirty were all by one hand, that makes forty-six: then that author, whoever he was, laid it down on purpose to confound guessers; and the last six were written by a

woman.[1] Then there is an account of Guiscard by the same woman, but the facts sent by Presto. Then an answer to the letter to the lords about Gregg by Presto; Prior's Journey by Presto; Vindication of the Duke of Marlborough entirely by the same woman; Comment on Hare's Sermon by the same woman, only hints sent to the printer from Presto to give her. Then there's the Miscellany, an apron for Stella, a pound of chocolate, without sugar, for Stella, a fine snuff-rasp of ivory, given me by Mrs St John for Dingley, and a large roll of tobacco, which she must hide or cut shorter out of modesty, and four pair of spectacles for the Lord knows who. There's the cargo, I hope it will come safe. O, Mrs Masham and I are very well; we write to one another, but it is upon business; I believe I told you so before: pray pardon my forgetfulness in these cases; poor Presto can't help it. MD shall have the money as soon as Tooke gets it. And so I think I have answered all, and the paper is out, and now I have fetched up my week, and will send you another this day fortnight.—Why, you rogues, two crowns make *tench-ill-ling:* you are so dull you could never have found it out. Farewell, &c. &c.

LETTER XXXIV.

London, Nov. 3, 1711.

My thirty-third lies now before me just finished, and I am going to seal and send it, so let me know whether you would have me add any thing: I gave you my journal of this day; and it is now nine at night, and I am going to be busy for an hour or two.

4. I left a friend's house to-day where I was invited, just when dinner was setting on, and pretended I was engaged, because I saw some fellows I did not know; and went to Sir Matthew Dudley's, where I had the same inconvenience, but he would not let me go; otherwise I would have gone home, and sent for a slice of mutton and a pot of ale, rather than dine with persons unknown, as bad, for aught I know, as your deans, parsons, and curates. Bad

[1] Mrs. De la Rivière Manley.

slabby weather to-day.—Now methinks I write at ease, when I have no letter of MD's to answer. But I mistook, and have got the large paper. The Queen is laid up with the gout at Hampton Court; she is now seldom without it any long time together; I fear it will wear her out in a very few years. I plainly find I have less twitchings about my toes since these ministers are sick and out of town, and that I don't dine with them. I would compound for a light easy gout to be perfectly well in my head.—Pray walk when the frost comes, young ladies go a frost-biting. It comes into my head, that, from the very time you first went to Ireland, I have been always plying you to walk and read. The young fellows here have begun a kind of fashion to walk, and many of them have got swingeing strong shoes on purpose; it has got as far as several young lords; if it hold, it would be a very good thing. Lady Lucy[1] and I are fallen out she rails at me, and I have left visiting her.

5. MD was very troublesome to me last night in my sleep; I was a dreamed, methought, that Stella was here. I asked her after Dingley, and she said she had left her in Ireland, because she designed her stay to be short, and such stuff.—Monsieur Pontchartain, the Secretary of State in France, and Monsieur Fontenelle, the secretary of the Royal Academy there, (who writ the *Dialogues des Morts, &c.*) have sent letters to Lord Pembroke, that the Academy have, with the King's consent, chosen him one of their members in the room of one who is lately dead. But the cautious gentleman has given me the letters to show my Lord Dartmouth and Mr St John, our two Secretaries, and let them see there is no treason in them; which I will do on Wednesday, when they come from Hampton Court. The letters are very handsome, and it is a very great mark of honour and distinction to Lord Pembroke. I hear the two French ministers are come over again about the peace; but I have seen nobody of consequence to know the truth. I dined to-day with a lady of my acquaintance, who was sick, in her bedchamber, upon three herrings and a chicken; the dinner was my bespeaking. We begin now to have chestnuts and Seville oranges; have you the latter yet? 'Twas a terrible windy

[1] See Introduction, p. xxi.

day, and we had processions in carts of the Pope and the Devil, and the butchers rang their cleavers. You know this is the fifth of November, Popery and gunpowder.

6. Since I am used to this way of writing, I fancy I could hardly make out a long letter to MD without it. I think I ought to allow for every line taken up by telling you where I dined; but that will not be above seven lines in all, half a line to a dinner. Your Ingoldsby is going over, and they say here he is to be made a lord.—Here was I staying in my room till two this afternoon for that puppy Sir Andrew Fountaine, who was to go with me into the city, and never came; and if I had not shot a dinner flying, with one Mr Murray, I might have fasted, or gone to an ale-house.—You never said one word of Goody Stoyte in your letter; but I suppose these winter nights we shall hear more of her. Does the provost laugh as much as he used to do? We reckon him here a good-for-nothing fellow.—I design to write to your Dean one of these days, but I can never find time, nor what to say.—I will think of something: but if DD[1] were not in Ireland, I believe seriously I should not think of the place twice a-year. Nothing there ever makes the subject of talk in any company where I am.

7. I went to-day to the city on business; but stopped at a printer's and staid there; it was a most delicious day. I hear the Parliament is to be prorogued for a fortnight longer; I suppose, either because the Queen has the gout, or that Lord-Treasurer is not well, or that they would do something more towards a peace. I called at Lord-Treasurer's at noon, and sat a while with Lord Harley, but his father was asleep. A bookseller has reprinted or new titled a sermon of Tom Swift's,[2] printed last year, and publishes an advertisement calling it Dr Swift's Sermon. Some friend of Lord Galway has, by his directions, published a four shilling book about his conduct in Spain, to defend him; I have but just seen it.

[1] "These two initial letters include both Stella and Dingley." (Note in original edition.)

[2] "Noah's Dove, an Exhortation to Peace, set forth in a Sermon preached on the Seventh of November, 1710, a Thanksgiving Day, by Thomas Swift, A.M., formerly Chaplain to Sir William Temple, now Rector of Puttenham in Surrey." This Thomas Swift was Jonathan's "little parson Cousin," for whom he entertained the profoundest contempt, and to whom the "Tale of a Tub" was sometimes ascribed.

But what care you for books, except Presto's Miscellanies? Leigh promised to call and see me, but has not yet; I hope he will take care of his cargo, and get your Chester box. A murrain take that box; every thing is spoiled that is in it. How does the strong box do? you say nothing of Raymond: is his wife brought to bed again; or how? has he finished his house; paid his debts; and put out the rest of the money to use? I am glad to hear poor Joe is like to get his two hundred pounds. I suppose Trim is now reduced to slavery again. I am glad of it; the people were as great rascals as the gentlemen. But I must go to bed sirrahs; the Secretary is still at Hampton Court with my papers, or is come only to-night. They plague me with attending them.

8. I was with the Secretary this morning, and we dined with Prior, and did business this afternoon till about eight; and I must alter and undo, and a clutter. I am glad the Parliament is prorogued. I staid with Prior till eleven; the Secretary left us at eight. Prior, I believe, will be one of those employed to make the peace, when a congress is opened. Lord Ashburnham told to-day at the coffeehouse, that Lord Harley was yesterday morning married to the Duke of Newcastle's daughter, the great heiress, and it got about all the town. But I saw Lord Harley yesterday at noon in his nightgown, and he dined in the city with Prior and others; so it is not true; but I hope it will be so; for I know it has been privately managing this long time: the lady will not have half her father's estate; for the Duke left Lord Pelham's son his heir: The widow Duchess will not stand to the will; and she is now at law with Pelham. However, at worst, the girl will have about ten thousand pounds a-year to support the honour; for Lord-Treasurer will never save a groat for himself. Lord Harley is a very valuable young gentleman; and they say the girl is handsome, and has good sense, but red hair.

9. I designed a jaunt into the city to-day to be merry, but was disappointed; so one always is in this life; and I could not see Lord Dartmouth to-day, with whom I had some business. Business and pleasure both disappointed. You can go to your Dean, and for want of him, Goody Stoyte, or Walls, or Manley, and meet every where with cards and claret. I dined privately with a friend on a herring and chicken, and

half a flask of bad Florence. I begin to have fires now, when the mornings are cold. I have got some loose bricks at the back of my grate for good husbandry. Fine weather. Patrick tells me, my caps are wearing out. I know not how to get others. I want a necessary woman strangely. I am as helpless as an elephant.—I had three packets from the Archbishop of Dublin, cost me four shillings, all about Higgins, printed stuff, and two long letters. His people forgot to enclose them to Lewis; and they were only directed to Doctor Swift, without naming London or any thing else. I wonder how they reached me, unless the postmaster directed them. I have read all the trash, and am weary.

10. Why; if you must have it out, something is to be published of great moment, and three or four great people are to see there are no mistakes in point of fact: and 'tis so troublesome to send it among them, and get their corrections, that I am weary as a dog. I dined to-day with the printer, and was there all the afternoon; and it plagues me, and there's an end, and what would you have? Lady Dupplin, Lord-Treasurer's daughter, is brought to-bed of a son. Lord-Treasurer has had an ugly return of his gravel. 'Tis good for us to live in gravel pits,[1] but not for gravel pits to live in us; a man in this case should leave no stone unturned. Lord-Treasurer's sickness, the Queen's gout, the forwarding the peace, occasion putting off the parliament a fortnight longer. My head has had no ill returns. I had good walking to-day in the city, and take all opportunities of it on purpose for my health; but I can't walk in the Park, because that is only for walking's sake, and loses time, so I mix it with business. I wish MD walked half as much as Presto. If I was with you, I'd make you walk; I would walk behind or before you, and you should have masks on, and be tucked up like any thing; and Stella is naturally a stout walker, and carries herself firm; methinks I see her strut, and step clever over a kennel; and Dingley would do well enough if her petticoats were pinned up; but she is so embroiled, and so fearful, and then Stella scolds, and Dingley stumbles, and is so daggled. Have you got the

[1] Kensington Gravel Pits was noted for its good air.

whalebone petticoats among you yet? I hate them; a woman here may hide a moderate gallant under them. Pshaw, what's all this I'm saying? Methinks I am talking to MD face to face.

11. Did I tell you that old Frowde, the old fool, is selling his estate at Pepperhara, and is sculking about the town nobody knows where? and who do you think manages all this for him, but that rogue Child, the double squire of Farnham? I have put Mrs. Masham, the Queen's favourite, upon buying it; but that is yet a great secret; and I have employed Lady Oglethorp to inquire about it. I was with Lady Oglethorp to-day, who is come to town for a week or two, and to-morrow I will see to hunt out the old fool; he is utterly ruined, and at this present in some blind alley with some dirty wench. He has two sons that must starve, and he never gives them a farthing. If Mrs Masham buys the land, I will desire her to get the Queen to give some pension to the old fool, to keep him from absolutely starving. What do you meddle with other people's affairs for? says Stella. O but Mr Masham and his wife are very urgent with me, since I first put them in the head of it. I dined with Sir Matthew Dudley, who, I doubt, will soon lose his employment.

12. Morning. I am going to hunt out old Frowde, and to do some business in the city. I have not yet called to Patrick to know whether it be fair.—It has been past dropping these two days. Rainy weather hurts my pate and my purse. He tells me 'tis very windy, and begins to look dark; woe be to my shillings! an old saying and a true,

> **Few fillings,**
> **Many shillings,**

If the day be dark, my purse will be light.

> **To my enemies be this curse,**
> **A dark day and a light purse.**

And so I'll rise, and go to my fire, for Patrick tells me I have a fire; yet it is not shaving-day, nor is the weather cold; this is too extravagant. What is become of Dilly? I suppose you have him with you. Stella is just now showing a white leg, and putting it into the slipper. Present my

service to her, and tell her I am engaged to the Dean: and desire she will come too: or, Dingley, can't you write a note? This is Stella's morning dialogue, no, morning speech I mean.—Morrow, sirrahs, and let me rise as well as you; but I promise you Walls can't dine with the Dean to-day, for she is to be at Mrs Proby's just after dinner, and to go with Gracy Spencer to the shops to buy a yard of muslin, and a silver lace for an under petticoat. Morrow again, sirrahs.—At night. I dined with Stratford in the city, but could not finish my affairs with him; but now I am resolved to buy five hundred pounds South Sea stock, which will cost me three hundred and eighty ready money; and I will make use of the bill of a hundred pounds you sent me, and transfer Mrs. Walls over to Hawkshaw; or if she dislikes it, I will borrow a hundred pounds of the Secretary, and repay her. Three shillings coach-hire to-day. I have spoken to Frowde's brother to get me the lowest price of the estate, to tell Mrs Masham.

13. I dined privately with a friend to-day in the neighbourhood. Last Saturday night I came home, and the drab had just washed my room, and my bedchamber was all wet, and I was forced to go to bed in my own defence, and no fire; I was sick on Sunday, and now have got a swingeing cold. I scolded like a dog at Patrick, although he was out with me; I detest washing of rooms; can't they wash them in a morning, and make a fire, and leave open the windows? I slept not a wink last night for hawking and spitting: and now every body has colds. Here's a clutter: I'll go to bed and sleep if I can.

14. Lady Mountjoy sent to me two days ago, so I dined with her to-day, and in the evening went to see Lord-Treasurer. I found Patrick had been just there with a how d'ye, and my lord had returned answer that he desired to see me. Mrs Masham was with him when I came; and they are never disturbed: 'tis well she is not very handsome; they sit alone together settling the nation. I sat with Lady Oxford, and stopped Mrs Masham as she came out, and told her what progress I had made, &c. and then went to Lord-Treasurer: he is very well, only uneasy at rising or sitting, with some rheumatic pain in his thigh, and a foot weak. He showed me a small paper, sent by an unknown hand to

one Mr Cook, who sent it to my lord: it was written in plain large letters thus:

Though G——d's knife did not succeed,
A F——n's yet may do the deed.

And a little below; *Burn this, you dog.* My lord has frequently such letters as these: once he showed me one, which was a vision describing a certain man, his dress, his sword, and his countenance, who was to murder my lord. And he told me, he saw a fellow in the chapel at Windsor with a dress very like it. They often send him letters signed, Your humble servant, *The Devil*, and such stuff. I sat with him till after ten, and have business to do.

15. The Secretary came yesterday to town from Hampton Court, so I went to him early this morning; but he went back last night again: and coming home to-night I found a letter from him to tell me, that he was just come from Hampton Court, and just returning, and will not be here till Saturday night. A pox take him; he stops all my business. I'll beg leave to come back when I have got over this; and hope to see MD in Ireland soon after Christmas.—I'm weary of courts, and want my journeys to Laracor; they did me more good than all the ministries these twenty years. I dined to-day in the city, but did no business as I designed. Lady Mountjoy tells me, that Dilly is got to Ireland, and that the Archbishop of Dublin was the cause of his returning so soon. The Parliament was prorogued two days ago for a fortnight, which, with the Queen's absence, makes the town very dull and empty. They tell me the Duke of Ormond brings all the world away with him from Ireland. London has nothing so bad in it in winter as your knots of Irish folks; but I go to no coffeehouse, and so I seldom see them. This letter shall go on Saturday; and then I am even with the world again. I have lent money, and cannot get it, and am forced to borrow for myself.

16. My man made a blunder this morning, and let up a visitor, when I had ordered to see nobody; so I was forced to hurry a hang dog instrument of mine into my bedchamber, and keep him cooling his heels there above an hour.——I am going on fairly in the common forms of a great cold; I believe it will last me about ten days in all.——I should have

told you, that in those two verses sent to Lord-Treasurer, G——d stands for Guiscard; that is easy; but we differed about F——n; I thought it was for Frenchman, because he hates them, and they him: and so it would be, That although Guiscard's knife missed its design, the knife of a Frenchman might yet do it. My lord thinks it stands for Felton, the name of him that stabbed the first Duke of Buckingham.—Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined with the Vans to-day, and my cold made me loiter all the evening. Stay, young women, don't you begin to owe me a letter? just a month to-day since I had your N. 22. I'll stay a week longer, and then I'll expect like agog; till then you may play at ombre, and so forth, as you please. The Whigs are still crying down our peace, but we will have it, I hope, in spite of them: the Emperor comes now with his two eggs a penny, and promises wonders to continue the war; but it is too late; only I hope the fear of it will serve to spur on the French to be easy and sincere. Night, sirrahs; I'll go early to bed.

17. Morning. This goes to-night; I will put it myself in the post-office. I had just now a long letter from the Archbishop of Dublin, giving me an account of the ending your sessions, how it ended in a storm; which storm, by the time it arrives here, will be only half nature. I can't help it, I won't hide. I often advised the dissolution of that Parliament, although I did not think the scoundrels had so much courage; but they have it only in the wrong, like a bully that will fight for a whore, and run away in an army. I believe, by several things the Archbishop says, he is not very well either with the government or clergy.—See how luckily my paper ends with a fortnight.—God almighty bless and preserve dearest little MD.—I suppose your lord-lieutenant is now setting out for England. I wonder the Bishop of Clogher does not write to me; or let me know of his statues, and how he likes them: I will write to him again, as soon as I have leisure. Farewell, dearest MD, and love Presto, who loves MD infinitely above all earthly things, and who will.—My service to Mrs Stoyte, and Catherine. I'm sitting in my bed; but will rise to seal this. Morrow, dear rogues. Farewell again, dearest MD, &c.

LETTER XXXV.

London, Nov. 17, 1711.

I put my last this evening in the post-office. I dined with Dr Cockburn. This being Queen Elizabeth's birthday, we have the d—— and all to do among us. I just heard of the stir as my letter was sealed this morning; and was so cross I would not open it to tell you. I have been visiting Lady Oglethorpe and Lady Worsley; the latter is lately come to town for the winter, and with child, and what care you? This is Queen Elizabeth's birth-day, usually kept in this town by apprentices, &c.; but the Whigs designed a mighty procession by midnight, and had laid out a thousand pounds to dress up the Pope, Devil, cardinals, Sacheverell, &c. and carry them with torches about, and burn them. They did it by contribution. Garth gave five guineas; Dr Garth I mean, if ever you heard of him. But they were seized last night, by order from the Secretary; you will have an account of it, for they bawl it about the streets already. They had some very foolish and mischievous designs; and it was thought they would have put the rabble upon assaulting my Lord-Treasurer's house, and the Secretary's; and other violences. The militia was raised to prevent it, and now, I suppose, all will be quiet. The figures are now at the Secretary's office at Whitehall. I design to see them if I can.

18. I was this morning with Mr Secretary, who just came from Hampton Court. He was telling me more particulars about this business of burning the Pope. It cost a great deal of money, and had it gone on, would have cost three times as much: but the town is full of it, and half a dozen Grub Street papers already. The secretary and I dined at Brigadier Britton's, but I left them at six, upon an appointment with some sober company of men and ladies, to drink punch at Sir Andrew Fountaine's. We were not very merry; and I don't love rack punch, I love it better with brandy; are you of my opinion? Why then, twelvepenny weather; sirrahs, why don't you play at shuttlecock? I have thought of it a hundred times; faith Presto will come over after Christmas, and will play with Stella before the cold weather is gone. Do you read the Spectators? I never do; they

never come in my way; I go to no coffeehouses. They say abundance of them are very pretty; they are going to be printed in small volumes; I'll bring them over with me. I shall be out of my hurry in a week, and if Leigh be not gone over, I will send you by him what I am now finishing. I don't know where Leigh is; I have not seen him this good while, though he promised to call: I shall send to him. The queen comes to town on Thursday for good and all.

19. I was this morning at Lord Dartmouth's office, and sent out for him from the committee of council, about some business. I was asking him more concerning this bustle about the figures in wax-work of the Pope, and Devil, &c. He was not at leisure, or he would have seen them. I hear the owners are so impudent, that they design to replevin them by law. I am assured that the figure of the Devil is made as like Lord-Treasurer as they could. Why; I dined with a friend in St James's Street. Lord-Treasurer, I am told, was abroad to-day; I will know to-morrow how he does after it. The Duke of Marlborough is come, and was yesterday at Hampton Court with the Queen; no, it was t'other day; no, it was yesterday; for to-day I remember Mr. Secretary was going to see him, when I was there, not at the Duke of Marlborough's, but at the Secretary's; the Duke is not so fond of me. What care I? I won seven shillings to-night at picquet: I play twice a year or so.

20. I have been so teased with Whiggish discourse by Mrs Barton and Lady Betty Germain, never saw the like. They turn all this affair of the Pope-burning into ridicule; and, indeed, they have made too great a clutter about it, if they had no real reason to apprehend some tumults. I dined with Lady Betty. I hear Prior's commission is passed to be ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary for the peace; my lord Privy Seal, who you know is Bishop of Bristol, is the other; and Lord Strafford, already ambassador at the Hague, the third: I am forced to tell you, ignorant sluts, who is who. I was punning scurvily with Sir Andrew Fountaine and Lord Pembroke this evening; do you ever pun now? Sometimes with the Dean, or Tom Leigh. Prior puns very well. Odso, I must go see his excellency, 'tis a noble advancement: but they could do no less, after sending him to France. Lord Strafford is as proud as Hell, and how

he will bear one of Prior's mean birth on an equal character with him, I know not. And so I go to my business, and bid you good night.

21. I was this morning busy with my printer; I gave him the fifth sheet, and then I went and dined with him in the city, to correct something, and alter, &c. and I walked home in the dusk, and the rain overtook me: and I found a letter here from Mr Lewis; well, and so I opened it; and he says, the peace is past danger, &c. Well; and so there was another letter enclosed in his; well; and so I looked on the outside of this t'other letter. Well; and so who do you think this t'other letter was from? Well; and so I'll tell you, it was from little MD, N. *23, 23, 23, 23.* I tell you it is no more, I have told you so before: but I just looked again to satisfy you. Hie, Stella, you write like an emperor, a great deal together; a very good hand, and but four false spellings in all. Shall I send them to you? I am glad you did not take my correction ill. Well; but I won't answer your letter now, sirrah saucy boxes, no, no; not yet; just a month and three days from the last, which is just five weeks: you see it comes just when I begin to grumble.

22. Morning. Tooke has just brought me Dingley's money. I will give you a note for it at the end of this letter. There was half-a-crown for entering the letter of attorney: but I swore to stop that. I'll spend your money bravely here. Morrow, dear sirrahs.

——At night. I dined to-day with Sir Thomas Hanmer; his wife, the Duchess of Grafton,[1] dined with us: she wears a great high head-dress, such as was in fashion fifteen years ago, and looks like a mad woman in it; yet she has great remains of beauty. I was this evening to see Lord Harley, and thought to have sat with Lord-Treasurer, but he was taken up with the Dutch envoy and such folks; and I would not stay. One particular in life here, different from what I have in Dublin, is, that whenever I come home I expect to find some letter for me, and seldom miss; and never any worth a farthing, but often to vex me. The queen does not come to town till Saturday. Prior is not yet declared; but these ministers being at Hampton Court, I know nothing; and if

[1] Daughter of the Earl of Arlington, and widow of the first Duke of Grafton.

I write news from common hands, it is always lies. You will think it affectation; but nothing has vexed me more for some months past, than people I never saw pretending to be acquainted with me, and yet speak ill of me too; at least some of them. An old crooked Scotch countess, whom I never heard of in my life, told the Duchess of Hamilton t'other day, that I often visited her. People of worth never do that; so that a man only gets the scandal of having scurvy acquaintance. Three ladies were railing against me some time ago, and said they were very well acquainted with me; two of which I had never heard of; and the third I had only seen twice where I happened to visit. A man who has once seen me in a coffeehouse will ask me how I do, when he sees me talking at court with a minister of state; who is sure to ask me, how I came acquainted with that scoundrel. But come, sirrahs, this is all stuff to you, so I'll say no more on this side the paper, but turn over.

23. My printer invited Mr Lewis and me to dine at a tavern to-day, which I have not done five times since I came to England; I never will call it Britain, pray don't call it Britain. My week is not out, and one side of this paper is out, and I have a letter to answer of MD's into the bargain: must I write on the third side? faith that will give you an ill habit. I saw Leigh last night; he gives a terrible account of Sterne; he reckons he is seduced by some wench; he is over head and ears in debt, and has pawned several things. Leigh says he goes on Monday next for Ireland, but believes Sterne will not go with him; Sterne has kept him these three months. Leigh has got the apron and things, and promises to call for the box at Chester; but I despair of it. Good night, sirrahs; I have been late abroad.

24. I have finished my pamphlet to-day, which has cost me so much time and trouble; it will be published in three or four days, when the Parliament begins sitting. I suppose the Queen is come to town, but know nothing, having been in the city finishing and correcting with the printer. When I came home, I found letters on my table as usual, and one from your mother, to tell me, that you desire your writings and a picture should be sent to me, to be sent over to you. I have just answered her letter, and promised to take care of them if they be sent to me. She is at Farnham: it is too

late to send them by Leigh; besides, I will wait your orders, Madam Stella. I am going to finish a letter to Lord-Treasurer about reforming our language; but first I must put an end to a ballad; and go you to your cards, sirrahs, this is card season.

25. I was early with the Secretary to-day, but he was gone to his devotions, and to receive the sacrament; several rakes did the same; it was not for piety, but employments; according to act of parliament. I dined with Lady Mary Dudley; and passed my time since insipidly, only I was at court at noon, and saw fifty acquaintance I had not met this long time: that is the advantage of a court, and I fancy I am better known than any man that goes there. Sir John Walters' quarrel with me has entertained the town ever since; and yet we never had a word, only he railed at me behind my back. The Parliament is again to be prorogued for eight or nine days; for the Whigs are too strong in the House of Lords: other reasons are pretended, but that is the truth. The prorogation is not yet known, but will be to-morrow.

26. Mr Lewis and I dined with a friend of his, and unexpectedly there dined with us an Irish knight, one Sir John St Leger,[1] who follows the law here, but at a great distance: he was so pert, I was forced to take him down more than once. I saw to-day the Pope, and Devil, and the other figures of cardinals, &c. fifteen in all, which have made such a noise. I have put an under-strapper upon writing a two-penny pamphlet[2] to give an account of the whole design. My large pamphlet[3] will be published to-morrow; copies are sent to the great men this night. Domville[4] is come home from his travels; I am vexed at it: I have not seen him yet; I design to present him to all the great men.

27. Domville came to me this morning, and we dined at Pontack's, and were all day together, till six this evening; he is perfectly as fine a gentleman as I know; he set me down at Lord-Treasurer's, with whom I staid about an hour, till Monsieur Buys, the Dutch envoy, came to him about

[1] "Afterwards a judge in Ireland." (Scott.)

[2] "Relation of the Facts and Circumstances of the Intended Riot on Queen's Elizabeth's Birthday."

[3] "The Conduct of the Allies."

[4] William Domville, of Longman's Town, in the county of Dublin.

business. My Lord-Treasurer is pretty well; but stiff in the hips with the remains of the rheumatism. I am to bring Domville to my Lord Harley in a day or two. It was the dirtiest rainy day that ever I saw. The pamphlet is published; Lord-Treasurer had it by him on the table, and was asking me about the mottoes in the title-page; he gave me one of them himself. I must send you the pamphlet, if I can.

28. Mrs Van sent to me to dine with her to-day, because some ladies of my acquaintance were to be there; and there I dined. I was this morning to return Domville his visit, and went to visit Mrs Masham, who was not within. I am turned out of my lodging by my landlady: it seems her husband and her son are coming home; but I have taken another lodging hard by, in Leicester Fields. I presented Mr Domville to Mr Lewis and Mr Prior this morning. Prior and I are called the two Sosias, in a Whig newspaper. Sosias, can you read it? The pamphlet begins to make a noise; I was asked by several whether I had seen it, and they advised me to read it, for it was something very extraordinary. I shall be suspected; and it will have several paltry answers. It must take its fate, as Savage said of his sermon that he preached at Farnham on Sir William Temple's death. Domville saw Savage in Italy, and says he is a coxcomb, and half mad: he goes in red, and with yellow waistcoats, and was at ceremony kneeling to the Pope on a Palm Sunday, which is much more than kissing his toe; and I believe it will ruin him here when 'tis told. I'll answer your letter in my new lodgings: I have hardly room; I must borrow from the other side.

29. New lodgings. My printer came this morning to tell me he must immediately print a second edition, and Lord-Treasurer made one or two small additions: they must work day and night to have it out on Saturday; they sold a thousand in two days. Our Society met to-day, nine of us were present, we dined at our brother Bathurst's: we made several regulations, and have chosen three new members, Lord Orrery, Jack Hill, who is Mrs Masham's brother, he that lately miscarried in the expedition to Quebec, and one Colonel Disney.—We have taken a room in a house near St James's to meet in. I left them early about correcting the pamphlet, &c. and am now got home, &c.

30. This morning I carried Domville to see my Lord Harley, and I did some business with Lord-Treasurer, and have been all this afternoon with the printer, adding something to the second edition. I dined with the printer; the pamphlet makes a world of noise, and will do a great deal of good: it tells abundance of most important facts which were not at all known. I'll answer your letter to-morrow morning; or suppose I answer it just now, though it is pretty late. Come then.—You say you are busy with Parliaments, &c.; that's more than ever I will be when I come back; but you will have none these two years. Lord Santry, &c. yes, I have had enough on't. I am glad Dilly is mended; does not he thank me for showing him the court and the great people's faces? He had his glass out at the Queen and the rest. 'Tis right what Dilly says; I depend upon nothing from my friends, but to go back as I came. Never fear Laracor, 'twill mend with a peace, or surely they'll give me the Dublin parish. Stella is in the right; the Bishop of Ossory is the silliest, best-natured wretch breathing, of as little consequence as an egg-shell. Well, the spelling I have mentioned before; only the next time say *at least*, and not *at lest*. Pox on your Newbury: what can I do for him? I'll give his case (I am glad it is not a woman's) to what members I know; that's all I can do. Lord-Treasurer's lameness goes off daily. Pray God preserve poor good Mrs Stoyte, she would be a great loss to us all; pray give her my service, and tell her she has my heartiest prayers. I pity poor Mrs Manley; but I think the child is happy to die, considering how little provision it would have had.—Poh, every pamphlet abuses me, and for things that I never writ. Joe should have written me thanks for his two hundred pounds: I reckon he got it by my means; and I must thank the Duke of Ormond, who I dare swear will say he did it on my account. Are they golden pippins, those seven apples? We have had much rain every day as well as you. £7 17*s.* 8*d.* old blunderer, not 18*s.*: I have reckoned it eighteen times. Hawkshaw's eight pounds is not reckoned: and if it be secure, it may lie where it is, unless they desire to pay it: so Parvisol may let it drop till farther orders; for I have put Mrs Wesley's money into the bank, and will pay her with Hawkshaw's.——I mean that Hawkshaw's money goes for

an addition to MD, you know; but be good housewives. Bernage never comes now to see me; he has no more to ask; but I hear he has been ill.—A pox on Mrs South's affair; I can do nothing in it, but by way of assisting any body else that solicits it, by dropping a favourable word, if it comes in my way. Tell Walls I do no more for any body with my Lord-Treasurer, especially a thing of this kind. Tell him I have spent all my discretion, and have no more to use.——And so I have answered your letter fully and plainly.—And so I have got to the third side of my paper, which is more than belongs to you, young women. It goes to-morrow, To nobody's sorrow. You are silly, not I; I'm a poet, if I had but, &c.——Who's silly now? rogues and lasses, tinderboxes and buzzards. O Lord, I am in a high vein of silliness; methought I was speaking to dearest little MD face to face. There; so lads, enough for to-night; to cards with the blackguards. Good-night, my delight, &c.

Dec. 1. Pish, sirrahs, put a date always at the bottom of your letter, as well as the top, that I may know when you send it; your last is of November 3, yet I had others at the same time, written a fortnight after. Whenever you would have any money, send me word three weeks before, and in that time you will certainly have an answer, with a bill on Parvisol: pray do this; for my head is full, and it will ease my memory. Why, I think I quoted to you some of ——'s letter, so you may imagine how witty the rest was; for it was all of a bunch, as Goodman Peesley says. Pray let us have no more *bussiness*, but *busyness:* the deuce take me if I know how to spell it; your wrong spelling, Madam Stella, has put me out: it does not look right; let me see, *bussiness, busyness, business, bisyness, bisness, bysness;* faith, I know not which is right, I think the second; I believe I never writ the word in my life before; yes, sure I must though; *business, busyness, bisyness.*——I have perplexed myself, and can't do it. Prithee ask Walls. *Business*, I fancy that's right. Yes it is; I looked in my own pamphlet, and found it twice in ten lines, to convince you that I never writ it before. O, now I see it as plain as can be; so yours is only an *s* too much. The Parliament will certainly meet on Friday next; the Whigs will have a great majority in the

House of Lords, no care is taken to prevent it; there is too much neglect; they are warned of it, and that signifies nothing: it was feared there would be some peevish address from the Lords against a peace. 'Tis said about the town, that several of the allies begin now to be content that a peace should be treated. This is all the news I have. The Queen is pretty well; and so now I bid poor dearest MD farewell till to-night, then I will talk with them again.

The fifteen images that I saw were not worth forty pounds, so I stretched a little when I said a thousand. The Grub Street account of that tumult is published. The devil is not like Lord-Treasurer: they were all in your odd antic masks, bought in common shops. I fear Prior will not be one of the plenipotentiaries.

I was looking over this letter, and find I make many mistakes of leaving out words; so 'tis impossible to find my meaning, unless you be conjurors. I will take more care for the future, and read over every day just what I have written that day, which will take up no time to speak of.

LETTER XXXVI.

London, Dec. 1, 1711.

My last was put in this evening. I intended to dine with Mr Masham to-day, and called at White's chocolate-house to see if he was there. Lord Wharton saw me at the door, and I saw him, but took no notice, and was going away, but he came through the crowd, called after me, and asked me how I did, &c. This was pretty; and I believe he wished every word he spoke was a halter to hang me. Masham did not dine at home, so I ate with a friend in the neighbourhood. The printer has not sent me the second edition; I know not the reason, for it certainly came out to-day; perhaps they are glutted with it already. I found a letter from Lord Harley on my table, to tell me that his father desires I would make two small alterations. I am going to be busy, &c.

2. Morning. See the blunder; I was making it the 37th day of the month, from the number above. Well, but I am staying here for old Frowde, who appointed to call

this morning: I am ready dressed to go to church: I suppose he dare not stir out but on Sundays.[1] The printer called early this morning, told me the second edition went off yesterday in five hours, and he must have a third ready to-morrow, for they might have sold half another: his men are all at work with it, though it be Sunday. This old fool will not come, and I shall miss church. Morrow, sirrahs.— At night. I was at court to-day; the Queen is well, and walked through part of the rooms. I dined with the Secretary, and dispatched some business. He tells me, the Dutch envoy designs to complain of that pamphlet. The noise it makes is extraordinary. It is fit it should answer the pains I have been at about it. I suppose it will be printed in Ireland. Some lay it to Prior, others to Mr Secretary St John, but I am always the first they lay every thing to. I'll go sleep, &c.

3. I have ordered Patrick not to let any odd fellow come up to me; and a fellow would needs speak with me from Sir George Prettyman. I had never heard of him, and would not see the messenger: but at last it proved that this Sir George has sold his estate, and is a beggar. Smithers, the Farnham carrier, brought me this morning a letter from your mother, with three papers enclosed of Lady Gifford's writing; one owning some exchequer business of £100 to be Stella's; another for £100 that she has of yours, which I made over to you for Mariston; and a third for £300; the last is on stamped paper.[2] I think they had better lie in England in some good hand till Lady Gifford dies; and I will think of some such hand before I come over. I was asking Smithers about all the people of Farnham. Mrs White has left off dressing, is troubled with lameness and swelled legs, and seldom stirs out; but her old hang-dog husband as hearty as ever. I was this morning with Lord-Treasurer, about something he would have altered in the pamphlet; but it can't be till the fourth edition, which I believe will be soon; for I dined with the printer, and he tells me they have sold off half the third. Mrs Percival and her daughter have been in town these three weeks, which I

[1] Debtors were not liable to arrest on Sunday.

[2] Esther Johnson had left £500 in Lady Giffard's hands. This is now repaid.

never heard till to-day; and Mrs Wesley is come to town too, to consult Dr Radcliffe. The Whigs are resolved to bring that pamphlet into the House of Lords to have it condemned, so I hear. But the printer will stand to it, and not own the author; he must say he had it from the penny-post. Some people talk as if the House of Lords would do some peevish thing; for the Whigs are now a great majority in it; our ministers are too negligent of such things: I have never slipped giving them warning; some of them are sensible of it; but Lord-Treasurer stands too much upon his own legs. I fancy his good fortune will bear him out in every thing; but in reason I should think this ministry to stand very unsteady; if they can carry a peace, they may hold; I believe not else.

4. Mr Secretary sent to me to-day to dine with him alone; but we had two more with us, which hindered me doing some business. I was this morning with young Harcourt, secretary to our Society, to take a room for our weekly meetings; and the fellow asked us five guineas a-week only to have leave to dine once a-week; was not that pretty? so we broke off with him, and are to dine next Thursday at Harcourt's, (he is Lord-Keeper's son.) They have sold off above half the third edition, and answers are coming out: the Dutch envoy refused dining with Dr Davenant, because he was suspected to write it: I have made some alterations in every edition, and it has cost me more trouble, for the time, since the printing, than before. 'Tis sent over to Ireland, and I suppose you will have it reprinted.

5. They are now printing the fourth edition, which is reckoned very extraordinary, considering 'tis a dear twelve-penny book, and not bought up in numbers by the party to give away, as the Whigs do, but purely upon its own strength. I have got an under spur-leather to write an Examiner again, and the Secretary and I will now and then send hints; but we would have it a little upon the Grub Street, to be a match for their writers. I dined with Lord-Treasurer to-day at five: he dined by himself after his family, and drinks no claret yet, for fear of his rheumatism, of which he is almost well. He was very pleasant, as he is always: yet I fancied he was a little touched with the present posture of affairs. The Elector of Hanover's minister here has given in a violent

memorial against the peace, and caused it to be printed. The Whig lords are doing their utmost for a majority against Friday, and design, if they can, to address the Queen against the peace. Lord Nottingham, a famous Tory and speech-maker, is gone over to the Whig side: they toast him daily, and Lord Wharton says, It is Dismal (so they call him from his looks) will save England at last. Lord-Treasurer was hinting as if he wished a ballad was made on him, and I will get up one against to-morrow. He gave me a scurrilous printed paper of bad verses on himself, under the name of the English Catiline, and made me read them to the company. It was his birth-day, which he would not tell us, but Lord Harley whispered it to me.

6. I was this morning making the ballad, two degrees above Grub Street; at noon I paid a visit to Mrs Masham, and then went to dine with our Society. Poor Lord-Keeper dined below stairs, I suppose, on a bit of mutton. We chose two members; we were eleven met, the greatest meeting we ever had: I am next week to introduce Lord Orrery. The printer came before we parted, and brought the ballad, which made them laugh very heartily a dozen times. He is going to print the pamphlet in small, a fifth edition, to be taken off by friends, and sent into the country. A sixpenny answer is come out, good for nothing, but guessing me, among others, for the author. To-morrow is the fatal day for the Parliament meeting, and we are full of hopes and fears. We reckon we have a majority of ten on our side in the House of Lords; yet I observed Mrs Masham a little uneasy; she assures me the queen is stout. The Duke of Marlborough has not seen the queen for some days past; Mrs Masham is glad of it, because she says he tells a hundred lies to his friends of what she says to him: he is one day humble, and the next day on the high ropes. The Duke of Ormond, they say, will be in town to-night by twelve.

7. This being the day the Parliament was to meet, and the great question to be determined, I went with Dr Freind to dine in the city, on purpose to be out of the way, and we sent our printer to see what was our fate; but he gave us a most melancholy account of things. The Earl of Nottingham began, and spoke against a peace, and desired that in their address they might put in a clause to advise the Queen not

to make a peace without Spain; which was debated, and carried by the Whigs by about six voices: and this has happened entirely by my Lord-Treasurer's neglect, who did not take timely care to make up all his strength, although every one of us gave him caution enough. Nottingham has certainly been bribed. The question is yet only carried in the committee of the whole House, and we hope when it is reported to the House to-morrow, we shall have a majority, by some Scotch lords coming to town. However, it is a mighty blow and loss of reputation to Lord-Treasurer, and may end in his ruin. I hear the thing only as the printer brought it, who was at the debate; but how the ministry take it, or what their hopes and fears are, I cannot tell until I see them. I shall be early with the Secretary to-morrow, and then I will tell you more, and shall write a full account to the Bishop of Clogher to-morrow, and to the Archbishop of Dublin, if I have time. I am horribly down at present. I long to know how Lord-Treasurer bears this, and what remedy he has. The Duke of Ormond came this day to town, and was there.

8. I was early this morning with the Secretary, and talked over this matter. He hoped, that, when it was reported this day in the House of Lords, they would disagree with their committee, and so the matter would go off, only with a little loss of reputation to the Lord-Treasurer. I dined with Mr Cockburn, and after, a Scotch member came in, and told us that the clause was carried against the court in the House of Lords almost two to one. I went immediately to Mrs Masham, and meeting Dr Arbuthnot, (the Queen's favourite physician,) we went together. She was just come from waiting at the Queen's dinner, and going to her own. She had heard nothing of the thing being gone against us. It seems Lord-Treasurer had been so negligent, that he was with the Queen while the question was put in the House: I immediately told Mrs. Masham, that either she and Lord-Treasurer had joined with the Queen to betray us, or that they two were betrayed by the Queen: she protested solemnly it was not the former, and I believed her; but she gave me some lights to suspect the Queen is changed. For, yesterday when the Queen was going from the House, where she sat to hear the debate, the Duke of Shrewsbury, Lord-

Chamberlain, asked her, whether he or the Great Chamberlain Lindsay[1] ought to lead her out; she answered short, Neither of you, and gave her hand to the Duke of Somerset, who was louder than any in the House for the clause against peace. She gave me one or two more instances of this sort, which convince me that the Queen is false, or at least very much wavering. Mr. Masham begged us to stay, because Lord-Treasurer would call, and we were resolved to fall on him about his negligence in securing a majority. He came, and appeared in good humour as usual, but I thought his countenance was much cast down. I rallied him, and desired him to give me his staff, which he did; I told him, if he would secure it me a week, I would set all right: he asked, how? I said, I would immediately turn Lord Marlborough, his two daughters, the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, and Lord Cholmondely,[2] out of all their employments; and I believe he had not a friend but was of my opinion. Arbuthnot asked, how he came not to secure a majority? He could answer nothing, but that he could not help it, if people would lie and forswear. A poor answer for a great minister. There fell from him a Scripture expression, that the *hearts of kings are unsearchable.* I told him, it was what I feared, and was from him the worst news he could tell me. I begged him to know what he had to trust to: he stuck a little; but at last bid me not fear, for all would be well yet. We would fain have had him eat a bit where he was, but he would go home, it was past six: he made me go home with him. There we found his brother and Mr Secretary. He made his son take a list of all in the House of Commons who had places, and yet voted against the court, in such a manner as if they should lose their places: I doubt he is not able to compass it. Lord-Keeper came in an hour, and they were going upon business. So I left him, and returned to Mrs Masham; but she had company with her, and I would not stay.—This is a long journal, and of a day that may produce great alterations, and hazard the ruin of England. The Whigs are all

[1] Marquis of Lindsay, afterwards Duke of Ancaster.

[2] The Earl of Cholmondeley was Treasurer of the Queen's Household, and Lord Lieutenant of Chester and of North Wales. He was not deprived of his office till 1713.

in triumph; they foretold how all this would be, but we thought it boasting. Nay, they said the Parliament should be dissolved before Christmas, and perhaps it may: this is all your d—d Duchess of Somerset's doings. I warned them of it nine months ago, and a hundred times since: the Secretary always dreaded it. I told Lord-Treasurer, I should have the advantage of him; for he would lose his head, and I should only be hanged, and so carry my body entire to the grave.

9. I was this morning with Mr Secretary; we are both of opinion that the Queen is false. I told him what I heard, and he confirmed it by other circumstances. I then went to my friend Lewis, who had sent to see me. He talks of nothing but retiring to his estate in Wales. He gave me reasons to believe the whole matter is settled between the Queen and the Whigs; he hears that Lord Somers is to be Treasurer, and believes, that sooner than turn out the Duchess of Somerset, she will dissolve the Parliament, and get a Whiggish one, which may be done by managing elections. Things are now in the crisis, and a day or two will determine. I have desired him to engage Lord-Treasurer, that as soon as he finds the change is resolved on, he will send me abroad as Queen's secretary somewhere or other, where I may remain till the new ministers recal me; and then I will be sick for five or six months till the storm has spent itself. I hope he will grant me this; for I should hardly trust myself to the mercy of my enemies while their anger is fresh. I dined to-day with the Secretary, who affects mirth, and seems to hope all will yet be well. I took him aside after dinner, told him how I had served them, and had asked no reward, but thought I might ask security; and then desired the same thing of him, to send me abroad before a change. He embraced me, and swore he would take the same care of me as himself, &c. but bid me have courage, for that in two days my Lord-Treasurer's wisdom would appear greater than ever; that he suffered all that had happened on purpose, and had taken measures to turn it to advantage. I said, God send it; but I do not believe a syllable; and, as far as I can judge, the game is lost. I shall know more soon, and my letters will at least be a good history to show you the steps of this change.

10. I was this morning with Lewis, who thinks they will let the Parliament sit till they have given the money, and then dissolve them in spring, and break the ministry. He spoke to Lord-Treasurer about what I desired him. My lord desired him with great earnestness to assure me, that all would be well, and that I should fear nothing. I dined in the city with a friend. This day the Commons went to the Queen with their address, and all the lords who were for the peace went with them, to show their zeal. I have now some farther conviction that the Queen is false, and it begins to be known.

11. I went between two and three to see Mrs Masham; while I was there she went to her bed-chamber to try a petticoat. Lord-Treasurer came in to see her, and seeing me in the outer-room, fell a rallying me: says he, you had better keep company with me, than with such a fellow as Lewis, who has not the soul of a chicken, nor the heart of a mite. Then he went into Mrs Masham, and as he came back desired her leave to let me go home with him to dinner. He asked, whether I was not afraid to be seen with him. I said, I never valued my Lord-Treasurer in my life, and therefore should have always the same esteem for Mr Harley and Lord Oxford. He seemed to talk confidently, as if he reckoned that all this would turn to advantage. I could not forbear hinting, that he was not sure of the Queen; and that those scoundrel, starving lords would never have dared to vote against the court, if Somerset had not assured them, that it would please the Queen. He said, that was true, and Somerset did so. I staid till six; then De Buys, the Dutch envoy, came to him, and I left him. Prior was with us a while after dinner. I see him and all of them cast down; though they make the best of it.

12. Ford is come to town; I saw him last night; he is in no fear, but sanguine, although I have told him the state of things. This change so resembles the last,[1] that I wonder they do not observe it. The Secretary sent for me yesterday to dine with him, but I was abroad; I hope he had something to say to me. This is morning, and I write in bed. I am going to the Duke of Ormond, whom I have not yet

[1] The late Whig ministry was displaced by the triumph of one bed-chamber woman over another, and so might this Tory ministry.

seen. Morrow, sirrahs.—At night. I was to see the Duke of Ormond this morning: he asked me two or three questions after his civil way, and they related to Ireland: at last I told him, that, from the time I had seen him, I never once thought of Irish affairs. He whispered me, that he hoped I had done some good things here: I said, if every body else had done half as much, we should not be as we are: then we went aside, and talked over affairs. I told him how all things stood, and advised him what was to be done. I then went and sat an hour with the Duchess; then as long with Lady Oglethorp, who is so cunning a devil, that I believe she could yet find a remedy, if they would take her advice. I dined with a friend at court.

13. I was this morning with the Secretary; he will needs pretend to talk as if things would be well; will you believe it, said he, if you see these people turned out? I said, yes, if I saw the Duke and Duchess of Somerset out: he swore, if they were not, he would give up his place. Our Society dined to-day at Sir William Wyndham's; we were thirteen present. Lord Orrery and two other members were introduced; I left them at seven. I forgot to tell you, that the printer told me yesterday, that Morphew, the publisher, was sent for by that Lord Chief Justice,[1] who was a manager against Sacheverell; he showed him two or three papers and pamphlets; among the rest mine of the *Conduct of the Allies*, threatened him, asked who was the author, and has bound him over to appear next term. He would not have the impudence to do this, if he did not foresee what was coming at court.

14. Lord Shelburn was with me this morning, to be informed of the state of affairs, and desired I would answer all his objections against a peace, which was soon done, for he would not give me room to put in a word. He is a man of good sense enough; but argues so violently, that he will some day or other put himself into a consumption. He desires that he may not be denied when he comes to see me, which I promised, but will not perform. Leigh and Sterne set out for Ireland on Monday se'nnight: I suppose they will be with you long before this.—I was to-night drinking

[1] Parker, afterwards Earl of Macclesfield, a Whig.

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very good wine in scurvy company, at least some of them; I was drawn in, but will be more cautious for the future; 'tis late, &c.

15. Morning. They say the Occasional Bill[1] is brought to-day into the House of Lords; but I know not. I will now put an end to my letter, and give it into the post-house myself. This will be a memorable letter, and I shall sigh to see it some years hence. Here are the first steps toward the ruin of an excellent ministry; for I look upon them as certainly ruined; and God knows what may be the consequences.—I now bid my dearest MD farewell; for company is coming, and I must be at Lord Dartmouth's office by noon. Farewell, dearest MD; I wish you a merry Christmas; I believe you will have this about that time. Love Presto, who loves MD above all things a thousand times. Farewell again, dearest MD, &c.

LETTER XXXVII.

London, December 15, 1711.

I put in my letter this evening myself. I was to-day inquiring at the Secretary's office of Mr Lewis how things went: I there met Prior, who told me he gave all for gone, &c. and was of opinion the whole ministry would give up their places next week: Lewis thinks they will not till spring, when the session is over; both of them entirely despair. I went to see Mrs Masham, who invited me to dinner; but I was engaged to Lewis. At four I went to Masham's. He came and whispered me, that he had it from a very good hand, that all would be well, and I found them both very cheerful. The company was going to the opera, but desired I would come and sup with them. I did so at ten, and Lord-Treasurer was there, and sat with us till past twelve, and was more cheerful than I have seen him these ten days. Mrs Masham told me, he was mightily cast down some days

[1] The Bill against Occasional Conformity was aimed at those who took the Sacrament simply as a means of qualifying for office under the Test Act.

ago, and he could not indeed hide it from me. Arbuthnot is in good hopes that the Queen has not betrayed us; but only has been frightened, and flattered, &c. But I cannot yet be of his opinion, whether my reasons are better, or that my fears are greater. I do resolve, if they give up, or are turned out soon, to retire for some months, and I have pitched upon the place already: but I will take methods for hearing from MD, and writing to them. But I would be out of the way upon the first of the ferment; for they lay all things on me, even some I have never read.

16. I took courage to-day, and went to court with a very cheerful countenance. It was mightily crowded; both parties coming to observe each other's faces. I have avoided Lord Halifax's bow till he forced it on me; but we did not talk together. I could not make less than fourscore bows, of which about twenty might be to Whigs. The Duke of Somerset is gone to Petworth, and, I hear the Duchess too, of which I shall be very glad. Prince Eugene, who was expected here some days ago, we are now told, will not come at all. The Whigs designed to have met him with forty thousand horse. Lord-Treasurer told me some days ago of his discourse with the Emperor's resident, that puppy Hoffman, about Prince Eugene's coming; by which I found my lord would hinder it, if he could; and we shall be all glad if he does not come, and think it a good point gained. Sir Andrew Fountaine, Ford, and I, dined to-day with Mrs Van, by invitation.

17. I have mistaken the day of the month, and been forced to mend it thrice. I dined to-day with Mr Masham and his lady, by invitation. Lord-Treasurer was to be there, but came not. It was to entertain Buys, the Dutch envoy, who speaks English well enough: he was plaguily politic, telling a thousand lies, of which none passed upon any of us. We are still in the condition of suspense, and I think have little hopes. The Duchess of Somerset is not gone to Petworth; only the Duke, and that is a poor sacrifice. I believe the Queen certainly designs to change the ministry; but perhaps may put it off till the session is over: and I think they had better give up now, if she will not deal openly; and then they need not answer for the consequences of a peace, when it is in other hands, and may yet be broken.

They say, my lord Privy-Seal sets out for Holland this week: so the peace goes on.

18. It has rained hard from morning till night, and cost me three shillings in coach hire. We have had abundance of wet weather. I dined in the city, and was with the printer, who has now a fifth edition of the *Conduct*, &c.: it is in small, and sold for sixpence; they have printed as many as three editions, because they are to be sent in numbers into the country by great men, &c. who subscribe for hundreds. It has been sent a fortnight ago to Ireland: I suppose you will print it there. The Tory Lords and Commons in Parliament argue all from it; and all agree, that never any thing of that kind was of so great consequence, or made so many converts. By the time I have sent this letter, I expect to hear from little MD: it will be a month, two days hence, since I had your last, and I will allow ten days for accidents. I cannot get rid of the leavings of a cold I got a month ago, or else it is a new one. I have been writing letters all this evening till I am weary, and I am sending out another little thing, which I hope to finish this week, and design to send to the printer in an unknown hand. There was printed a Grub Street speech of Lord Nottingham; and he was such an owl to complain of it in the House of Lords, who have taken up the printer for it. I heard at court, that Walpole (a great Whig member) said, that I and my whimsical club writ it at one of our meetings, and that I should pay for it. He will find he lies: and I shall let him know by a third hand my thoughts of him. He is to be Secretary of State, if the ministry changes; but he has lately had a bribe proved against him in Parliament, while he was Secretary at War. He is one of the Whigs chief speakers.

19. Sad dismal weather. I went to the Secretary's office, and Lewis made me dine with him. I intended to have dined with Lord-Treasurer. I have not seen the Secretary this week. Things do not mend at all. Lord Dartmouth despairs, and is for giving up; Lewis is of the same mind; but Lord-Treasurer only says, Poh, poh, all will be well. I am come home early to finish something I am doing; but I find I want heart and humour; and would read any idle book that came in my way. I have just sent away a penny paper to make a little mischief. Patrick is gone to the

burial of an Irish footman, who was Dr. King's[1] servant; he died of a consumption, a fit death for a poor starving wit's footman. The Irish servants always club to bury a countryman.

20. I was with the Secretary this morning, and, for aught I can see, we shall have a languishing death: I can know nothing, nor themselves neither. I dined, you know, with our Society, and that odious Secretary would make me president next week; so I must entertain them this day se'nnight at the Thatched House Tavern,[2] where we dined to-day; it will cost me five or six pounds; yet the Secretary says he will give me wine. I found a letter when I came home from the Bishop of Clogher.

21. This is the first time I ever got a new cold before the old one was going: it came yesterday, and appeared in all due forms, eyes and nose running, &c. and is now very bad; and I cannot tell how I got it. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I were invited to dine with Mrs Van. I was this morning with the Duke of Ormond; and neither he nor I can think of any thing to comfort us in present affairs. We must certainly fall, if the Duchess of Somerset be not turned out; and nobody believes the Queen will ever part with her. The Duke and I were settling when Mr Secretary and I should dine with him, and he fixes upon Tuesday; and when I came away I remembered it was Christmas-day. I was to see Lady ——, who is just up after lying-in; and the ugliest sight I have seen, pale, dead, old and yellow, for want of her paint. She has turned my stomach. But she will soon be painted, and a beauty again.

22. I find myself disordered with a pain all round the small of my back, which I imputed to champagne I had drunk; but find it to have been only my new cold. It was a fine frosty day, and I resolved to walk into the city. I called at Lord-Treasurer's at eleven, and staid some time with him.—He showed me a letter from a great Presbyterian parson[3] to him, complaining how their friends had betrayed them by passing this Conformity Bill; and he showed me

[1] William King, an advocate in the ecclesiastical courts and a minor poet. See Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," edited by Mrs. Napier, ii. 33 *sq.*

[2] At the bottom of St. James's Street, near the Palace.

[3] Rev. Mr. Shower.

the answer he had written, which his friends would not let him send; but was a very good one. He is very cheerful; but gives one no hopes, nor has any to give. I went into the city, and there I dined.

23. Morning. As I was dressing to go to church, a friend that was to see me advised me not to stir out; so I shall keep at home to-day, and only eat some broth, if I can get it. It is a terrible cold frost, and snow fell yesterday, which still remains; look there, you may see it from the penthouses. The Lords made yesterday two or three votes about peace, and Hanover; of a very angry kind to vex the ministry, and they will meet sooner by a fortnight than the Commons; and they say, are preparing some knocking addresses. Morrow, sirrahs. I'll sit at home, and when I go to bed, I will tell you how I am. I have sat at home all day, and eaten only a mess of broth and a roll. I have written a Prophecy,[1] which I design to print; I did it to-day, and some other verses.

24. I went into the city to-day in a coach, and dined there. My cold is going. It is now bitter hard frost, and has been so these three or four days. My Prophecy is printed, and will be published after Christmas-day; I like it mightily; I don't know how it will pass. You will never understand it at your distance, without help. I believe every body will guess it to be mine, because it is somewhat in the same manner with that of Merlin[2] in the Miscellanies. My lord Privy Seal set out this day for Holland: he'll have a cold journey. I gave Patrick half-a-crown for his Christmas-box, on condition he would be good, and he came home drunk at midnight. I have taken a memorandum of it; because I never design to give him a groat more. 'Tis cruel cold.

25. I wish MD a merry Christmas, and many a one; but mine is melancholy: I durst not go to church to-day, finding myself a little out of order, and it snowing prodigiously, and freezing. At noon I went to Mrs Van, who had this week engaged me to dine there to-day: and there I received the

[1] "The Windsor Prophecy," in which Swift violently attacked the Duchess of Somerset.

[2] "Merlin's Prophecy" is, however, written in would-be imitation of mediæval English.

news, that poor Mrs Long died at Lynn in Norfolk on Saturday last, at four in the morning; she was sick but four hours. We suppose it was the asthma, which she was subject to as well as the dropsy, as she sent me word in her last letter, written about five weeks ago; but then said she was recovered. I never was more afflicted at any death. The poor creature had retired to Lynn two years ago, to live cheap, and pay her debts. In her last letter she told me she hoped to be easy by Christmas; and she kept her word, although she meant it otherwise. She had all sorts of amiable qualities, and no ill ones, but the indiscretion of too much neglecting her own affairs. She had two thousand pounds left her by an old grandmother,[1] with which she intended to pay her debts, and live on an annuity she had of one hundred pounds a-year, and Newburg House, which would be about sixty pounds more. That odious grandmother living so long, forced her to retire; for the two thousand pounds was settled on her after the old woman's death, yet her brute of a brother, Sir James Long,[2] would not advance it for her; else she might have paid her debts, and continued here, and lived still: I believe melancholy helped her on to her grave. I have ordered a paragraph to be put in the Post-Boy, giving an account of her death, and making honourable mention of her; which is all I can do to serve her memory: but one reason was spite; for her brother would fain have her death a secret, to save the charge of bringing her up here to bury her, or going into mourning. Pardon all this, for the sake of a poor creature I had so much friendship for.

26. I went to Mr Secretary this morning, and he would have me dine with him. I called at noon at Mrs Masham's, who desired me not to let the Prophecy be published, for fear of angering the Queen about the Duchess of Somerset; so I writ to the printer to stop them. They have been printed and given about, but not sold. I saw Lord-Treasurer there, who had been two hours with the Queen: and Mrs Masham is in hopes things will do well again. I went at night again, and supped at Mr Masham's, and Lord-Treasurer sat with us till one o'clock. So 'tis late, &c.

[1] Dorothy, daughter of Sir Edward Leech, of Chatsworth.

[2] Member of Parliament for Chippenham, Wilts. Died 1728.

27. I entertained our Society at the Thatched House Tavern to-day at dinner; but brother Bathurst sent for wine, the house affording none. The printer had not received my letter, and so he brought up dozens a-piece of the Prophecy; but I ordered him to part with no more. 'Tis an admirable good one, and people are mad for it. The frost still continues violently cold. Mrs Masham invited me to come to-night and play at cards; but our society did not part till nine. But I supped with Mrs Hill, her sister, and there was Mrs Masham and Lord-Treasurer, and we staid till twelve. He is endeavouring to get a majority against next Wednesday, when the House of Lords is to meet, and the Whigs intend to make some violent addresses against a peace, if not prevented. God knows what will become of us.—It is still prodigiously cold; but so I told you already. We have eggs on the spit, I wish they may not be addled. When I came home to-night I found, forsooth, a letter from MD, N. 24, 24, 24, 24; there, do you know the numbers now? and at the same time one from Joe, full of thanks: let him know I have received it, and am glad of his success, but won't put him to the charge of a letter. I had a letter some time ago from Mr Warburton,[1] and I beg one of you will copy out what I shall tell you, and send it by some opportunity to Warburton. 'Tis as follows: The doctor has received Mr Warburton's letter, and desires he will let the doctor know, where [? whether] that accident he mentions is like soon to happen, and he will do what he can in it.—And pray, madam, let them know, that I do this to save myself the trouble, and them the expence of a letter. And I think that this is enough for one that comes home at twelve from a Lord-Treasurer and Mrs Masham. Oh, I could tell you ten thousand things of our mad politics, upon what small circumstances great affairs have turned. But I will go rest my busy head.

28. I was this morning with brother Bathurst to see the Duke of Ormond. We have given his grace some hopes to be one of our Society. The Secretary and I and Bathurst are to dine with him on Sunday next. The Duke is not in much hopes, but has been very busy in endeavouring to

[1] Swift's curate at Laracor.

bring over some lords against next Wednesday. The Duchess caught me as I was going out; she is sadly in fear about things, and blames me for not mending them by my credit with Lord-Treasurer; and I blame her. She met me in the street at noon, and engaged me to dine with her, which I did; and we talked an hour after dinner in her closet. If we miscarry on Wednesday, I believe it will be by some strange sort of neglect. They talk of making eight new lords, by calling up some peers' eldest sons; but they delay strangely. I saw Judge Coote to-day at the Duke of Ormond's: he desires to come and see me, to justify his principles.

29. Morning. This goes to-day. I will not answer yours, your 24th, till next, which shall begin to-night, as usual. Lord Shelburn has sent to invite me to dinner, but I am engaged with Lewis at Ned Southwell's. Lord Northampton and Lord Aylesbury's sons are both made peers; but we shall want more. I write this post to your Dean. I owe the Archbishop a letter this long time. All people that come from Ireland complain of him, and scold me for protecting him. Pray, Madam Dingley, let me know what Presto has received for this year, or whether any thing is due to him for last: I cannot look over your former letters now. As for Dingley's own account of her exchequer money, I will give it on t'other side. Farewell, my own dearest MD, and love Presto; and God ever bless dearest MD, &c. &c. I wish you many happy Christmasses and new years.

I have owned to the Dean a letter I just had from you; but that I had not one this great while before.

DINGLEY'S ACCOUNT.

Received of Mr Tooke	£6	17	6
Deducted for entering the letter of attorney .	0	2	6
For the three half crowns it used to cost you, I don't know why nor wherefore . . .	0	7	6
For exchange to Ireland	0	10	0
For coach-hire	0	2	6
In all, just	£8	0	0

So there's your money, and we are both even: for I'll pay you no more than that eight pounds Irish, and pray be satisfied.

Churchwarden's accounts, boys.

Saturday night. I have broke open my letter, and tore it into the bargain, to let you know that we are all safe; the queen has made no less than twelve lords,[1] to have a majority; nine new ones, the other three peers' sons; and has turned out the Duke of Somerset. She is awaked at last, and so is Lord-Treasurer: I want nothing now but to see the Duchess out. But we shall do without her. We are all extremely happy. Give me joy, sirrahs. This is written in a coffeehouse. Three of the new lords are of our Society.

LETTER XXXVIII.

London, December 29, 1711.

I put my letter in this evening, after coming from dinner at Ned Southwell's, where I drank very good Irish wine, and we are in great joy at this happy turn of affairs. The Queen has been at last persuaded to her own interest and security, and I freely think she must have made both herself and kingdom very unhappy, if she had done otherwise. It is still a mighty secret that Masham is to be one of the new lords; they say he does not yet know it himself; but the Queen is to surprise him with it. Mr Secretary will be a lord at the end of the session: but they want him still in Parliament. After all, it is a strange unhappy necessity of

[1] James Lord Compton, eldest son of the Earl of Northampton; Charles Lord Bruce, eldest son of the Earl of Aylesbury; Henry Paget, heir of Lord Paget; George Hay, Viscount Dupplin, the son-in-law of the Lord Treasurer created Baron Hay; Viscount Windsor, an Irish peer, as Baron Mountjoy; Sir Thomas Mansell, as Baron Mansell; Sir Thomas Willoughby, as Baron Middleton; Sir Thomas Trevor, Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, as Baron Trevor; George Granville, as Baron Lansdowne; Samuel Masham, as Baron Masham; Thomas Foley, as Baron Foley; Allen Bathurst, as Baron Bathurst.

making so many peers together; but the Queen has drawn it upon herself, by her confounded trimming and moderation. Three, as I told you, are of our Society.

30. I writ the Dean and you a lie yesterday; for the Duke of Somerset is not yet turned out. I was to-day at court, and resolved to be very civil to the Whigs; but saw few there. When I was in the Bedchamber talking to Lord Rochester, he went up to Lady Burlington, who asked him who I was; and Lady Sunderland and she whispered about me: I desired Lord Rochester to tell Lady Sunderland, I doubted she was not as much in love with me as I was with her; but he would not deliver my message. The Duchess of Shrewsbury came running up to me, and clapped her fan up to hide us from the company, and we gave one another joy of this change; but sighed when we reflected on the Somerset family not being out. The Secretary and I, and brother Bathurst, and Lord Windsor, dined with the Duke of Ormond. Bathurst and Windsor are to be two of the new lords. I desired my Lord Radnor's brother, at court to-day, to let my lord know I would call on him at six, which I did, and was arguing with him three hours to bring him over to us, and I spoke so closely, that I believe he will be tractable; but he is a scoundrel, and though I said I only talked for my love to him, I told a lie; for I did not care if he were hanged: but every one gained over is of consequence. The Duke of Marlborough was at court to-day, and nobody hardly took notice of him. Masham's being a lord begins to take wind: nothing at court can be kept a secret. Wednesday will be a great day: you shall know more.

31. Our frost is broken since yesterday, and it is very slabbery; yet I walked to the city and dined, and ordered some things with the printer. I have settled Dr King in the Gazette; it will be worth two hundred pounds a-year to him. Our new lords' patents are passed: I don't like the expedient, if we could have found any other. I see I have said this before. I hear the Duke of Marlborough is turned out of all his employments: I shall know to-morrow, when I am to carry Dr King to dine with the Secretary.—These are strong remedies; pray God the patient is able to bear them. The last ministry people are utterly desperate.

Jan 1. Now I wish my dearest little MD many happy new years; yes, both Dingley and Stella, ay and Presto too, many happy new years. I dined with the Secretary, and it is true that the Duke of Marlborough is turned out of all. The Duke of Ormond has got his regiment of foot-guards, I know not who has the rest. If the ministry be not sure of a peace, I shall wonder at this step, and do not approve it at best. The Queen and Lord-Treasurer mortally hate the Duke of Marlborough, and to that he owes his fall, more than to his other faults: unless he has been tampering too far with his party, of which I have not heard any particulars; however it be, the world abroad will blame us. I confess my belief, that he has not one good quality in the world beside that of a general, and even that I have heard denied by several great soldiers. But we have had constant success in arms while he commanded. Opinion is a mighty matter in war, and I doubt the French think it impossible to conquer an army that he leads, and our soldiers think the same; and how far even this step may encourage the French to play tricks with us, no man knows. I do not love to see personal resentment mix with public affairs.

2. This being the day the Lords meet, and the new peers to be introduced, I went to Westminster to see the sight; but the crowd was too great in the house. So I only went into the robing-room, to give my four brothers joy, and Sir Thomas Mansel, and Lord Windsor; the other six I am not acquainted with. It was apprehended the Whigs would have raised some difficulties, but nothing happened. I went to see Lady Masham at noon, and wish her joy of her new honour, and a happy new year. I found her very well pleased: for peerage will be some sort of protection to her upon any turn of affairs. She engaged me to come at night, and sup with her and Lord-Treasurer; I went at nine, and she was not at home, so I would not stay.—No, no, I won't answer your letter yet, young women. I dined with a friend in the neighbourhood. I see nothing here like Christmas, except brawn or mincepies in places where I dine, and giving away my half-crowns like farthings to great men's porters and butlers. Yesterday I paid seven good guineas to the fellow at the tavern, where I treated the Society. I have a great mind to send you the bill. I think I told you

some articles. I have not heard whether any thing was done in the House of Lords after introducing the new ones. Ford has been sitting with me till peeast tweeleve a clock.

3. This was our Society day; Lord Dupplin was president: we choose every week; the last president treats and chooses his successor. I believe our dinner cost fifteen pounds beside wine. The Secretary grew brisk, and would not let me go, nor Lord Lansdown, who would fain have gone home to his lady, being newly married to Lady Mary Thynne. It was near one when we parted, so you must think I cannot write much to-night. The adjourning of the House of Lords yesterday, as the Queen desired, was just carried by the twelve new lords, and one more. Lord Radnor was not there; I hope I have cured him. Did I tell you that I have brought Dr King in to be Gazetteer? It will be worth above two hundred pounds a-year to him: I believe I told you so before, but I am forgetful. Go, get you gone to ombre, and claret, and toasted oranges. I'll go sleep.

4. I cannot get rid of the leavings of my cold. I was in the city to-day, and dined with my printer, and gave him a ballad made by several hands, I know not whom. I believe Lord-Treasurer had a finger in it; I added three stanzas; I suppose Dr Arbuthnot had the greatest share. I had been overseeing some other little prints, and a pamphlet made by one of my under-strappers. Somerset is not out yet. I doubt not but you will have the Prophecy in Ireland, although it is not published here, only printed copies given to friends. Tell me, do you understand it? No, faith, not without help. Tell me what you stick at, and I'll explain. We turned out a member of our Society yesterday for gross neglect and non-attendance. I writ to him by order to give him notice of it. It is Tom Harley, secretary to the Treasurer, and cousin-german to Lord-Treasurer. He is going to Hanover from the Queen. I am to give the Duke of Ormond notice of his election as soon as I can see him.

5. I went this morning with a parishioner of mine, one Nuttal, who came over here for a legacy of one hundred pounds, and a roguish lawyer had refused to pay him,

and would not believe he was the man. I writ to the lawyer a sharp letter, that I had taken Nuttal into my protection, and was resolved to stand by him, and the next news was, that the lawyer desired I would meet him, and attest he was the man, which I did, and his money was paid upon the spot. I then visited Lord-Treasurer, who is now right again, and all well, only that the Somerset family is not out yet. I hate that; I don't like it, as the man said, by, &c. Then I went and visited poor Will Congreve, who had a French fellow tampering with one of his eyes; he is almost blind of both. I dined with some merchants in the city, but could not see Stratford, with whom I had business. Presto, leave off your impertinence, and answer our letter, saith MD. Yes, yes, one of these days, when I have nothing else to do. O, faith, this letter is a week written, and not one side done yet.—These ugly spots are not tobacco, but this is the last gilt sheet I have of large paper, therefore hold your tongue. Nuttal was surprised, when they gave him bits of paper instead of money, but I made Ben Tooke put him in his geers;[1] he could not reckon ten pounds, but was puzzled with the Irish way. Ben Tooke and my printer have desired me to make them stationers to the ordnance, of which Lord Rivers is master, instead of the Duke of Marlborough.[2] It will be a hundred pounds a-year a-piece to them, if I can get it. I will try to-morrow.

6. I went this morning to Earl Rivers, gave him joy of his new employment, and desired him to prefer my printer and bookseller to be stationers to his office. He immediately granted it me; but, like an old courtier, told me it was wholly on my account, but that he heard I had intended to engage Mr Secretary to speak to him, and desired I would engage him to do so, but that, however, he did it only for my sake. This is a court trick, to oblige as many as you can at once. I read prayers to poor Mrs Wesley, who is very much out of order, instead of going to church; and then I went to court, which I found very full, in expectation of seeing Prince Eugene, who landed last night, and lies at Leicester House; he was not to see the Queen till six this evening. I hope and

[1] Business affairs.

[2] Earl Rivers succeeded Marlborough as Master-General of the Ordnance and Colonel of the Horse Guards.

believe he comes too late to do the Whigs any good. I refused dining with the Secretary, and was like to lose my dinner, which was at a private acquaintance's. I went at six to see the Prince at court, but he was gone in to the Queen; and when he came out, Mr Secretary, who introduced him, walked so near him, that he quite screened me from him with his great periwig. I'll tell you a good passage: as Prince Eugene was going with Mr Secretary to court, he told the Secretary, that Hoffman, the Emperor's resident, said to his highness, that it was not proper to go to court without a long wig, and his was a tied up one: now, says the Prince, I knew not what to do, for I never had a long periwig in my life; and I have sent to all my valets and footmen, to see whether any of them have one, that I might borrow it, but none of them has any.—Was not this spoken very greatly with some sort of contempt? But the Secretary said it was a thing of no consequence, and only observed by gentlemen ushers. I supped with Lord Masham, where Lord-Treasurer and Mr Secretary supped with us; the first left us at twelve, but the rest did not part till two, yet I have written all this, because it is fresh: and now I'll go sleep if I can; that is, I believe I shall, because I have drank a little.

7. I was this morning to give the Duke of Ormond notice of the honour done him to make him one of our Society, and to invite him on Thursday next to the Thatched House: he has accepted it with the gratitude and humility such a preferment deserves, but cannot come till the next meeting, because Prince Eugene is to dine with him that day, which I allowed for a good excuse, and will report accordingly. I dined with Lord Masham, and sat there till eight this evening, and came home, because I was not very well, but a little griped; but now I am well again, I will not go, at least but very seldom, to Lord Masham's suppers. Lord-Treasurer is generally there, and that tempts me, but late sitting up does not agree with me: there's the short and the long, and I won't do it; so take your answer, dear little young women; and I have no more to say to you to-night, because of the Archbishop, for I am going to write a long letter to him, but not so politely as formerly: I won't trust him.

8. Well, then, come, let us see this letter; if I must answer

it, I must. What's here now? yes faith, I lamented my birth-day[1] two days after, and that's all: and you rhyme, Madam Stella; were those verses made upon my birth-day? faith, when I read them, I had them running in my head all the day, and said them over a thousand times; they drank your health in all their glasses, and wished, &c. I could not get them out of my head. What; no, I believe it was not; what do I say upon the eighth of December? Compare, and see whether I say so. I am glad of Mrs Stoyte's recovery, heartily glad; your Dolly Manley's and Bishop of Cloyne's child I have no concern about: I am sorry in a civil way, that's all. Yes, yes, Sir George St George dead.—Go, cry, Madam Dingley; I have written to the Dean. Raymond will be rich, for he has the building itch. I wish all he has got may put him out of debt. Poh, I have fires like lightning; they cost me twelvepence a-week, beside small coal. I have got four new caps, madam, very fine and convenient, with striped cambric, instead of muslin; so Patrick need not mend them, but take the old ones. Stella snatched Dingley's word out of her pen; Presto a cold? Why, all the world here is dead with them: I never had any thing like it in my life; 'tis not gone in five weeks. I hope Leigh is with you before this, and has brought your box. How do you like the ivory rasp? Stella is angry; but I'll have a finer thing for her. Is not the apron as good? I'm sure I shall never be paid it; so all's well again.—What the quarrel with Sir John Walters? Why, we had not one word of quarrel; only he railed at me when I was gone: and Lord Keeper and Treasurer teased me for a week. It was nuts to them; a serious thing with a vengeance.—The Whigs may sell their estates then, or hang themselves, as they are disposed; for a peace there will be. Lord-Treasurer told me, that Conolly was going to Hanover. Your Provost[2] is a coxcomb. Stella is a good girl for not being angry when I tell her of spelling; I see none wrong in this. God Almighty be praised that your disorder lessens; it increases my hopes mightily that they will go off. And have you been plagued with the fear of the plague? never mind those reports; I have heard them five hundred times. Replevi? Replevin, simpleton, 'tis Dingley

[1] On his birthday Swift used to read the third chapter of Job.

[2] Dr. Benjamin Pratt, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin.

I mean; but it is a hard word, and so I'll excuse it. I stated Dingley's accounts in my last. I forgot Catherine's sevenpenny dinner. I hope it was the beef-steaks; I'll call and eat them in spring; but Goody Stoyte must give me coffee, or green tea, for I drink no bohea. Well, ay, the pamphlet; but there are some additions to the fourth edition; the fifth edition was of of four thousand, in a smaller print, sold for sixpence. Yes, I had the twenty pound bill from Parvisol: and what then? Pray now eat the Laracor apples; I beg you not to keep them, but tell me what they are. You have had Tooke's bill in my last. And so there now, your whole letter is answered. I tell you what I do; I lay your letter before me, and take it in order, and answer what is necessary; and so and so. Well; when I expected we were all undone, I designed to retire for six months, and then steal over to Laracor; and I had in my mouth a thousand times two lines of Shakespeare, where Cardinal Wolsey says,

> "A weak old man, battered with storms of state,
> "Is come to lay his weary bones among you."

I beg your pardon; I have cheated you all this margin, I did not perceive it; and I went on wider and wider like Stella; awkward sluts; *she writes so so, there:*[1] that's as like as two eggs a penny.—*A weak old man*, now I am saying it, and shall till to-morrow.—The Duke of Marlborough says, there is nothing he now desires so much as to contrive some way how to soften Dr Swift. He is mistaken; for those things that have been hardest against him were not written by me. Mr Secretary told me this from a friend of the Duke's; and I'm sure now he is down, I shall not trample on him; although I love him not, I dislike his being out.—Bernage was to see me this morning, and gave some very indifferent excuses for not calling here so long. I care not twopence. Prince Eugene did not dine with the Duke of Marlborough on Sunday, but was last night at Lady Betty Germain's assemblée, and a vast number of ladies to see him. Mr Lewis and I dined with a private friend. I was this morn-

[1] "These words in the manuscript imitate Stella's writing, and are sloped the wrong way." (Note in original edition.)

ing to see the Duke of Ormond, who appointed me to meet him at the Cockpit[1] at one, but never came. I sat too some time with the Duchess. We don't like things very well yet. I am come home early, and going to be busy. I'll go write.

9. I could not go sleep last night till past two, and was waked before three by a noise of people endeavouring to break open my window. For a while I would not stir, thinking it might be my imagination; but hearing the noise continued, I rose and went to the window, and then it ceased. I went to bed again, and heard it repeated more violently; then I rose and called up the house, and got a candle: the rogues had lifted up the sash a yard; there are great sheds before my windows, although my lodgings be a storey high; and if they get upon the sheds they are almost even with my window. We observed their track, and panes of glass fresh broken. The watchmen told us to-day they saw them, but could not catch them. They attacked others in the neighbourhood about the same time, and actually robbed a house in Suffolk Street, which is the next street but one to us. It is said they are seamen discharged from service. I went up to call my man, and found his bed empty; it seems he often lies abroad. I challenged him this morning as one of the robbers. He is a sad dog; and the minute I come to Ireland I will discard him. I have this day got double iron bars to every window in my dining-room and bed-chamber; and I hide my purse in my thread stocking between the bed's head and the wainscoat. Lewis and I dined with an old Scotch friend, who brought the Duke of Douglas, and three or four more Scots upon us.

10. This was our Society day you know: but the Duke of Ormond could not be with us, because he dined with Prince Eugene. It cost me a guinea contribution to a poet, who had made a copy of verses upon monkies, applying the story to the Duke of Marlborough; the rest gave two guineas, except the two physicians, who followed my example. I don't like this custom: the next time I will give nothing. I sat this evening at Lord Masham's with Lord-Treasurer: I

[1] See note, p. 4.

don't like his countenance; nor I don't like the posture of things well.

We cannot be stout,
Till Somerset's out:

as the old saying is.

11. Mr Lewis and I dined with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who eats the most elegantly of any man I know in town. I walked lustily in the Park by moonshine till eight, to shake off my dinner and wine; and then went to sup at Mr Domville's with Ford, and staid till twelve. It is told me to-day as a great secret, that the Duke of Somerset will be out soon; that the thing is fixed; but what shall we do with the Duchess? They say the Duke will make her leave the Queen out of spite, if he be out. It has stuck upon that fear a good while already. Well, but Lewis gave me a letter from MD, N. 25. O Lord, I did not expect one this fortnight, faith. You are mighty good, that's certain: but I won't answer it, because this goes to-morrow, only what you say of the printer being taken up; I value it not; all's safe there; nor do I fear any thing, unless the ministry be changed; I hope that danger is over. However, I shall be in Ireland before such a change; which could not be, I think, till the end of the session, if the Whigs' designs had gone on.—Have not you an apron by Leigh, Madame Stella? have you all I mentioned in a former letter?

12. Morning. This goes to-day as usual. I think of going into the city; but of that at night. 'Tis fine moderate weather these two or three days last. Farewell, &c. &c.

LETTER XXXIX.

London, Jan. 12, 1711-12.

When I sealed up my letter this morning, I looked upon myself to be not worth a groat in the world. Last night, after Mr Ford and I left Domville, Ford desired me to go with him for a minute upon earnest business, and then told me that both he and I were ruined: for he had trusted Stratford with five hundred pounds for tickets for the lottery, and he had been with Stratford, who confessed he had lost

fifteen thousand pounds by Sir Stephen Evans, who broke last week; that he concluded Stratford must break too; that he could not get his tickets, but Stratford made him several excuses, which seemed very blind ones, &c. And Stratford had near four hundred pounds of mine, to buy me five hundred pounds in the South Sea Company. I came home reflecting a little; nothing concerned me but MD. I called all my philosophy and religion up; and, I thank God, it did not keep me awake beyond my usual time above a quarter of an hour. This morning I sent for Tooke, whom I had employed to buy the stock of Stratford, and settle things with him. He told me I was secure; for Stratford had transferred it to me in form in the South Sea House, and he had accepted it for me, and all was done on stamped parchment. However, he would be farther informed; and at night, sent me a note to confirm me. However, I am not yet secure; and, besides, am in pain for Ford, whom I first brought acquainted with Stratford. I dined in the city.

13. Domville and I dined with Ford to-day by appointment; the Lord Mansel told me at court to-day, that I was engaged to him: but Stratford had promised Ford to meet him and me to-night at Ford's lodgings. He did so; said he had hopes to save himself in his affair with Evans. Ford asked him for his tickets: he said he would send them to-morrow; but looking in his pocket-book, said he believed he had some of them about him, and gave him as many as came to two hundred pounds, which rejoiced us much; besides, he talked so frankly, that we might think there is no danger. I asked him, Was there any more to be settled between us in my affair? He said, No; and answering my questions just as Tooke had got them from others; so I hope I am safe. This has been a scurvy affair. I believe Stella would have half laughed at me, to see a suspicious fellow like me overreached. I saw Prince Eugene to-day at court: I don't think him an ugly faced fellow, but well enough, and a good shape.

14. The Parliament was to sit to-day; and met; but were adjourned by the Queen's directions till Thursday. She designs to make some important speech then. She pretended illness; but I believe they were not ready, and they expect some opposition: and the Scotch lords are angry, and must

be pacified.[1] I was this morning to invite the Duke of Ormond to our Society on Thursday, where he is then to be introduced. He has appointed me at twelve to-morrow about some business: I would fain have his help to impeach a certain lord: but I doubt we shall make nothing of it. I intended to have dined with Lord-Treasurer, but I was told he would be busy: so I dined with Mrs Van; and at night I sat with Lord Masham till one. Lord-Treasurer was there, and chid me for not dining with him: he was in very good humour: I brought home two flasks of burgundy in my chair: I wish MD had them. You see it is very late; so I'll go to bed, and bid MD good night.

15. This morning I presented my printer and bookseller to Lord Rivers; to be stationers to the ordnance, stationers, that's the word; I did not write it plain at first. I believe it will be worth three hundred pounds a-year between them. This is the third employment I have got for them. Rivers told them, the Doctor commanded him, and he durst not refuse it. I would have dined with Lord-Treasurer to-day again, but Lord Mansel would not let me, and forced me home with him. I was very deep with the Duke of Ormond to-day at the Cockpit, where we met to be private; but I doubt I cannot do the mischief I intended. My friend Penn came there, Will Penn the Quaker, at the head of his brethren, to thank the Duke for his kindness to their people in Ireland. To see a dozen scoundrels with their hats on, and the Duke complimenting with his off, was a good sight enough. I sat this evening with Sir William Robinson, who has mighty often invited me to a bottle of wine: and it is past twelve.

16. This being fast-day, Dr Friend and I went into the city to dine late, like good fasters. My printer and bookseller want me to hook in another employment for them in the Tower, because it was enjoyed before by a stationer, although it be to serve the ordnance with oil, tallow, &c. and is worth four hundred pounds *per annum* more: I will try

[1] The House of Lords had refused to permit the Duke of Hamilton, a Scotch peer, who had been elevated to the peerage of Great Britain as Duke of Brandon, to sit under the new title. Hence, practically, the Crown was debarred from raising a Scotch peer to the peerage of Great Britain, although it could raise a commoner. This anomaly was not removed till 1782.

what I can do. They are resolved to ask several other em ployments of the same nature to other offices; and I will then grease fat sows, and see whether it be possible to satisfy them. Why am not I a stationer? The Parliament sits to-morrow, and Walpool [Walpole], late Secretary at War, is to be swinged for bribery, and the Queen is to communicate something of great importance to the two Houses, at least they say so. But I must think of answering your letter in a day or two.

17. I went this morning to the Duke of Ormond about some business, and he told me he could not dine with us to-day, being to dine with Prince Eugene. Those of our Society of the House of Commons could not be with us, the House sitting late on Walpool. I left them at nine, and they were not come. We kept some dinner for them. I hope Walpool will be sent to the Tower, and expelled the house; but this afternoon the members I spoke with in the Court of Requests talked dubiously of it. It will be a leading card to maul the Duke of Marlborough for the same crime, or at least to censure him. The Queen's message was only to give them notice of the peace she is treating, and to desire they will make some law to prevent libels against the government; so farewell to Grub Street.

18. I heard to-day that the commoners of our Society did not leave the Parliament till eleven at night, then went to those I left, and stay'd till three in the morning. Walpool is expelled, and sent to the Tower.[1] I was this morning again with Lord Rivers, and have made him give the other employment to my printer and book-seller; 'tis worth a great deal. I dined with my friend Lewis privately, to talk over affairs. We want to have this Duke of Somerset out, and he apprehends it will not be, but I hope better. They are going now at last to change the Commissioners of the Customs: my friend Sir Matthew Dudley will be out, and three more, and Prior will be in. I have made Ford copy out a small pamphlet, and sent it to the press, that I might not be known for author; 'tis A Letter to the October Club, if ever you heard of such a thing.—Methinks this letter goes on

[1] For a "high breach of trust and notorious corruption." The Commissioners for Examining the Public Accounts reported that when Secretary for War he had taken bribes on account of contracts for supply of forage to the troops.

but slowly for almost a week; I want some little conversation with MD, and to know what they are doing just now. I am sick of politics. I have not dined with Lord-Treasurer these three weeks: he chides me, but I don't care: I don't.

19. I dined to-day with Lord-Treasurer; this is his day of choice company, where they sometimes admit me, but pretend to grumble. And to-day they met on some extraordinary business; the Keeper, Steward, both Secretaries, Lord Rivers, and Lord Anglesey: I left them at seven, and came away, and have been writing to the Bishop of Clogher. I forgot to know where to direct to him since Sir George St George's death, but I have directed to the same house: you must tell me better, for the letter is sent by the bellman. Don't write to me again till this is gone, I charge you, for I won't answer two letters together. The Duke of Somerset is out, and was with his yellow liveries at Parliament to-day. You know he had the same with the Queen, when he was master of the horse: we hope the Duchess will follow, or that he will take her away in spite. Lord-Treasurer, I hope, has now saved his head. Has the Dean received my letter? ask him at cards to-night.

20. There was a world of people to-day at court to see Prince Eugene, but all bit, for he did not come. I saw the Duchess of Somerset talking with the Duke of Buckingham; she looked a little down, but was extremely courteous. The Queen has the gout, but is not in much pain. Must I fill this line too?[1] well then, so let it be. The Duke of Beaufort[2] has a mighty mind to come into our Society; shall we let him? I spoke to the Duke of Ormond about it, and he doubts a little whether to let him in or no. They say the Duke of Somerset is advised by his friends to let his wife stay with the Queen; I am sorry for it. I dined with the Secretary to-day, with mixed company; I don't love it. Our Society does not meet till Friday, because Thursday will be a busy day in the House of Commons, for then the Duke of Marlborough's bribery is to be examined into about the pension paid him by those that furnished bread to the army.

[1] "It is the last of the page, and written close to the edge of the paper." (Note in original edition.)

[2] Henry, second Duke of Beaufort, a strong Tory. He was only twenty-eight years of age.

21. I have been five times with the Duke of Ormond about a perfect trifle, and he forgets it: I used him like a dog this morning for it. I was asked to-day by several in the Court of Requests, whether it was true that the author of the Examiner was taken up in an action of twenty thousand pounds by the Duke of Marlborough?[1] I dined in the city, where my printer showed me a pamphlet, called Advice to the October Club, which he said was sent him by an unknown hand: I commended it mightily; he never suspected me; 'tis a twopenny pamphlet. I came home and got timely to bed; but about eleven one of the Secretary's servants came to me, to let me know that Lord-Treasurer would immediately speak to me at Lord Masham's upon earnest business; and that, if I was a-bed, I should rise and come. I did so; Lord-Treasurer was above with the Queen; and when he came down he laughed, and said it was not he that sent for me: the business was of no great importance, only to give me a paper, which might have been done to-morrow. I staid with them till past one, and then got to bed again. Pize take their frolics. I thought to have answered your letter.

22. Doctor Gastrel was to see me this morning; he is an eminent divine, one of the canons of Christ Church, and one I love very well: he said he was glad to find I was not with James Broad. I asked what he meant; why, says he, have you not seen the Grub Street paper, that says Dr Swift was taken up as author of the Examiner, on an action of twenty thousand pounds, and was now at James Broad's? who, I suppose, is some Bailiff. I knew of this; but at the Court of Requests twenty people told me they heard I had been taken up. Lord Lansdown observed to the Secretary and me, that the Whigs spread three lies yesterday; that about me; and another, that Macartney, who was turned out last summer,[2] is again restored to his places in the army; and the third, that Jack Hill's commission for Lieutenant of the Tower is stopped, and that Cadogan is to continue.

[1] "Upon the 10th and 17th of this month the 'Examiner' was very severe upon the Duke of Marlborough, and in consequence of this report pursued him with greater virulence in the following course of his papers. But Swift was not the writer of the 'Examiner' at that period." (Note in original edition.)

[2] See above, p. 71.

Lansdown thinks they have some design by these reports; I cannot guess it. Did I tell you that Sacheverell has desired mightily to come and see me? but I have put it off: he has heard that I have spoken to the Secretary in behalf of a brother whom he maintains, and who desires an employment. T'other day at the Court of Requests Dr Yalden saluted me by name: Sacheverell, who was just by, came up to me, and made me many acknowledgments and compliments. Last night I desired Lord-Treasurer to do something for that brother of Sacheverell's: he said he never knew he had a brother, but thanked me for telling him, and immediately put his name in his table-book. I will let Sacheverell know this, that he may take his measures accordingly, but he shall be none of my acquaintance. I dined to-day privately with the Secretary, left him at six, paid a visit or two, and came home.

23. I dined again to-day with the Secretary, but could not dispatch some business I had with him, he has so much besides upon his hands at this juncture, and preparing against the great business to-morrow, which we are top full of. The minister's design is, that the Duke of Marlborough shall be censured as gently as possible, provided his friends will not make head to defend him, but if they do, it may end in some severer votes. A gentleman, who was just now with him, tells me he is much cast down, and fallen away; but he is positive, if he has but ten friends in the House, that they shall defend him to the utmost, and endeavour to prevent the least censure upon him, which I think cannot be, since the bribery is manifest. Sir Solomon Medina paid him six thousand pounds a-year to have the employment of providing bread for the army, and the Duke owns it in his letter to the Commissioners of Accounts. I was to-night at Lord Masham's; Lord Dupplin took out my new little pamphlet, and the Secretary read a great deal of it to Lord-Treasurer; they all commended it to the skies, and so did I, and they began a health to the author. But I doubt Lord-Treasurer suspected; for he said, this is Mr Davenant's style, which is his cant when he suspects me.[1] But I carried the matter very well. Lord-Treasurer put the pamphlet in

[1] To Davenant had been often attributed the "Examiners" written by Swift.

his pocket to read at home. I'll answer your letter to-morrow.

24. The Secretary made me promise to dine with him to-day, after the Parliament was up; I said I would come; but I dined at my usual time; knowing the House would sit late on this great affair. I dined at a tavern with Mr Domville and another gentleman; I have not done so before these many months. At ten this evening I went to the Secretary, but he was not come home; I sat with his lady till twelve, then came away; and he just came as I was gone, and he sent to my lodgings, but I would not go back; and so I know not how things have passed, but hope all is well; and I will tell you to-morrow day. It is late, &c.

25. The Secretary sent to me this morning to know whether we should dine together; I went to him, and there I learned that the question went against the Duke of Marlborough, by a majority of a hundred; so the ministry is mighty well satisfied, and the Duke will now be able to do no hurt. The Secretary and I, and Lord Masham, &c., dined with Lieutenant-General Withers, who is just going to look after the army in Flanders: the Secretary and I left them a little after seven, and I am come home, and will now answer your letter, because this goes to-morrow: let me see ——The box at Chester; O, burn that box, and hang that Sterne; I have desired one to inquire for it who went toward Ireland last Monday, but I am in utter despair of it. No, I was not splenetic; you see what plunges the court has been at to set all right again. And that Duchess is not out yet, and may one day cause more mischief. Somerset shows all about a letter from the Queen, desiring him to let his wife continue with her. Is not that rare! I find Dingley smelled a rat; because the Whigs are *upish;* but if ever I hear that word again, I'll *uppish* you. I am glad you got your rasp safe and sound; does Stella like her apron? Your critics about guarantees of succession are puppies; that's an answer to the objection. The answerers here made the same objection, but it is wholly wrong. I am of your opinion, that Lord Marlborough is used too hardly: I have often scratched out passages from papers and pamphlets sent me, before they were printed; because I thought them too severe. But he is certainly a vile man, and has no sort of merit beside the

military. The Examiners are good for little: I would fain have hindered the severity of the two or three last, but could not. I will either bring your papers over, or leave them with Tooke, for whose honesty I will engage. And I think it is best not to venture them with me at sea. Stella is a prophet, by foretelling so very positively that all would be well. Duke of Ormond speak against peace? No, simpleton, he is one of the staunchest we have for the ministry. Neither trouble yourself about the printer: he appeared the first day of the term, and is to appear when summoned again; but nothing else will come of it. Lord Chief Justice is cooled since this new settlement. No; I will not split my journals in half; I will write but once a fortnight: but you may do as you will; which is, read only half at once, and t'other half next week. So now your letter is answered. (Pox on these blots.) What must I say more? I will set out in March, if there be a fit of fine weather; unless the ministry desire me to stay till the end of the session, which may be a month longer: but I believe they will not: for I suppose the peace will be made, and they will have no farther service for me. I must make my canal fine this summer, as fine as I can. I am afraid I shall see great neglects among my quicksets. I hope the cherry trees on the river walk are fine things now. But no more of this.

26. I forgot to finish this letter this morning, and am come home so late I must give it to the bellman; but I would have it go to-night, lest you should think there is any thing in the story of my being arrested in an action of twenty thousand pounds by Lord Marlborough, which I hear is in Dyer's Letter,[1] and, consequently, I suppose, gone to Ireland. Farewell, dearest MD, &c. &c.

[1] Dyer's "News Letter," a Tory journal appearing three times a week, which seems to have been a favourite with Sir Roger de Coverley. See "Spectator," No. 127.

LETTER XL.

London, Jan. 26, 1711-12.

I have no gilt paper left of this size, so you must be content with plain. Our Society dined together to-day, for it was put off, as I told you, upon Lord Marlborough's business on Thursday. The Duke of Ormond dined with us to-day, the first time; we were thirteen at table; and Lord Lansdown came in after dinner, so that we wanted but three. The Secretary proposed the Duke of Beaufort, who desires to be one of our Society; but I stopped it, because the Duke of Ormond doubts a little about it; and he was gone before it was proposed. I left them at seven, and sat this evening with poor Mrs Wesley, who has been mightily ill to-day with a fainting fit; she has often convulsions too; she takes a mixture with *assafœtida*, which I have now in my nose; and every thing smells of it. I never smelt it before; 'tis abominable. We have eight packets, they say, due from Ireland.

27. I could not see Prince Eugene at court to-day, the crowd was so great. The Whigs contrive to have a crowd always about him, and employ the rabble to give the word, when he sets out from any place. When the Duchess of Hamilton [1] came from the Queen after church, she whispered me that she was going to pay me a visit: I went to Lady Oglethorp's, the place appointed; for ladies always visit me in third places, and she kept me till near four: she talks too much, is a plaguy detractor, and I believe I shall not much like her. I was engaged to dine with Lord Masham; they staid as long as they could, yet had almost dined, and were going in anger to pull down the brass peg for my hat, but Lady Masham saved it. At eight I went again to Lord Masham's; Lord-Treasurer is generally there at night: we sat up till almost two. Lord-Treasurer has engaged me to contrive some way to keep the Archbishop of York [2] from being seduced by Lord Nottingham. I will do what I can in it to-morrow. 'Tis very late, so I must go sleep.

[1] The Duchess was daughter and heiress of Lord Gerrard.
[2] Dr. John Sharp.

28. Poor Mrs Manley, the author, is very ill of a dropsy and sore leg; the printer tells me he is afraid she cannot live long. I am heartily sorry for her; she has very generous principles for one of her sort; and a great deal of good sense and invention: she is about forty, very homely, and very fat. Mrs Van made me dine with her to-day. I was this morning with the Duke of Ormond, and the Prolocutor, about what Lord-Treasurer spoke to me yesterday; I know not what will be the issue. There is but a slender majority in the House of Lords; and we want more. We are sadly mortified at the news of the French taking the town in Brazil from the Portuguese. The sixth edition of three thousand of the Conduct of the Allies is sold, and the printer talks of a seventh; eleven thousand of them have been sold; which is a most prodigious run. The little two-penny Letter of Advice to the October Club does not sell; I know not the reason; for it is finely written, I assure you; and, like a true author, I grow fond of it, because it does not sell: you know that it is usual to writers to condemn the judgment of the world: if I had hinted it to be mine, every body would have bought it, but it is a great secret.

29. I borrowed one or two idle books of *Contes de Fées*, and have been reading them these two days, although I have much business upon my hands. I loitered till one at home; then went to Mr Lewis at his office; and the vice-chamberlain told me, that Lady Ryalton had yesterday resigned her employment of lady of the bedchamber, and that Lady Jane Hyde, Lord Rochester's daughter, a mighty pretty girl, is to succeed. He said, too, that Lady Sunderland would resign in a day or two. I dined with Lewis, and then went to see Mrs Wesley, who is better to-day. But you must know that Mr Lewis gave me two letters, one from the Bishop of Cloyne, with an enclosed from Lord Inchequin to Lord-Treasurer, which he desires I would deliver and recommend. I am told that lord was much in with Lord Wharton, and I remember he was to have been one of the Lords Justices by his recommendation; yet the Bishop recommends him as a great friend to the church, &c. I'll do what I think proper. T'other letter was from little saucy MD, N. 26. O Lord, never saw the like, under a cover too, and by way of

journal; we shall never have done. Sirrahs; how durst you write so soon, sirrahs? I won't answer it yet.

30. I was this morning with the Secretary, who was sick, and out of humour; he would needs drink champagne some days ago, on purpose to spite me, because I advised him against it, and now he pays for it; Stella used to do such tricks formerly; he put me in mind of her. Lady Sunderland has resigned her place too. It is Lady Catherine Hyde that succeeds Lady Ryalton; and not Lady Jane. Lady Catherine is the late Earl of Rochester's daughter. I dined with the Secretary, then visited his lady; and sat this evening with Lady Masham; the Secretary came to us; but Lord-Treasurer did not; he dined with the Master of the Rolls, and staid late with him. Our Society does not meet till to-morrow se'nnight, because we think the Parliament will be very busy to-morrow upon the state of the war; and the Secretary, who is to treat as president, must be in the house. I fancy my talking of persons and things here must be very tedious to you, because you know nothing of them; and I talk as if you did. You know Kevin's Street, and Werburgh Street, and (what do you call the street where Mrs Walls lives?) and Ingoldsby, and Higgins, and Lord Santry; but what care you for Lady Catherine Hyde? Why do you say nothing of your health, sirrah? I hope it is well.

31. Trimnel, Bishop of Norwich, who was with this Lord Sunderland at Moor Park in their travels, preached yesterday before the House of Lords; and to-day the question was put to thank him, and print his sermon; but passed against him; for it was a terrible Whig sermon. The bill to repeal the act for naturalizing Protestant foreigners passed the House of Lords to-day by a majority of twenty, though the Scotch lords went out, and would vote neither way, in discontent about Duke Hamilton's patent, if you know any thing of it. A poem is come out to-day inscribed to me, by way of a flirt; for it is a Whiggish poem, and good for nothing. They plagued me with it in the Court of Requests. I dined with Lord-Treasurer at five alone, only with one Dutchman. Prior is now a Commissioner of the Customs. I told you so before, I suppose. When I came home to-night, I found a letter from Dr Sacheverell, thanking me for

recommending his brother to Lord-Treasurer and Mr Secretary for a place. Lord-Treasurer sent to him about it: so good a solicitor was I, although I once hardly thought I should be a solicitor for Sacheverell.

Feb. 1. Has not your Dean of St Patrick received my letter? you say nothing of it, although I writ above a month ago. My printer has got the gout, and I was forced to go to him to-day, and there I dined. It was a most delicious day: Why don't you observe whether the same days be fine with you? To-night, at six, Dr. Atterbury, and Prior, and I, and Dr Freind, met at Dr Robert Freind's house at Westminster, who is master of the school: there we sat till one, and were good enough company. I here take leave to tell politic Dingley, that the passage in the Conduct of the Allies is so far from being blameable, that the Secretary designs to insist upon it in the House of Commons, when the Treaty of Barrier is debated there, as it now shortly will, for they have ordered it to be laid before them. The pamphlet of Advice to the October Club begins now to sell; but I believe its fame will hardly reach Ireland: 'tis finely written I assure you. I long to answer your letter, but won't yet; you know, 'tis late, etc.

2. This ends Christmas, and what care I? I have neither seen, nor felt, nor heard any Christmas this year. I passed a lazy dull day. I was this morning with Lord-Treasurer, to get some papers from him, which he will remember as much as a cat, although it be his own business. It threatened rain, but did not much; and Prior and I walked an hour in the Park, which quite put me out of my measures. I dined with a friend hard by; and in the evening sat with Lord Masham till twelve. Lord-Treasurer did not come; this is an idle dining day usually with him. We want to hear from Holland how our peace goes on; for we are afraid of those scoundrels the Dutch, lest they should play us tricks. Lord Marr,[1] a Scotch earl, was with us at Lord Masham's: I was arguing with him about the stubbornness and folly of his countrymen; they are so angry about the affair of the Duke of Hamilton, whom the Queen has made a duke of England, and the House of Lords will not admit him. He swears he

[1] John, last Earl of Mar, a privy-councillor, who was concerned in the rebellion of 1715.

would vote for us, but dare not; because all Scotland would detest him if he did: he should never be chosen again, nor be able to live there.

3. I was at court to-day to look for a dinner, but did not like any that were offered me; and I dined with Lord Mountjoy. The Queen has the gout in her knee, and was not at chapel. I hear we have a Dutch mail, but I know not what news, although I was with the Secretary this morning. He showed me a letter from the Hanover envoy, Mr Bothmar, complaining that the Barrier Treaty is laid before the House of Commons; and desiring that no infringement may be made in the guarantee of the succession; but the Secretary has written him a peppering answer. I fancy you understand all this, and are able states-girls, since you have read the Conduct of the Allies. We are all preparing against the birth-day; I think it is Wednesday next. If the Queen's gout increases, it will spoil sport. Prince Eugene has two fine suits made against it; and the Queen is to give him a sword worth four thousand pounds, the diamonds set transparent.

4. I was this morning soliciting at the House of Commons' door for Mr Vesey, a son of the Archbishop of Tuam, who has petitioned for a bill to relieve him in some difficulty about his estate; I secured him above fifty members. I dined with Lady Masham. We have no packet from Holland, as I was told yesterday: and this wind will hinder many people from appearing at the birth-day, who expected clothes from Holland. I appointed to meet a gentleman at the Secretary's to-night, and they both failed. The House of Commons have this day made many severe votes about our being abused by our allies. Those who spoke, drew all their arguments from my book, and their votes confirm all I writ; the court had a majority of a hundred and fifty: all agree that it was my book that spirited them to these resolutions; I long to see them in print. My head has not been as well as I could wish it for some days past, but I have not had any giddy fit, and I hope it will go over.

5. The Secretary turned me out of his room this morning, and showed me fifty guineas rolled up, which he was going to give some French spy. I dined with four Irishmen at a tavern to-day; I thought I had resolved against it before, but

I broke it. I played at cards this evening at Lady Masham's, but I only played for her while she was waiting; and I won her a pool; and supped there. Lord-Treasurer was with us, but went away before twelve. The ladies and lords have all their clothes ready against to-morrow: I saw several mighty fine, and I hope there will be a great appearance, in spite of that spiteful French fashion of the Whiggish ladies not to come, which they have all resolved to a woman; and I hope it will more spirit the Queen against them for ever.

6. I went to dine at Lord Masham's at three, and met all the company just coming out of court; a mighty crowd: they staid long for their coaches: I had an opportunity of seeing several lords and ladies of my acquaintance in their fineries. Lady Ashburnham looked the best in my eyes. They say the court was never fuller nor finer. Lord-Treasurer, his lady, and two daughters and Mrs Hill, dined with Lord and Lady Masham; the five ladies were monstrous fine. The Queen gave Prince Eugene the diamond sword to-day; but nobody was by when she gave it, except my Lord Chamberlain. There was an entertainment of opera songs at night, and the Queen was at all the entertainment, and is very well after it. I saw Lady Wharton, as ugly as the devil, coming out in the crowd all in an undress; she has been with the Marlborough daughters and Lady Bridgewater in St James's, looking out of the window all undressed to see the sight. I do not hear that one Whig lady was there, except those of the Bedchamber. Nothing has made so great a noise as one Kelson's chariot, that cost nine hundred and thirty pounds, the finest was ever seen. The rabble huzzaed him as much as they did Prince Eugene. This is birth-day chat.

7. Our Society met to-day, the Duke of Ormond was not with us; we have lessened our dinners, which were grown so extravagant, that Lord-Treasurer and every body else cried shame. I left them at seven, visited for an hour, and then came home, like a good boy. The Queen is much better after yesterday's exercise: her friends wish she would use a little more. I opposed Lord Jersey's[1] election into our Society, and he is refused: I likewise opposed the Duke

[1] William Villiers, second earl.

of Beaufort; but I believe he will be chosen in spite of me: I don't much care; I shall not be with them above two months; for I resolve to set out for Ireland the beginning of April next, (before I treat them again,) and see my willows.

8. I dined to-day in the city; this morning a scoundrel dog, one of the Queen's music, a German, whom I had never seen, got access to me in my chamber by Patrick's folly, and gravely desired me to get an employment in the Customs for a friend of his, who would be very grateful; and likewise to forward a project of his own, for raising ten thousand pounds a-year upon operas: I used him civiller than he deserved; but it vexed me to the pluck.[1] He was told, I had a mighty interest with Lord-Treasurer, and one word of mine, &c.—Well; I got home early on purpose to answer M'D's letter, N. 26; for this goes to-morrow.—Well; I never saw such a letter in all my life; so saucy, so journalish, so sanguine, so pretending, so every thing. I satisfied all your fears in my last; all is gone well, as you say; yet you are an impudent slut to be so positive; you will swagger so upon your sagacity, that we shall never have done. Pray don't mislay your reply; I would certainly print it, if I had it here: how long is it? I suppose half a sheet: was the answer written in Ireland? Yes, yes, you shall have a letter when you come from Baligall. I need not tell you again who's out and who's in: we can never get out the Duchess of Somerset.—So, they say Presto writ the Conduct, &c. Do they like it? I don't care whether they do or no; but the Resolutions printed t'other day in the Votes are almost quotations from it; and would never have passed, if that book had not been written. I will not meddle with the Spectator, let him fair-sex it to the world's end. My disorder is over, but blood was not from the p—les.—— Well, Madam Dingley, the frost; why we had a great frost, but I forget how long ago; it lasted above a week or ten days: I believe about six weeks ago; but it did not break so soon with us I think as December 29; yet I think it was about that time, on second thoughts. MD can have no letter from Presto, says you; and yet four days

[1] Entrails.

before you own you had my thirty-seventh, unreasonable sluts! The Bishop of Gloucester is not dead, and I am as likely to succeed the Duke of Marlborough as him if he were; there's enough for that now. It is not unlikely that the Duke of Shrewsbury will be your governor; at least I believe the Duke of Ormond will not return.—Well, Stella again: why really three editions of the Conduct, &c. is very much for Ireland; it is a sign you have some honest among you. Well; I will do Mr Manley all the service I can: but he will ruin himself. What business had he to engage at all about the city? can't he wish his cause well, and be quiet, when he finds that stirring will do it no good, and himself a great deal of hurt; I cannot imagine who should open my letter: it must be done at your side.—If I hear of any thoughts of turning out Mr Manley, I will endeavour to prevent it. I have already had all the gentlemen of Ireland here upon my back often, for defending him. So now I have answered your saucy letter. My humble service to Goody Stoyte and Catherine; I will come soon for my dinner.

9. Morning. My cold goes off at last; but I think I have got a small new one. I have no news since last. They say we hear by the way of Calais, that peace is very near concluding. I hope it may be true. I'll go and seal up my letter, and give it myself to-night into the post-office; and so I bid my dearest MD farewell till to-night. I heartily wish myself with them, as hope saved. My willows, and quicksets, and trees, will be finely improved, I hope, this year. It has been fine hard frosty weather yesterday and to-day. Farewell, &c. &c. &c.

LETTER XLI[1]

Addressed "To [Mrs Johnson at her] lodgings over against St Mary's Church near Capell Street, Dublin, Ireland."
Endorsed by Esther Johnson: "Recd Mar. 1st."

London, Febr. 9, 1711-12.

When my Letter is gone, and I have none of yrs to answer, my Conscience is so clear, and my shoulder so light, and I go on with such courage to prate upon nothing to deerichar MD, oo would wonder. I dined with Sir Mat Dudley, who is newly turned out of Commissn of the Customs. He affects a good Heart, and talks in the extremity of Whiggery, which was always his Principle, thō he was gentle a little, while he kept in Employment; We can yet get no Pacquets from Holld. I have not been with any of the Ministry these 2 or 3 days. I keep out of their way on purpose, for a certain Reason, for some time, thō I must dine with the Secty to-morrow, the choosing of the Company being left to me. I have engaged Ld Anglesea and Ld Carteret, and have promised to get 3 more; but I have a mind that none else should be admitted: however, if I like any body at Court to-morrow, I may perhaps invite them. I have got another cold, but not very bad. [Nite dee MD.[2]]

10. I saw Pr Eugene at Court to-day very plain; He is plaguy yellow, and tolerably ugly besides. The Court was very full, and People had their Birth-day Clothes. I dined with the Secty to-day. I was to invite 5; but I only invited two, Ld Anglesea and Ld Carteret. Pshaw, I told y this but yesterday.—We have no paquets from Hold yet. Here are a parcel of drunken whiggish lords, like yr Ld Santry, who come into Chocolate Houses, and rail aloud at the Toryes, and have Challenges sent them, and the next

[1] This letter is here printed exactly from the manuscript. Holographs of this and all the remaining letters exist in the British Museum. See Introduction, p. xii. The words in the address inclosed in square brackets are scribbled over.

[2] Apparently. The words are almost obliterated in the MS.

morning come and beg Pardon. General Ross[1] was like to swinge the Marquis of Winchester[2] for this Trick, tother day; and we have nothing else now to talk of till the Parliament has had another Bout with the State of the War, as they intend in a few days. They have ordered the Barrier Treaty to be layd before them; and it was talkt some time ago, as if there was a design to impeach Ld Townshend, who made it. I have no more Politicks now. Nite dee MD.

11. I dined with Ld Anglesea to-day, who had 7 Irishmen to be my Companions, of which 2 only were Coxcombs, one I did not know, and tother was young Blith, who is a Puppy of figure here, with a fine Chariot. He askt me one day at Court, when I had been just talking with some Lds, who stood near me, Dr, when shall we see y in the County of Meath? I whispered him to take care what he sd, for the People would think he was some Barbarian. He never would speak to me since, till we met to-day. I went to Ldy Mashams to-night, and sate with Ld Treas[r] and the Secre[ty] there till past 2 o'clock; and when I came home, found some Letters from Ireld, which I read, but can say nothing of them till to-morrow, tis so very late; but I must always be ***,[3] late or early, [Nite deelest *****.[4]]

12. One Lettr was from the Bp of Cl last night, and tother from Walls, about Mrs South's[5] sallary, and his own Pension of 18[li] for his Tythe of the Park. I will do nothing in either, the first I cannot serve in, and the other is a Trifle; only y may tell him I had his Lettr, and will speak to Ned Southwell about what he desires me. Y say nothing of your Deans receiving my letter. I find Clements, whom I recommended to Ld Anglesey[6] last year, at Walls's desire, or rather the Bishop of Cl's, is mightily in Lord Anglesea's favr. Y may tell the Bp and Walls so; I sd to Lord Anglesea, that I was[7] I had the good Luck to recommend him, &c. I dined in the City with my Printer,

[1] Charles Ross, who was Lieutenant-General of the Horse under Ormond in Flanders.
[2] Charles Paulett, afterwards third Duke of Bolton.
[3] Word obliterated. Probably "found," though Forster reads "oors."
[4] Words obliterated in MS.
[5] Widow of an Irish revenue official.
[6] Secretary of State for Ireland.
[7] "Glad" omitted by the writer's mistake.

to consult with him about some Papers Ld Tr gave me last night, as he always does, too late; However, I will do something with them. My third Cold is a little bettr; I nevr had any thing like it before, three Colds successively; I hope I shall have the 4th.[1] Three[2] messengers come from Holld to-day, and they brought over the six Pacquets that were due; I know not the particulars yet, for when I was with the Secrty at noon, they were just opening; but one thing I find, that the Dutch are playing us Tricks, and tampering with the French; they are dogs; I shall know more [tomollow . . . MD.][3]

13. I dined to-day privately with my Friend Lewis, at his Lodgings, to consult about some Observations on the Barrier Treaty. Our news from Holland is not good. The French raise difficulties, and make such Offers to the Allies as cannot be accepted. And the Dutch are uneasy that we are likely to get any thing for ourselves; and the Whigs are glad at all this. I came home early, and have been very busy 3 or 4 hours. I had a Letter from Dr Prat to-day by a private hand, recommending the Bearer to me, for something that I shall not trouble myself about. Wesly writ to recommend the same Fellow to me. His expression is, that, hearing I am acquainted with my Lord-Treas[r], he desires I would do so and so: A matter of nothing. What Puppyes are Mankind. I hope I shall be wiser when I have once done with Courts. I think y hant troubled me much with yr Recommendations. I would do y all the saairs[4] I could. Pray have you got yr [* * * * rs[5]] Ppt? I pd for it but yesterday; that puts me in mind of it. I writ an Inventory of what things I sent by Lee in one of my Letters; did y compare it with what y got? I hear nothing of yr Cards now: do y never play? Yes, at Baligawl. Go to bed. [Nite, ... MD.][6]

14. Our society dined to-day at Mr Secr[ty]'s house. I

[1] Words obliterated in the MS. Forster professes to read "fourth. Euge, euge, euge."

[2] Should perhaps be "those."

[3] Words obliterated; only "tomollow . . . MD" can be read.

[4] Apparently for "service."

[5] Words not obliterated, but almost unreadable. We can perhaps read, "Appen Maram Ppt." Forster reads, "oor aplon Maram Ppt," *i.e.* "Your apron, Madam Ppt."

[6] Words obliterated in MS.

went there at four; but hearing the House of Commons would sit late upon the Barrier Treaty, I went for an hour to Kensington, to see Ld Masham's Children. My young Nephew,[1] his son of 6 months old, has got a swelling in his Neck, I fear it is the Evil. We did not go to dinner till 8 at night, and I left them at 10. The Commons have been very severe on the Barrier Treaty, as y will find by their Votes. A Whig member took out the Conduct of the Allies, and read that Passage about the Succession with great Resentment; but none seconded him. The Church Party carryed every Vote by a great Majority. The A. B.[2] Dublin is so raild at by all who come from Ired, that I can defend him no longer. Lord Anglesea assured me, that the Story of applying Piso out of Tacitus to Ld-Treasrs being wounded is true. I believe the D of Beaufort will be admitted to our Society next meeting. To-day I published the Fable of Midas, a Poem, printed in a loose half sheet of Paper. I know not how it will sell; but it passd wonderfully at our Society to-night; and Mr Sec[ty] read it before me the other night to Ld Tr, at Ld Mashams, where they equally approved of it. Tell me how it passes with you. I think this Paper is larger than ordinary; for here is 6 days Journal, and no nearer the Bottom. I fear these Journals are very dull. Nite my deelest lives.[3]

15. Mr Lewis and I dined by Invitation with a Scotch acquaintance, after I had been very busy in my Chambr till 2 afternoon. My third Cold is now very troublesome on my Breast, especially in the Morning. This is a great Revolution in my Health; Colds never used to return so soon with me, or last so long. Tis very surprising this news to-day, of the Dauphin and Dauphiness both dying within 6 days. They say the old king is almost heart-broke. He has had prodigious mortifications in his Family. The Dauphin has left 2 little Sons, of 4 and 2 years old; the eldest is sick. There is a foolish Story got about the Town, that Ld Strafford, one of our Plenipotentiaries, is in the Interests of France: and it has been a good while sd, that Ld Privy Seal[4] and he do

[1] By courtesy, as the son of a "brother."
[2] The Archbishop, Dr. King.
[3] Printed by Scott as "Note my dullest lines." (!)
[4] Dr. Robinson, Bishop of Bristol.

not agree very well. They are both long practised in Business, but neither of them of much Parts. Strafford has some Life and Spirit; but is infinitely proud, and wholly illiterate. Nite, MD.

16. I dined to-day in the City with my Printer, to finish something I am doing about the Barrier Treaty; but it is not quite done.[1] I went this evening to Ld Masham's, where Ld-Treas[r] sat with us till past 12. The Lds have voted an Adress to the Qu, to tell her they are not satisfied with the King of France's offers. The Whigs brought it in of a sudden; and the Court could not prevent it, and therefore did not oppose it. The H of Lds is too strong in Whigs, notwithstanding the new Creations; for they are very diligent, and the Toryes as lazy: the side that is down has always most Industry. The Whigs intended to have made a Vote that would reflect on Ld-Treas[r]; but their Project was not ripe. I hit my face such a rap by calling the Coach to stop to-night, that it is plaguy sore, the bone beneath the eye. Nite deel DM.

17. The Court was mighty full to-day, and has been these many Sundays; but the Qu was not at Chapel. She has got a little fitt of the Gout in her foot. The good of going to Court is, that one sees all ones Acquaintance, whom otherwise I should hardly meet twice a-year. Prince Eugene dines with the Secretary to-day, with about 7 or 8 General Officers, or forein Ministers. They will be all drunk, I am sure. I never was in company with this Prince; I have proposed to some Lds that we should have a sober Meal with him; but I cant compass it. It is come over in the Dutch News Prints, that I was arrested on an action of 20,000ll by D Marlbro. I did not like my Court Invitation to-day; so Sir A Fountaine and I went and dined with Mrs Van. I came home at 6, and have been very busy till this minute, and it is past 12. So I got into bed to write to MD *****.[2] We reckon the Dauphin's death will put forward the Peace a good deal. Pray is Dr Griffith reconcild to me yet? Have I done enough to soften him? *****[3]

[1] "Remarks on the Barrier Treaty."

[2] About half a dozen words are obliterated, ending apparently with "MD."

[3] A long erasure.

18. Lewis had Guiscard's Picture; he bought it, and offered it to Ld-Treas^{r}, who promised to send for it, but never did; so I made Lewis give it me, and I have it in my Room; and now Ld-Treasr says he will take it from me, is that fair? He designs to have it at Length in the clothes he was when he did the Action, and a Penknife in his hand; and Kneller is to copy it from this that I have. I intended to dine with Ld-Treas^{r} to-day, but he has put me off till-morrow; so I dined with Lord Dupplin. Y know Ld Dupplin very well; he is a Brother of the Society. Well, but I have received a Lettr from the Bp of Clogher,[1] to solicit an Affair for him with Ld-Treasr, and with the Parlnt, w^{ch} I will do as soon as fly. I am not near so keen about other People's affairs as ***[2] used to reproach me about; it was a Judgmt on me. Hearkee, Idle dearees both, meetinks I begin to want a Rettle flom[3] MD: faith, and so I do. I doubt y have been in pain about the Report of my being arrested. The Pamphleteers have let me alone this month, w^{ch} is a great wonder: only the 3^{d} part of the Answer to the Conduct, which is lately come out. (Did I tell y of it already?) The H. of Commons goes on in mauling the late Ministry and their Proceedings. [Nite deelest MD.][4]

19. I dined with Ld-Treas^{r} to-day, and sat with him till 10, in spight of my Teeth, though my Printer waited for me to correct a Sheet. I told him of 4 Lines I writ extempore with my Pencil, on a bit of Paper in his House, while he lay wounded. Some of the servants, I suppose, made waste paper of them, and he never had heard of them. Shall I tell them you; They were inscribed to Mr Harley's Physician. Thus

On Europe Britain's safety lyes;[5] Britain is lost, if Harley dyes. Harley depends upon your Skill: Think what you save, or what you kill.

[1] Query "Cloyn."
[2] Words obliterated. Forster reads, "saucy Ppt."
[3] Letter from.
[4] Words partially obliterated.
[5] The line should of course have been written, "On Britain Europe's safety lyes." Hawkesworth made the necessary correction. I may here remark that in the original MSS. all the verse and doggerel is written continuously as prose.

Are they not enough to be done off hand; for that is the meaning of the word extempore w^ch^ y did not know, did you? I proposed that some Company should dine with him on the 8^th^ of March, which was the day he was wounded, but he says he designs that the Lds of the Cabinet, who then sate with him, should dine that day with them: however, he has invited me too. I am not yet rid of my cold; it plagues me in the morning chiefly. Nite, MD.

20. After waiting to catch the Sect^ry^ coming out from Sir T Hanmer, for 2 hours, in vain, about some Business, I went into the City to my Printer, to correct some sheets of the Barrier Treaty and Remarks, w^ch^ must be finished to-morrow; I have been horrible busy for some days past, with this and some other Things; and I wanted some very necessary Papers, w^ch^ the Sec^ry^ was to give me, and the Pamphlet must not be published without them. But they are all busy too. Sir Tho Hanmer is Chairman of the Committee for drawing up a Representation of the State of the Nation to the Qu—, where all the wrong steps of the Allyes and late Ministry about the War will be mentioned. The Sec^ry^, I suppose, was helping him about it to-day; I believe it will be a Pepperer. Nite, dee MD.

21. I have been 6 hours to-day morning writing 19 Pages of a Lettr to-day to Ld-Treas^r^, about forming a Society or Academy, to correct and fix the English Language. (Is English a Speech or a Language?) It will not be above five or 6 more. I will send it to him to-morrow, and will print it, if he desires me.[1] I dined, you know, with our Society to-day; Thursday is our day. We had a new member admitted; it was the D. of Beaufort. We had 13 met; Brother Ormond was not there, but sent his Excuse that Prince Eugene dined with him. I left them at 7, being engaged to go to Sir Tho Hanmer, who desired I would see him at that hour. His business was, that I would *hoenlbp ihainm itaoi dsroanws ubpl tohne sroeqporaensiepnotlastoiqobn*,[2] which I consented to do; but know not whether I shall

[1] "A Proposal for Correcting, Improving, and Ascertaining the English Tongue, in a Letter to the Most Honourable Robert Earl of Oxford," 1712. The only piece which Swift printed with his name.

[2] Omitting every other letter we read, "help him to draw up the representation.

succeed; because it is a little out of my way. However, I have taken my share. Nite, MD.

22. I finished the rest of my Lettr to Ld-Treas^r^ to-day, and sent it to him about one a Clock; and then dined privately with my friend Mr Lewis, to talk over some Affairs of moment. I had gotten the 13th volume of Rymer's Collection of the Records of the Tower, for the University of Dublin. I have 2 volumes now. I will write to the Provost, to know how I shall send them to him; no, I won't, for I will bring them myself among my own Books. I was with Hanmer this morning, and there were the Secr^ty^ and Chancellor of the Excheqr[1] very busy with him, laying their heads together about the Representation. I went to Ld Masham's to-night, and Lady Masham made me read to her a pretty 2 penny Pamphlet, called the St Alban's Ghost.[2] I thought I had writ it myself; so did they; but I did not. Ld-Treas^r^ came down to us from the Queen, and we staid till 2 o'clock. That is the best night place I have. The usually[3] company are Ld and Lady Masham, Ld-Treas^r^, Dr Arbuthnot, and I; sometimes the Secr^ty^, and sometimes Mrs Hill of the Bed-chamber, Lady Masham's sister. I assure oo, it im vely rate now; but zis goes to-morrow: and I must have time to converse with own richar MD. [Nite, deelest Sollahs.[4]]

23. I have no news to tell y this last day, nor do I know where I shall dine. I hear the Secr^ty^ is a little out of order; perhaps I may dine there, perhaps not. I sent Hanmer what he wanted from me, I know not how he will approve of it. I was to do more of the same sort; I am going out, and must carry zis in my Pottick to give it at some generall Post-house. I will talk farther with oo at night. I suppose in my next I shall answer a Lettr from MD that will be sent me. On Tuesday it will be 4 weeks since I hd yr last, N. 26. This day sennight I expect one, for that will be something more than a full Month. Farewell, MD.[5]

[1] Robert Benson.

[2] "The Story of the St. Alban's Ghost," a political skit included in Scott's edition of Swift.

[3] Mistake for "usual."

[4] Words partially obliterated.

[5] Long erasure at end.

LETTER XLII.[1]

London, Feb. 23, 1711-12.

After having disposed my last letter in the post-office, I am now to begin this with telling MD that I dined with the Secretary to-day, who is much out of order with a cold, and feverish; yet he went to the cabinet council to-night at six, against my will. The Secretary is much the greatest commoner in England, and turns the whole Parliament, who can do nothing without him; and if he lives and has his health, will, I believe, be one day at the head of affairs. I have told him sometimes, that, if I were a dozen years younger, I would cultivate his favour, and trust my fortune with his. But what care oo for all this? I am sorry when I came first acquainted with this ministry, that I did not send you their names and characters, and then you would have relished would[2] I would have writ, especially if I had let you into the particulars of affairs: but enough of this. Nite, deelest logues.

24. I went early this morning to the Secretary, who is not yet well. Sir Thomas Hanmer and the Chancellor of the Exchequer came while I was there, and he would not let me stir; so I did not go to church, but was busy with them till noon, about the affair I told you in my last. The other two went away; and I dined with the Secretary, and found my head very much out of order, but no absolute fit; and I have not been well all this day. It has shook me a little. I sometimes sit up very late at Lord Masham's, and have writ much for several days [past]:[3] but I will amend both; for I have now very little business, and hope I shall have no more, and I am resolved to be a great rider this summer in Ireland. I was to see Mrs Wesley this evening, who has been somewhat better for this month past, and talks of returning to the Bath in a few weeks. Our peace goes on but slowly; the Dutch are playing tricks, and we do not push it strongly as we ought. The fault of our court is delay, of which the Queen

[1] The fly-leaf is torn off. Endorsed at top by Stella "Rec[d] Mar 19."
[2] By mistake for "what."
[3] Smudge in MS.

has a great deal; and Lord-Treasurer is not without his share. But pay richar MD ret us know a little of your life and tonvelsasens.[1] Do you play at ombre, or visit the Dean, and Goody Walls and Stoytes and Manleys, as usual? I must have a letter from you, to fill the other side of this sheet. Let me know what you do? Is my aunt alive yet? O, pray, now I think of it, be so kind to step to my aunt, and take notice of my great-grandfather's picture; you know he has a ring on his finger, with a seal of an anchor and dolphin about it; but I think there is besides, at the bottom of the picture, the same coat of arms quartered with another, which I suppose was my great-grandmother's. If this be so, it is a stronger argument than the seal. And pray see whether you think that coat of arms was drawn at the same time with the picture, or whether it be of a later hand; and ask my aunt what she knows about it. But perhaps there is no such coat of arms on the picture, and I only dreamed it. My reason is, because I would ask some herald here, whether I should choose that coat, or one in Guillim's large folio of heraldry, where my uncle Godwin is named with another coat of arms of three stags. This is sad stuff to write; so nite, MD.

25. I was this morning again with the Secretary, and we were two hours busy; and then went together to the Park, Hyde Park, I mean; and he walked to cure his cold, and we were looking at two Arabian horses sent some time ago to Lord-Treasurer. The Duke of Marlborough's coach overtook us, with his grace and Lord Godolphin in it; but they did not see us, to our great satisfaction; for neither of us desired that either of those two lords should see us together. There was half a dozen ladies riding like cavaliers to take the air. My head is better to-day. I dined with the Secretary; but we did no business after dinner, and at six I walked into the fields; the days are grown pure and long; then I went to visit Percival and his family, whom I had seen but once since they come to town. They too are going to the Bath next month. Countess Doll of Meath[2] is such an owl, that wherever I visit, people are asking me, whether I know such

[1] "Pray richar MD let us know a little of your life and conversation." "Richar" is untranslatable, see Introduction, pp. xv.-xvi.

[2] Dorothea, widow of Edward, fourth Earl of Meath.

an Irish lady, and her figure and her foppery? I came home early, and have been amusing myself with looking into one of Rymer's volumes of the Records of the Tower, and am mighty easy to think I have no urgent business upon my hands. My third cold is not yet off; I sometimes cough, and am not right with it in the morning. Did I tell you, that I believe it is Lady Masham's hot rooms that give it me? I never knew such a stove; and in my conscience, I believe both my lord and she, my Lord-Treasurer, Mr. Secretary, and myself, have all suffered by it. We have all had colds together, but I walk home on foot. Nite dee logues.

26. I was again busy with the Secretary. We read over some papers, and did a good deal of business. I dined with him, and we were to do more business after dinner; but after dinner is after dinner—an old saying and a true, "much drinking, little thinking." We had company with us, and nothing could be done, and I am to go there again to-morrow. I have now nothing to do; and the Parliament, by the Queen's recommendation, is to take some method for preventing libels, &c. which will include pamphlets, I suppose. I don't know what method they will take, but it comes on in a day or two. To-day in the morning I visited upwards; first I saw the Duke of Ormond below stairs, and gave him joy of his being declared General in Flanders; then I went up one pair of stairs, and sate with the Duchess; then I went up another pair of stairs, and paid a visit to Lady Betty; and desired her woman to go up to the garret, that I might pass half an hour with her, but she was young and handsome, and would not. The Duke is our president this week, and I have bespoke a small dinner on purpose, for good example. Nite im deelest logues.

27. I was again with the Secretary this morning; but we only read over some papers with Sir Thomas Hanmer; then I called at Lord-Treasurer's; it was his levee day, but I went up to his bed-chamber, and said what I had to say. I came down and peeped in at the chamber, where a hundred fools were waiting, and two streets were full of coaches. I dined in the city with my printer,[1] and came back at six to Lord-Treasurer, who had invited me to dinner, but I refused him.

[1] "John Barber, afterwards Lord Mayor." (Note in original edition.)

I sate there an hour or two, and then went to Lord Masham's. They were all abroad: so truly I came, and read whatever stuff was next me. I can sit and be idle now, which I have not been above a year past. However, I will stay out the session, to see if they have any further commands for me, and that I suppose will end in April. But I may go somewhat before, for I hope all will be ended by then, and we shall have either a certain peace, or certain war. The ministry is contriving new funds for money by lotteries, and we go on as if the war were to continue, but I believe it will not. 'Tis pretty late now, ung oomens; so I bid oo nite own dee dallars.

28. I have been packing up some books in a great box I have bought, and must buy another for clothes and luggage, This is a beginning towards a removal. I have sent to Holland for a dozen shirts, and design to buy another new gown and hat. I will come over like a zinkerman,[1] and lay out nothing in clothes in Ireland this good while. I have writ this night to the Provost. Our Society met to-day as usual, and we were fourteen, beside the Earl of Arran, whom his brother, the Duke of Ormond, brought among us against all order. We were mightily shocked; but, after some whispers, it ended in choosing Lord Arran one of our Society, which I opposed to his face, but it was carried by all the rest against me.

29. This is leap-year, and this is leap-day. Prince George was born on this day. People are mistaken; and some here think it is St. David's day; but they do not understand the virtue of leap-year. I have nothing to do now, boys, and have been reading all this day like Gumdragon; and yet I was dictating some trifles this morning to a printer. I dined with a friend hard by, and the weather was so discouraging I could not walk. I came home early, and have read two hundred pages of Arrian. Alexander the Great is just dead; I do not think he was poisoned; betwixt you and me, all those are but idle stories: it is certain that neither Ptolemy nor Aristobulus thought so, and they were both with him when they[2] died. It is a pity we have not their his-

[1] "The editors supposed Zinkerman (which they printed in capitals) to mean some outlandish or foreign distinction; but it is the little language for 'gentleman'" (Forster).

[2] Mistake for "he."

tories. The bill for limiting members of Parliament to have but so many places, passed the House of Commons. and will pass the House of Lords, in spite of the ministry, which you know is a great lessening of the Queen's power. Four of the new lords voted against the court in this point, It is certainly a good bill in the reign of an ill prince, but I think things are not settled enough for it at present. And the court may want a majority at a pinch. Nite deelest logues. Rove Pdfr.

March 1. I went into the city to inquire after poor Stratford, who has put himself a prisoner into the Queen's Bench, for which his friends blame him much, because his creditors designed to be very easy with him. He grasped at too many things together, and that was his ruin. There is one circumstance relative to Lieutenant-General Meredith, that is very melancholy: Meredith was turned out of all his employments last year,[1] and had about £10,000 left to live on. Stratford, upon friendship, desired he might have the management of it for Meredith, to put it into the stocks and funds for the best advantage, and now he has lost it all.—You have heard me often talk of Stratford; we were classfellows at school and university. I dined with some merchants, his friends, to-day, and they said they expected his breaking this good while. I gave him notice of a treaty of peace, while it was a secret, of which he might have made good use, but that helped to ruin him; for he gave money, reckoning there would be actually a peace for this time, and consequently stocks rise high. Ford narrowly 'scapt losing £500 by him, and so did I too. Nite, my two deelest rives MD.

2. Morning. I was wakened at three this morning, my man and the people of the house telling me of a great fire in the Haymarket. I slept again, and two hours after my man came in again, and told me it was my poor brother Sir William Wyndham's house burnt, and that two maids, leaping out of an upper room to avoid the fire, both fell on their heads, one of them upon the iron spikes before the door, and both lay dead in the streets. It is supposed to have been some carelessness of one or both those maids. The

[1] See above, p. 71, *note*.

Duke of Ormond was there helping to put out the fire. Brother Wyndham gave £6000 but a few months ago for that house, as he told me, and it was very richly furnished. I shall know more particulars at night.—He married Lady Katherine Seymour, the Duke of Somerset's daughter; you know her, I believe.—At night. Wyndham's young child escaped very narrowly; Lady Katherine escaped barefoot; they all went to Northumberland House. Mr Bridges's house, at next door, is damaged much, and was like to be burnt. Wyndham has lost above £10,000 by this accident. His lady above a thousand pounds worth of clothes. It was a terrible accident. He was not at court to-day. I dined with Lord Masham. The Queen was not at church. Nite, MD.

3. Pray tell Walls that I spoke to the Duke of Ormond and Mr Southwell about his friend's affair, who, I find, needed not me for a solicitor, for they both told me the thing would be done. I likewise mentioned his own affair to Mr Southwell, and I hope that will be done too, for Southwell seems to think it reasonable, and I will mind him of it again. Tell him this nakedly. You need not know the particulars. They are secrets; one of them is about Mrs South having a pension; the other about his salary from the government for the tithes of the park, that lie in his parish, to be put upon the establishment, but oo must not know zees sings, zey are secrets; & we must keep them flom nauty dallars. I dined in the city with my printer, with whom I had some small affair. I have no large work on my hands now. I was with Lord-Treasurer this morning, and hat [what] care oo for zat? You dined with the Dean to-day. Monday is parson's holiday. And oo lost oo money at cards and dice; ze Givars[1] devi*e*e. So I'll go to bed. Nite, my two deelest logues.

4. I sate to-day with poor Mrs Wesley, who made me dine with her. She is much better than she was. I heartily pray for her health, out of the entire love I bear to her worthy husband. This day has passed very insignificantly. But it is a great comfort to me now, that I can come home and read, and have nothing upon my hands to write. I was at

[1] Devil's, see p. xv.

Lord Masham's to-night, and staid there till one. Lord-Treasurer was there; but I thought, I thought[1] he looked melancholy, just as he did at the beginning of the session, and he was not so merry as usual. In short, the majority in the House of Lords is a very weak one: and he has much ado to keep it up; and he is not able to make those removes he would, and oblige his friends; and I doubt to [too] he does not take care enough about it, or rather cannot do all himself, and will not employ others: which is his great fault, as I have often told you. 'Tis late. Nite, MD.

5. I wish you a merry Lent. I hate Lent; I hate different diets, and furmity and butter, and herb porridge; and sour devout faces of people who only put on religion for seven weeks. I was at the Secretary's office this morning; and there a gentleman brought me two letters, dated last October; one from the Bishop of Clogher, t'other from Walls. The gentleman is called Colonel Newburgh. I think you mentioned him to me some time ago; he has business in the House of Lords. I will do him what service I can. The Representation of the House of Commons is printed; I have not seen it yet; it is plaguy severe, they say. I dined with Dr Arbuthnot, and had a true Lenten dinner, not in point of victuals, but spleen; for his wife and a child or two were sick in the house, and that was full as mortifying as fish. We have had fine mighty cold frosty weather for some days past. I hope you take the advantage of it, and walk now and then. You never answer that part of my letters, where I desire you to walk. I must keep my breath to cool my Lenten porridge. Tell Jemmy Leigh that his boy that robbed him now appears about the town: Patrick has seen him once or twice. I knew nothing of his being robbed till Patrick told me he had seen the boy. I wish it had been Sterne that had been robbed, to be revenged for the box that he lost,[2] and be poxed to him. Nite, MD.

6. I hear Mr Prior has suffered by Stratford's breaking. I was yesterday to see Prior, who is not well, and I thought he looked melancholy. He can ill afford to lose money. I walked before dinner in the Mall a good while with Lord

[1] Repeated. [2] See p. 90.

Arran and Lord Dupplin, two of my brothers, and then we went to dinner, where the Duke of Beaufort was our president. We were but eleven to-day. We are now in all nine lords and ten commoners. The Duke of Beaufort had the confidence to propose his brother-in-law, the Earl of Danby, to be a member: but I opposed it so warmly, that it was waved. Danby is not above twenty, and we will have no more boys, and we want but two to make up our number. I staid till eight, and then we all went away soberly. The Duke of Ormond's treat last week cost £20, though it was only four dishes and four, without a desert; and I bespoke it in order to be cheap. Yet I could not prevail to change the house. Lord-Treasurer is in a rage with us for being so extravagant: and the wine was not reckoned neither: for that is always brought by him that is president. Lord Orrery is to be president next week; and I will see whether it cannot be cheaper; or else we will leave the house.*** [1] Lord Masham made me go home with him to-night to eat boiled oysters. Take oysters, wash them clean; that is, wash their shells clean; then put your oysters in an earthen pot, with their hollow sides down, then put this pot covered into a great kettle with water, and so let them boil. Your oysters are boiled in their own liquor, and not mixt water. Lord-Treasurer was not with us; he was very ill to-day with a swimming in the head, and is gone home to be cupped, and sent to desire Lady Masham to excuse him to the Queen. Nite, dee MD.

7. I was to-day at the House of Lords about a friend's bill. Then I crossed the water at Westminster Stairs to Southwark, went through St George's Fields to the Mint, which is the dominion of the King's Bench prison, where Stratford lodges in a blind alley, and writ to me to come to him; but he was gone to the Change. I thought he had something to say to me about his own affairs. I found him at his usual coffeehouse, and went to his own lodgings, and dined with him and his wife, and other company. His business was only to desire I would intercede with the ministry about his brother-in-law, Ben Burton, of Dublin,

[1] Several words obliterated. Forster professes to read, "Pidy Pdfr, deelest Sollahs;" but the passage is undecipherable.

the banker, who is likely to come into trouble, as we hear, about spreading false Whiggish news. I hate Burton, and told Stratford so; and I will advise the Duke of Ormond to make use of it, to keep the rogue in awe. Mrs Stratford tells me her husband's creditors have consented to give him liberty to get up his debts abroad: and she hopes he will pay them all. He was cheerfuller than I have seen him this great while. I have walked much to-day.—Night, deelest Logues.

8. This day twelvemonth Mr Harley was stabbed but he is ill, and takes physic to-day, I hear, ('tis now morning;) and cannot have the cabinet council with him, as he intended, nor me to say grace. I am going to see him. Pray read the Representation; 'tis the finest that ever was writ. Some of it is Pdfr's style; but not very much. This is the day of the Queen's accession to the crown. So it is a great day. I am going to court, and will dine with Lord Masham; but I must go this moment to see the Secretary, about some businesses; so I will seal up this, and put it in the post my own self. Farewell, deelest hearts and souls, MD MD MD FW FW FW ME ME Lele Lele Lele Sollahs lele.

LETTER XLIII.

Addressed: "To Mrs Johnson, at her Lodgings — over against St Mary's Church, near Capel Street, Dublin, Ireland."
Endorsed: "Mar 30."

London, March 8, 1711-12.

I carried my forty-second letter in my pocket till evening, and then put it in the general post.—I went in the morning to see Lord-Treasurer, who had taken physic, and was drinking his broth. I had been with the Secretary before, to recommend a friend, one Dr Freind, to be physician-general; and the Secretary promised to mention it to the Queen. I can serve every body but myself. Then I went to court, and carried Lord-Keeper and the Secretary to dine with Lord Masham, when we drank the Queen and Lord-Treasurer with every health, because this was the day of his stabbing.—

Then I went and played pools at picquet with Lady Masham and Mrs Hill; won ten shillings, gave a crown to the box, and came home. I met at my lodgings a letter from Joe, with a bit annexed from Ppt. What Joe asks is entirely out of my way; and I take it for a foolish whim in him. Besides, I know not who is to give a patent; if the Duke of Ormond, I would speak to him; and if it come in my head I will mention it to Ned Southwell. They have no patents that I know of for such things here, but good security is all; and to think that I would speak to Lord-Treasurer for any such matter at random is a jest. Did I tell you of a race of rakes, called the Mohocks,[1] that play the devil about this town every night, slit people's noses, and beat them, &c.? Nite, sollahs, and rove Pdfr.—Nite, MD.

9. I was at court to-day, and no body invited me to dinner, except one or two, whom I did not care to dine with; so I dined with Mrs Van. Young Davenant was telling us at court how he was set upon by the Mohocks, and how they ran his chair through with a sword. It is not safe being in the streets at night for them. The Bishop of Salisbury's son[2] is said to be of the gang. They are all Whigs; and a great lady sent to me, to speak to her father and to Lord-Treasurer, to have a care of them, and to be careful likewise of myself; for she heard they had malicious intentions against the ministers, and their friends. I know not whether there be any thing in this, though others are of the same opinion. The weather still continues very fine and frosty. I walked in the Park this evening, and came home early to avoid the Mohocks. Lord-Treasurer is better. Nite, my own two deelest MD.

10. I went this morning again to the Lord-Treasurer, who

[1] In the later seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries bands of swaggering scoundrels seem to have gone about the streets of London after nightfall insulting and injuring all whom they dared to attack, women for choice. Somewhat before Swift's time they were called "Scowrers." The exploits of the Mohocks are alluded to in the "Spectator," Nos. 324, 335, 347, etc. The terrors of Swift, the "Spectator," and other respectable folk seem to have been exaggerated, since there is very little direct evidence of the existence of organized gangs. The Tories tried to prove that the Mohocks were Whig men of fashion.

[2] Thomas Burnet, a dissipated young barrister, who reformed and at last became a judge of the Common Pleas, in 1753.

is quite recovered; and I staid till he went out. I dined with a friend in the city, about a little business of printing; but not my own. You must buy a small twopenny pamphlet, called, Law is a Bottomless Pit. 'Tis very prettily written, and there will be a Second Part. The Commons are very slow in bringing in their bill to limit the press, and the pamphleteers make good use of their time; for there come out three or four every day. Well, but is not it time, methinks, to have a letter from MD? 'Tis now six weeks since I had your number 26. I can assure oo I expect one before this goes; and I will make shorter days journals than usual, 'cause I hope to fill up a good deal of t'other side with my answer. Our fine weather lasts yet, but grows a little windy. We shall have rain soon, I dispose. Go to cards, sollahs, and I to seep. Nite, MD.

11. Lord-Treasurer has lent the long letter I writ him[1] to Prior; and I can't get Prior to return it. I want to have it printed, and to make up this academy for the improvement of our language. Faith, we never shall improve it so much as FW has done; sall we? No, faith, ourrichar gangridge.[2] I dined privately with my friend Lewis, and then went to see Ned Southwell, and talk with him about Walls' business, and Mrs South's. The latter will be done; but his own not. Southwell tells me, that it must be laid before Lord-Treasurer, and the nature of it explained, and a great deal of clutter, which is not worth the while; and may be, Lord-Treasurer won't do it [at] last; and it is, as Walls says himself, not above forty shillings a year difference. You must tell Walls this, unless he would have the business a secret from you; in that case only say, I did all I could with Ned Southwell, and it can't be done; for it must be laid before Lord-Treasurer, &c. who will not do it; and besides, it is not worth troubling his lordship. So nite, my two deelest nuntgee nine MD.[3]

12. Here is the d—— and all to do with these Mohocks. Grub Street papers about them fly like lightning, and a list

[1] See p. 340.

[2] Forster reads, "oor is char gangridge."

[3] Forster reads, "two deelest nauty nown MD." I am not certain of the word Swift wrote after "deelest," but the next to that is certainly "nine." See p. 356, note 2.

printed of near eighty put into several prisons, and all a lie; and I begin almost to think there is no truth, or very little, in the whole story. He that abused Davenant was a drunken gentleman; none of that gang. My man tells me, that one of the lodgers heard in a coffee-house, publicly, that one design of the Mohocks was upon me, if they could catch me; and though I believe nothing of it, I forbear walking late, and they have put me to the charge of some shillings already. I dined to-day with Lord-Treasurer and two gentlemen of the Highlands of Scotland, yet very polite men. I sat there till nine, and then went to Lord Masham's, where Lord-Treasurer followed me, and we sat till twelve; and I came home in a chair for fear of the Mohocks, and I have given him warning of it too. Little Harrison, whom I sent to Holland, is now actually made Queen's secretary at the Hague. It will be in the Gazette to-morrow. 'Tis worth twelve hundred pounds a year. Here is a young fellow has writ some Sea Eclogues, Poems of Mermen, resembling pastorals of shepherds, and they are very pretty, and the thought is new. Mermen are he-mermaids; Tritons, natives of the sea. Do you understand me? I think to recommend him to our Society to-morrow. His name is Diaper.[1] P—— on him, I must do something for him, and get him out of the way. I hate to have any new wits rise, but when they do rise I would encourage them; but they tread on our heels and thrust us off the stage. Nite deelest MD.

13. You would laugh to see our printer constantly attending our Society after dinner, and bringing us whatever new thing he has printed, which he seldom fails to do. Yet he had nothing to-day. Lord Lansdown, one of our Society, was offended at a passage in this day's Examiner, which he thinks reflects on him, as I believe it does, though in a mighty civil way. 'Tis only that is [his] underlings cheat; but that he is a very fine gentleman every way, &c. Lord Orrery was president to-day; but both our dukes were absent. Brother Wyndham recommended Diaper to the Society. I believe we shall make a contribution among ourselves, which I don't like. Lord-Treasurer has yet done nothing for us, but we shall try him soon. The company

[1] "Of Balliol College, Oxford." (Note in original edition.)

parted early, but Freind, and Prior, and I, sat awhile longer and reformed the state, and found fault with the ministry. Prior hates his Commission of the Customs, because it spoils his wit. He says he dreams of nothing but cockets, and dockets, and drawbacks, and other jargon words of the custom-house. Our good weather went away yesterday, and the nights are now dark, and I came home before ten. Nite nown deelest sollahs.

14. I have been plagued this morning with solicitors, and with nobody more than my brother, Dr. Freind, who must needs have to get old Dr. Lawrence, the physician-general, turned out and himself in. He has argued with me so long upon the reasonableness of it, that I am fully convinced it is very unreasonable; and so I would tell the Secretary, if I had not already made him speak to the Queen. Besides, I know not but my friend Dr. Arbuthnot would be content to have it himself, and I love him ten times better than Freind. What's all this to you? but I must talk of things as they happen in the day, whether you know any thing of them or no. I dined in the city, and, coming back, one Parson Richarson[1] of Ireland overtook me. He was here last summer upon a project of converting the Irish and printing Bibles, &c. in that language, and is now returned to pursue it on. He tells me, Dr Coghill came last night [to] town. I will send to see how he does to-morrow. He gave me a letter from Walls about his old business, Nite, deelest MD.

15. I had intended to be early with the Secretary this morning, when my man admitted up stairs one Mr Newcomb, an officer, who brought me a letter from the Bishop of Clogher, with four lines added by Mrs Ashe, all about that Newcomb. I think, indeed, his case is hard, but God knows whether I shall be able to do him any service. People will not understand: I am a very good second, but I care not to begin a recommendation, unless it be for an intimate friend. However, I will do what I can. I missed the Secretary, and then walked to Chelsea to dine with the Dean of Christ-church,[2] who was engaged to Lord Orrery with some other

[1] John Richardson, Rector of Annalt (Belturbet), and chaplain to the Duke of Ormond. He had published in 1711 a "Proposal for the Conversion of the Popish Natives of Ireland to the Established Religion."

[2] Atterbury.

Christchurchmen. He made me go with him whether I would or not, for they have this long time admitted me a Christchurch man. Lord Orrery, generally every winter, gives his old acquaintance of that college a dinnner. There were nine clergymen at table, and four laymen. The Dean and I soon left them, and after a visit or two, I went to Lord Masham's and Lord-Treasurer, Arbuthnot and I sat till twelve. And now I am come home and got to bed. I came a-foot, but had my man with me. Lord-Treasurer advised me not to go in a chair, because the Mohocks insult chairs more than they do those on foot. They think there is some mischievous design in those villains. Several of them, Lord-Treasurer told me, are actually taken up. I heard, at dinner, that one of them was killed last night. We shall know more in a little time. I don't like them as the man said.[1] Nite MD.

16. This morning, at the Secretary's, I met General Ross, and recommended Newcomb's case to him, who promises to join with me in working up the Duke of Ormond to do something for him. Lord Winchelsea told me to-day at court, that two of the Mohocks caught a maid of old Lady Winchelsea's, at the door of their house in the Park, where she was with a candle, and had just lighted out somebody. They cut all her face, and beat her without any provocation. I hear my friend Lewis has got a Mohock in one of the messenger's hands. The Queen was at church to-day, but was carried in an open chair. She has got an ugly cough, Arbuthnot, her physician, says. I dined with Crowe, late governor of Barbados; an acquaintance of Sterne's.[2] After dinner I asked him, whether he had heard of Sterne? Here he is, said he, at the door in a coach: and in came Sterne. He has been here this week. He is buying a captainship, in his cousin Sterne's regiment. He told me, he left Jemmy Leigh playing at cards with you. He is to give 800 guineas for his commission. I suppose you know all this better than I. How shall I have room to answer your Rettle[3] when I get it, I have gone so far already? Nite, deelest logues.

17. Dr Sacheverell came this morning, to give me thanks

[1] Difficult to decipher. Forster reads, "But the more I lite MD," which is clearly wrong.
[2] Enoch Sterne.
[3] Letter. See p. xv.

for getting his brother an employment. It was but six or seven weeks since I spoke to Lord-Treasurer for him. Sacheverell brought Trap[1] along with him. We dined together at my printer's, and I sate with them till seven. I little thought, and I believe so did he, that ever I should be his solicitor to the present ministry, when I left Ireland. This is the seventh I have now provided for since I came, and can do nothing for myself. I don't care; I shall have ministries and other people obliged to me. Trap is a coxcomb, and the t'other is not very deep; and their judgment in things of wit or sense is miraculous. The second Part of Law is a Bottomless Pit is just now printed, and better, I think, than the first. Night, my two deal saucy dallas.

18. There is a proclamation out against the Mohocks. One of those that are taken is a baronet. I dined with poor Mrs Wesley, who is returning to the Bath. Mrs Percival's young daughter has got the small-pox, but will do well. I walked this evening in the Park, and met Prior, who made me go home with him, where I staid till past twelve, and could not get a coach, and was alone, and was afraid enough of the Mohocks. I will do so no more, though I got home safe. Prior and I were talking discontentedly of some managements, that no more people are turned out, which get Lord-Treasurer many enemies: but whether the fault be in him, or the Queen, I know not; I doubt, in both. Ung omen, it is now seven weeks since I received your last; but I expect one next Irish packet, to fill the rest of this paper; but, if it don't come, I'll do without it: so I wish you good luck at ombre with the Dean. Nite, nautyas nine.[2]

19. Newcomb came to me this morning, and I went to the Duke of Ormond to speak for him; but the Duke was just going out to take the oaths for general. The Duke of Shrewsbury is to be Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. I walked with Domville and Ford to Kensington, where we dined, and it cost me above a crown. I don't like it, as the man said. It was very windy walking. I saw there Lord Masham's children. The youngest, my nephew, I fear, has got the king's evil; the other two are daughters of three

[1] Joseph Trap, Professor of Poetry at Oxford.
[2] Apparently means "as naughty as nine."

and four years old. 'Twas very windy walking. The gardens there are mighty fine. I passed the evening at Lord Masham's with Lord-Treasurer and Arbuthnot, as usual, and we staid till past one; but I had my man to come with me, and at home I found three letters; one from one Fetherston, a parson, with a postscript of Tisdall's to recommend him. And Fetherston, whom I never saw, has been so kind to give me a letter of attorney, to recover a debt for him: another from Lord Abercorn, to get him the dukedom of Chatteleraut[1] from the King of France; in which I will do what I can, for his pretensions are very just. The third I warrant you, from our MD. 'Tis a great stir this, of getting a dukedom from the King of France: but it is only to speak to the Secretary, and get the Duke of Ormond to engage in it, and mention the case to Lord-Treasurer, &c. and this I shall do. Nite deelest richar MD.

20. I was with the Duke of Ormond this morning, about Lord Abercorn, Dr Freind, and Newcomb. Some will do, and some will not do; that's wise, marams.[2] The Duke of Shrewsbury is certainly to be your governor. I will go in a day or two, and give the Duchess joy, and recommend the Archbishop of Dublin to her. I writ to the archbishop, some months ago, that it would be so: and told him I would speak a good word for him to the Duchess; and he says he has a great respect for her, &c. I made our Society change their house, and we met to-day at the Star and Garter in the Pall Mall. Lord Arran was president. The other dog was so extravagant in his bills, that for four dishes and four, first and second course, without wine or desert, he charged twenty-one pounds, six shillings, and eightpence, to the Duke of Ormond. We design, when all have been presidents this turn, to turn it into a reckoning of so much a

[1] The dukedom of Chatelherault was conferred on the Earl of Arran, during the minority of Mary, Queen of Scots, as a reward for surrendering the Regency to Mary of Guise, the Queen's mother. His first son died without issue. The Duke of Hamilton of Swift's time was descended from the *daughter* of the Earl of Arran's *second* son. The Earl of Abecorn was descended in the male line from the Earl of Arran's *third* son. The French law of inheritance was thus opposed to the claim of the Duke of Hamilton.

[2] Madams.

head; but we shall break up when the session ends. Nite deelest MD.

21. Morning. Now I will answer MD's Rettle, N. 27; you that are adding to your numbers and grumbling, had made it 26, and then altered it to 27. I believe it is above a month since your last; yes, it is above seven weeks since I had your last: but I ought to consider that this was twelve days right, [? writing,] so that makes it pretty even. O, the sirry zade,[1] with her excuses of a fortnight at Balligacol, seeing their friends, and landlord running away. O Rold hot a cruttle[2] and a bustle!—No—if you will have it—I am not Dean of Wells,[3] nor know anything of being so; nor is there any thing in the story; and that's enough. It was not Roper sent that news: Roper is my humble slave.—Yes, I heard of your resolves, and that Burton was embroiled. Stratford spoke to me in his behalf; but I said I hated the rascal. Poor Catherine gone to Wales? But she will come back again, I hope. I would see her in my journey, if she were near the road; and bring her over. Joe[4] is a fool; that sort of business is not at all in my way, pray put him off it. People laugh when I mention it. Bed ea paadon, Marams; I'm drad oo rike ea aplon:[5] no harm, I hope. And so DD wonders she has not a letter at the day; oo'll have it soon. The D—— he is! married to that vengeance! Men are not to be believed. I don't think her a fool. Who would have her? Dilly will be governed like an ass; and she will govern like a lion. Is not that true, Ppt? Why, Sterne told me he left you at ombre with Lee [Leigh]; and yet you never saw him. I know nothing of his wife being here: it may cost her a c——[6] (I don't like to write that word plain.) He is a little in doubt about buying his commission. Yes, I will bring oo over all the little papers I can think on. I thought I sent you, by Lee [Leigh] all that were good at that time. The author of the Sea Eclogues sent

[1] Silly jade.
[2] O Lord what a clutter.
[3] Dr. Graham, the last dean, had died, and some of Swift's friends expected him to succeed.
[4] Joe Beaumont. See p. 3, note.
[5] Beg your pardon, Madams, I'm glad you like your apron.
[6] The word is smudged.

books to the society yesterday, and we gave him guineas a-piece; and, may be, will do farther from him, (for him, I mean.) So the Bishop of Clogher, and lady, were your guests for a night or two. Why, Ppt, you are grown a great gamester and company keeper. I did say to myself, when I read those names, just what you guess; and you clear up the matter wonderfully. You may converse with those two nymphs if you please, but the —— take me if ever I do. Iss, fais, it is delightful to hear that Ppt is every way Ppt now, in health, and looks, and all. Pray God keep her so, many, many, many years. I doubt the session will not be over till the end of April; however, I shall not wait for it, if the ministry will let me go sooner. I wish I were just now in my garden at Laracor. I would set out for Dublin early on Monday, and bring you an account of my young trees, which you are better acquainted with than the ministry, and so am I. O, now you have got number 41, have you so? Why, perhaps, I forgot, and kept it to next post in my pocket: I have done such tricks. My cold is better, but not gone. I want air and riding. Hold ea tongue, oo Ppt, about colds at Moor Park! the case is quite different. I will do what you desire me for Tisdel [Tisdall], when I next see Lord Anglesey. Pray give him my service. The weather is warm these three or four days, and rainy. I am to dine to-day with Lewis and Darteneuf at Somers's, the Clerk of the Kitchen at court. Darteneuf loves good bits and good sups. Good mollows richar sollohs.—At night. I dined, as I said; and it cost me a shilling for a chair. It has rained all day, and is very warm. Lady Masham's young son my nephew, is very ill; and she is out of mind[1] with grief. I pity her mightily. I am got home early, and going to write to the Bishop of Clogher, but have no politics to send him. Nite my own two deelest saucy d [dear] ones.

22. I am going into the city this morning with a friend about some business; so I will immediately seal up this, and keep it in my pottick till evening, and zen put it in the post. The weather continues warm and gloomy. I have heard no news since I went to bed, so can say no more. Pray send **** *** **** that I may have time to write to ***** about

[1] Words obliterated and uncertain.

it. I have here underneath given order for forty shillings to Mrs Brent, which you will send to Parvisol. Farewell, deelest deel MD, and love Pdfr dearly dearly. Farewell, MD, MD, FW, FW, FW, ME, ME, ME, Lele lele lele lele lele lele, and lele aden.

LETTER XLIV.

Addressed to "M^rs Dingley," etc., as before.
Endorsed: "Apr 14."

London, March 22, 1711-12.

Ugly, nasty weather. I was in the city to-day with Mrs Wesley and Mrs Percival, to get money from a banker for Mrs Wesley, who goes to Bath on Thursday. I left him there, and dined with a friend, and went to see Lord-Treasurer; but he had people with him I did not know: so I went to Lady Masham's, and lost a crown with her at picquet, and then sate with Lord Masham and Lord-Treasurer, &c. there till past one; but I had my man with me, to come home. I gave in my forty-third, and one for the Bishop of Clogher, to the post-office, as I came from the city; and so oo know 'tis late now, and I have nothing to say for this day. Our Mohocks are all vanished; however, I shall take care of my person. Nite my own two deelest nautyas MD.

23. I was this morning, before church, with the Secretary, about Lord Abercorn's business, and some others. My soliciting season is come, and will last as long as the session. I went late to court, and the company was almost gone. The court serves me for a coffee-house; once a week I meet acquaintance there, that I should not otherwise see in a quarter. There is a flying report, that the French have offered a cessation of arms, and to give us Dunkirk, and the Dutch Namur, for security, till the peace is made. The Duke of Ormond, they say, goes in a week. Abundance of his equipage is already gone. Is [his] friends are afraid the expence of this employment will ruin him, since he must lose the government of Ireland. I dined privately with a friend, and refused all dinners offered me at court; which, however, were but two, and I did not like either. Did I tell you of

a scoundrel about the court, that sells employments to ignorant people, and cheats them of their money? He lately made a bargain for the Vice-Chamberlain's place, for seven thousand pounds, and had received some guineas earnest; but the whole thing was discovered tother day, and examination taken of it by Lord Dartmouth, and I hope he will be swinged. The Vice-Chamberlain told me several particulars of it last night at Lord Masham's. Can DD play at ombre yet, enough to hold the cards while Ppt steps into the next room? Nite deelest sollahs.[1]

24. This morning I recommended Newcomb again to the Duke of Ormond, and left Dick Stewart to do it farther. Then I went to visit the Duchess of Hamilton, who was not awake. So I went to the Duchess of Shrewsbury, and sat an hour at her toilet. I talked to her about the duke's being Lord-lieutenant. She said she knew nothing of it; but I rallied her out of that, and she resolves not to stay behind the Duke. I intend to recommend the Bishop of Clogher to her for an acquaintance. He will like her very well: she is, indeed, a most agreeable woman, and a great favourite of mine. I know not whether the ladies in Ireland will like her. I was at the Court of Requests, to get some lords to be at a committee to-morrow, about a friend's bill: and then the Duke of Beaufort gave me a poem, finely bound in folio, printed at Stamford, and writ by a country squire. Lord Exeter desired the Duke to give it the Queen, because the author is his friend; but the Duke desired I would let him know whether it was good for any thing. I brought it home, and will return it to-morrow, as the dullest thing I ever read; and advise the Duke not to present it. I dined with Domville at his lodgings, by invitation; for he goes in a few days for Ireland. Nite dee MD.

25. There is a mighty feast at a Tory sheriff's to-day in the city: twelve hundred dishes of meat.—Above five lords, and several hundred gentlemen, will be there, and give four or five guineas a-piece, according to custom. Dr Coghill and I dined, by invitation, at Mrs Van's. It has rained or mizzled all day, as my pockets feel. There are two new answers come out to the Conduct of the Allies. The last

[1] All after "yet" is partially obliterated.

year's Examiners, printed together in a small volume, go off but slowly. The printer over-printed himself by at least a thousand; so soon out of fashion are party papers, however so well writ. The Medleys are coming out in the same volume, and perhaps may sell better. Our news about a cessation of arms begins to flag, and I have not these three days seen any body in business to ask them about it. We had a terrible fire last night in Drury-Lane, or thereabouts, and three or four people destroyed. One of the maids of honour has the small-pox: but the best is, she can lose no beauty; and we have one new handsome maid of honour. Nite MD.

26. I forgot to tell you, that on Sunday last, about seven at night, it lightened above fifty times as I walked the Mall, which I think is extraordinary at this time of the year, and the weather was very hot. Had you any thing of this in Dublin? I intended to dine with Lord-Treasurer to-day; but Lord Mansel[1] and Mr Lewis made me dine with them at Kit Musgrave's.[2] I sate the evening with Mrs Wesley, who goes to-morrow morning to the Bath. She is much better than she was. The news of the French desiring a cessation of arms, &c. was but town talk. We shall know in a few days, as I am told, whether there will be a peace or not. The Duke of Ormond will go in a week for Flanders, they say. Our Mohocks go on still, and cut people's faces every night, fais, they shan't cut mine. I like it better as it is. The dogs will cost me at least a crown a-week in chairs. I believe the souls of your houghers of cattle have got into them, and now they don't distinguish between a cow and a Christian. I forgot to wish you yesterday a happy new-year. You know the twenty-fifth of March is the first day of the year, and now you must leave off cards, and put out your fire. I'll put out mine the first of April, cold or not cold. I believe I shall lose credit with you, by not coming over at the beginning of April; but I hoped the session would be ended, and I must stay till then; yet I would fain be at the beginning of my willows growing. Percival tells me, that the quicksets upon the flat in the garden do not grow so well as

[1] Formerly Sir Thomas Mansel.
[2] Clerk of the Ordnance. See pp. 168-9.

those famous ones on the ditch. They want digging about them. The cherry trees, by the river side, my heart is set upon. Nite MD.

27. Society day. You know that, I suppose. Dr Arthburnett [Arbuthnot] was president. His dinner was dressed in the Queen's kitchen, and was mighty fine. We eat it at Ozinda's Chocolate-house, just by St James's. We were never merrier, nor better company, and did not part till after eleven. I did not summon Lord Lansdown: he and I are fallen out. There was something in an Examiner a fortnight ago, that he thought reflected on the abuses in his office, (he is Secretary-at-War,) and he writ to the Secretary, that he heard I had inserted that paragraph. This I resented highly, that he should complain of me before he spoke to me. I sent him a peppering letter, and would not summon him by a note, as I did the rest; nor ever will have any thing to say to him, till he begs my pardon. I met Lord-Treasurer to-day, at Lady Masham's. He would fain have carried me home to dinner, but I begged his pardon. What! upon a Society day! No, no. 'Tis rate, sollahs. I a'nt dlunk.—Nite MD.

28. I was with my friend Lewis to-day, getting materials for a little mischief; and I dined with Lord-Treasurer, and three or four fellows I never saw before. I left them at seven, and came home, and have been writing to the Archbishop of Dublin, and cousin Deane, in answer to one of his of four months old, that I spied by chance, routing among my papers. I have a pain these two days exactly upon the top of my left shoulder. I fear it is something rheumatic; it winches now & then. Shall I put flannel to it? Domville is going to Ireland; he came here this morning to take leave of me, but I shall dine with him to-morrow. Does the Bishop of Clogher talk of coming for England this summer? I think Lord Molesworth told me so about two months ago. The weather is bad again; rainy and very cold this evening. Do you know what the longitude is? A projector has been applying himself to me, to recommend him to the ministry, because he pretends to have found out the longitude. I believe he has no more found it out than he has found out mine ****.[1]

[1] Word obliterated.

However, I will gravely hear what he says, and discover him a knave or fool. Nite MD.

29. I am plagued with these pains in my shoulder; I believe it is rheumatic; I will do something for it to-night. Mr Lewis and I dined with Mr Domville, to take our leave of him. I drank three or four glasses of champagne by perfect teasing, though it is bad for my pain; but if it continue, I will not drink any wine without water till I am well. The weather is abominably cold and wet. I am got into bed, and have put some old flannel, for want of new, to my shoulder; and rubbed it with Hungary water.[1] It is plaguy hard. I never would drink any wine, if it were not for my head, and drinking has given me this pain. I will try abstemiousness for a while. How does MD do now; how does DD, and Ppt? You must know I hate pain, as the old woman said. But I'll try to go seep. My flesh sucks up Hungary water rarely. My man is an awkward rascal, and makes me peevish. Do you know that t' other day he was forced to beg my pardon, that he could not shave my head, his hand shook so? He is drunk every day, and I design to turn him off soon as ever I get to Ireland. I'll write no more now, but go to sleep, and see whether sleep and flannel will cure my shoulder. Nite deelest MD.

30. I was not able to go to church or court to-day for my shoulder. The pain has left my shoulder, and crept to my neck and collar-bone. It makes me think of poor Ppt's bladebone. Urge, urge, urge; dogs gnawing. I went in a chair at two, and dined with Mrs. Van, where I could be easy, and came back at seven. My Hungary water is gone; and to-night use spirits of wine; which my landlady tells me is very good. It has rained terribly hard all day long, and is extremely cold. I am very uneasy, and such cruel twinges every moment! Nite deelest MD.

31. April 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. All these days I have been extremely ill; though I twice crawled out a week ago; but am now recovering, though very weak. The violence of my pain abated the night before last: I will just tell you how I was, and then send away this letter, which ought to have gone Saturday last. The pain increased with mighty

[1] A mixture of spirit and water perfumed with rosemary.

violence in my left shoulder and collar-bone, and that side my neck. On Thursday morning appeared great red spots in all those places where my pain was, and the violence of the pain was confined to my neck behind, a little on the left side; which was so violent, that I had not a minute's ease, nor hardly a minute's sleep in three days and nights. The spots increased every day, and bred red little pimples, which are now grown white, and full of corruption, though small. The red still continues too, and most prodigious hot and inflamed. The disease is the shingles. I eat nothing but water-gruel; am very weak; but out of all violent pain. The doctors say it would have ended in some violent disease if it had not come out thus. I shall now recover fast. I have been in no danger of life, but miserable torture. I must not write too much. So adieu, deelest MD MD MD FW FW, ME ME ME, Lele. I can say yet lele, oo see. Fais, I don't conceal a bit, as hope saved.

I[1] must purge and clyster after this; and my next letter will not be in the old order of journal, till I have done with physic. An't oo surprised to see a letter want half a side?

LETTER XLV.

Addressed to "Mrs Johnson," etc., as before.
Endorsed: "May 1st."

London, April 24, 1712.

I had your twenty-eighth two or three days ago. I can hardly answer it now. Since my last I have been extremely ill. 'Tis this day just a month since I felt a small pain on the tip of my left shoulder, which grew worse, and spread for six days; then broke all out by my collar, and left side of my neck in monstrous red spots inflamed, and these grew to small pimples. For four days I had no rest, nor nights, for a pain in my neck; then I grew a little better; afterward, where my pains were, a cruel itching seized me, beyond whatever I could imagine, and kept me awake several nights. I rubbed it vehemently, but did not scratch it: then it grew into three or four great sores like blisters, and run; at last I

[1] Added on fourth page, as the letter was folded

advised the doctor to use it like a blister, so I did with melilot[1] plasters, which still run: and am now in pain enough, but am daily mending. I kept my chamber a fortnight, then went out a day or two, but then confined myself again. Two days ago I went to a neighbour to dine, but yesterday again kept at home. To-day I will venture abroad a little, and hope to be well in a week or ten days. I never suffered so much in my life. I have taken my breeches in above two inches, so I am leaner, which answers one question in your letter. The weather is mighty fine. I write in the morning, because I am better then. I will go and try to walk a little. I will give DD's certificate to Tooke to-morrow. Farewell, MD MD MD, ME ME, FW FW ME ME.

LETTER XLVI.

Addressed to "Mrs Dingley," etc., as before.
Endorsed: "May 15."

London, May 10, 1712.

I have not yet ease or humour enough to go on in my journal method, though I have left my chamber these ten days. My pain continues still in my shoulder and collar: I keep flannel on it, and rub it with brandy, and take a nasty diet drink. I still itch terribly, and have some few pimples: I am weak, and sweat; and then the flannel makes me mad with itching; but I think my pain lessens. A journal, while I was sick, would have been a noble thing, made up of pain and physic, visits, and messages; the two last were almost as troublesome as the two first. One good circumstance is, that I am grown much leaner. I believe I told you that I have taken in my breeches two inches. I had your N. 29 last night. In answer to your good opinion of my disease, the doctors said they never saw any thing so odd of the kind; they were not properly shingles, but *herpes miliaris*, and twenty other hard names. I can never be sick like other people, but always something out of the common way; and as for your notion of its coming without pain, it neither came, nor staid, nor went without pain, and the most pain I

[1] Melilot is a kind of clover, formerly used for soothing applications.

ever bore in my life. Medemeris [1] is retired in the country, with the beast her husband, long ago. I thank the Bishop of Clogher for his proxy; I will write to him soon. Here is Dilly's wife in town; but I have not seen her yet. No, sinkerton [2]: it is not a sign of health, but a sign, that if it had not come out, some terrible fit of sickness would have followed. I was at our Society last Thursday, to receive a new member, the Chancellor of the Exchequer; but I drink nothing above wine and water. We shall have a peace, I hope, soon, or at least entirely broke; but I believe the first. My Letter to Lord-Treasurer, about the English Tongue, is now printing; and I suffer my name to be put at the end of it, which I never did before in my life. The Appendix to the Third Part of John Bull was published yesterday; it is equal to the rest. I hope you read John Bull.[3] It was a Scotch gentleman, a friend of mine, that writ it; but they put it upon me. The Parliament will hardly be up till June. We were like to be undone some days ago with a tack; but we carried it bravely, and the Whigs came in to help us. Poor Lady Masham, I am afraid, will lose her only son, about a twelvemonth old, with the king's evil. I never would let Mrs. Fenton see me during my illness, though she often came; but she has been once since I recovered. Bernage has been twice to see me of late. His regiment will be broke, and he only upon half-pay; so perhaps he thinks he will want me again. I am told here the Bishop of Clogher and family are coming over; but he says nothing of it himself. I have been returning the visits of those that sent *howdees* in my sickness; particularly the Duchess of Hamilton, who came and sat with me two hours. I make bargains with all people that I dine with, to let me scrub my back against a chair; and the Duchess of Ormond was forced to bear it the other day. Many of my friends are gone to Kensington, where the Queen has been removed for some time. This is a long letter for a kick [4] body. I will begin the next in the journal way, though my journals will be sorry ones. My left hand is very weak, and

[1] Madam Ayris.
[2] Simpleton.
[3] "Law is a Bottomless Pit, or the History of John Bull," was written by Dr. Arbuthnot.
[4] Sick.

trembles; but my right side has not been touched. This is a pitiful letter For want of a better; But plagued with a tetter, My fancy does fetter.

Ah my poor willows and quicksets! Well, but you must read John Bull: Do you understand it all? Did I tell you that young Parson Gery is going to be married, and asked my advice when it was too late to break off? He tells me Elwick has purchased forty pounds a-year in land adjoining to his living. Ppt does not say one word of her own little health. I am angry almost; but I won't, cause see im a dood dallar in odle sings.[1] Iss, and so im DD too. God bless MD, and FW, and Me, ay and Pdfr too. Farewell, MD, MD, MD, FW, FW, FW. ME ME Lele. I can say lele it, ung oomens, iss I tan, well as oo.

LETTER XLVII.

Addressed to "Mrs Dingley," etc., as before.
Endorsed: "June 5."

London, May 31, 1712.

I cannot yet arrive to my journal letters, my pains continuing still, though with less violence; but I don't love to write journals while I am in pain; and above all, not journals to MD. But, however, I am so much mended, that I intend my next shall be in the old way; and yet I shall, perhaps, break my resolution when I feel pain. I believe I have lost credit with you, in relation to my coming over; but I protest it is impossible for one, who has any thing to do with this ministry, to be certain when he fixes any time. There is a business, which, till it take some turn or other, I cannot leave this place in prudence or honour. And I never wished so much as now, that I had staid in Ireland; but the die is cast, and is now a spinning, and till it settles, I cannot tell whether it be an ace or a sise. I am confident by what you know yourselves, that you will justify me in all this. The moment I am used ill, I will leave them; but know not how to do it while things are in suspense.—The session will soon be over, (I believe in a fortnight,) and the peace, we

[1] Because she is a good girl in other things.

hope, will be made in a short time; and there will be no farther occasion for me; nor have I any thing to trust to but court gratitude; so that I expect to see my willows a month after the Parliament is up: but I will take MD in my way, and not go to Laracor like an unmannerly spraenekich[1] ferrow. Have you seen my Letter to Lord-Treasurer? There are two answers come out to it already; though it is no politics, but a harmless Proposal about the Improvement of the English Tongue. I believe if I writ an essay upon a straw some fool would answer it. About ten days hence I expect a letter from MD, N. 30.—You are now writing it, near the end, as I guess.—I have not received DD's money; but I will give you a note for it on Parvisol, and bed oo paadon[2] I have not done it before. I am just now thinking to go lodge at Kensington for the air. Lady Masham has teased me to do it, but business has hindered me; but now Lord-Treasurer has removed thither. Fifteen of our Society dined together under a canopy in an arbour at Parson's Green last Thursday; I never saw any thing so fine and romantic. We got a great victory last Wednesday in the House of Lords by a majority, I think, of twenty-eight; and the Whigs had desired their friends to bespeak places to see Lord-Treasurer carried to the Tower. I met your Higgins here yesterday; he roars at the insolence of the Whigs in Ireland, talks much of his own sufferings and expences in asserting the cause of the church; and I find he would fain plead merit enough to desire that his fortune should be mended. I believe he designs to make as much noise as he can in order to preferment. Pray let the provost, when he sees you, give you ten English shillings, and I will give as much here to the man who delivered me Rymer's books: he knows the meaning. Tell him I will not trust him but that you can order it to be paid me here; and I will trust you till I see you. Have I told you that the rogue Patrick has left me these two months to my great satisfaction? I have got another who seems to be much better, if he continues it. I am printing a threepenny pamphlet,[3] and

[1] Splenetic fellow. [2] Beg your pardon.

[3] "Some Reasons to prove that no Person is obliged by his Principles as a Whig, to oppose Her Majesty: in a Letter to a Whig Lord."

shall print another in a fortnight, and then I have done, unless some new occasion starts. Is my curate Warburton married to Mrs Melthrop in my parish? so I hear. Or is it a lie? Has Raymond got to his new house? Do you see Joe now and then? What luck have you at ombre? How stands it with the Dean? **** [1] My service to Mrs Stoyte, and Catherine, if she be come from Wales. I have not yet seen Dilly Ashe's wife. I called once, but she was not at home: I think she is under the doctor's hand. **** [2] I believe the news of the Duke of Ormond producing letters in the council of war, with orders not to fight, will surprise you in Ireland. Lord-Treasurer said in the House of Lords, that in a few days the treaty of peace should be laid before them; and our court thought it wrong to hazard a battle, and sacrifice many lives in such a juncture. If the peace holds, all will do well, otherwise I know not how we shall weather it. And it was reckoned as a wrong step in politics for Lord-Treasurer to open himself so much. The Secretary would not go so far to satisfy the Whigs in the House of Commons; but there all went swimmingly. I'll say no more to oo to-nite, sellohs, because I must send away the letter, not by the bell,[3] but early: and besides, I have not much more to say at zis plesent liting.[4] Does MD never read at all now, pee? But oo walk plodigiousry, I suppose. —You make nothing of walking to, to, to, ay, to Donybrook. I walk too as much as I can, because sweating is good; but I'll walk more if I go to Kensington. I suppose I shall have no apples this year neither, for I dined t'other day with Lord Rivers, who is sick at his country house, and he showed me all his cherries blasted. Nite deelest sollahs; farewell deelest Rives; rove poor Pdfr. Farewell deelest richar MD, MD, MD, FW, FW, FW, FW, FW, ME, ME, Lele, ME, Lele, Lele, richar MD.

[1] Several words obliterated.
[2] Several words obliterated.
[3] The bellman.
[4] "This present writing."

LETTER XLVIII.

Addressed to "Mrs Rebecca Dingley," etc., as before.
Endorsed: "June 23d."

Kensington, June 17, 1712.

I have been so tosticated about since my last, that I could not go on in my journal manner, though my shoulder is a great deal better; however, I feel constant pain in it, but I think it diminishes, and I have cut off some slices from my flannel. I have lodged here near a fortnight, partly for the air and exercise, partly to be near the court, where dinners are to be found. I generally get a lift in a coach to town, and in the evening I walk back. On Saturday I dined with the Duchess of Ormond at her lodge near Sheen, and thought to get a boat back as usual. I walked by the bank to Cue [Kew] but no boat, then to Mortlack [Mortlake], but no boat, and it was nine o'clock. At last a little sculler called, full of nasty people. I made him set me down at Hammersmith, so walked two miles to this place, and got here by eleven. Last night I had another such difficulty. I was in the city till past ten at night; it rained hard, but no coach to be had. It gave over a little, and I walked all the way here, and got home by twelve. I love these shabby difficulties when they are over; but I hate them, because they arise from not having a thousand pound a-year. I had your N. 30 about three days ago, which I will now answer. And first I did not relapse, but second I came out before I ought; and so, and so, as I have told you in some of my last. The first coming abroad made people think I was quite recovered, and I had no more messages afterwards. Well, but John Bull is not writ by the person you imagine, as hope![1] It is too good for another to own. Had it been Grub Street, I would have let people think as they please; and I think that's right: is not it now? so flap ee hand, and make wry mouth oo-self, sauci doxi. Now comes DD. Why sollah, I did write in a fortnight my 47th; and if it did not come in due time, can I help wind and weather? am I

[1] As I hope, *sc.* to be saved.

a Laplander? am I a witch? can I work miracles? can I make easterly winds? Now I am against Dr. Smith. I drink little water with my wine, yet I believe he is right. Yet Dr. Cockburn told me a little wine would not hurt me; but it is so hot and dry, and water is so dangerous. The worst thing here is my evenings at Lord Masham's, where Lord-Treasurer comes, and we sit till after twelve. But it is convenient I should be among them for a while as much as possible. I need not tell ee why. But I hope that will be at an end in a month or two, one way or other, and I am resolved it shall. But I can't go to Tunbridge, or any where else out of the way, in this juncture. So Ppt designs for Templeoag, (what a name is that!). Whereabouts is that place? I hope not very far from Dublin. Higgins is here, roaring that all is wrong in Ireland, and would have me get him an audience of Lord-Treasurer to tell him so; but I will have nothing to do in it, no, not I, faith. We have had no thunder till last night, and till then we were dead for want of rain; but there fell a great deal: no field looked green. I reckon the Queen will go to Windsor in three or four weeks: and if the Secretary takes a house there, I shall be sometimes with him. But how affectedly Ppt talks of my being here all the summer; which I do not intend: nor to stay one minute longer in England than becomes the circumstances I am in. I wish you would go soon into the country, and take a good deal of it; and where better than Trim? Joe will be your humble servant, Parvisol your slave, and Raymond at your command, for he piques himself on good manners. I have seen Dilly's wife—and I have seen once or twice old Bradley here. He is very well, very old, and very wise: I believe I must go see his wife, when I have leisure. I should be glad to see Goody Stoyte and her husband; pray give them my humble service, and to Catherine, and to Mrs Walls—I am not the least bit in love with Mrs Walls—I suppose the cares of the husband increase with the fruitfulness of the wife. I am grad at halt [1] to hear of Ppt's good health: pray let her finish it by drinking waters. I hope DD had her bill and has her money. Remember to write a due time before ME money is wanted,

[1] Glad at heart.

and be good galls, good dallars, I mean, and no crying dallars. I heard somebody coming up stairs, and forgot I was in the country; and I was afraid of a visitor; that is one advantage of being here, that I am not teased with solicitors. Molt, the chemist, is my acquaintance. My service to Dr Smith. I sent the question to him[1] about Sir Walter Raleigh's cordial, and the answer he returned is in these words: "It is directly after Mr Boyle's receipt." That commission is performed; if he wants any of it, Molt shall use him fairly. I suppose Smith is one of your physicians. So, now your letter is fully and impartially answered; not as rascals answer me: I believe, if I writ an essay upon a straw, I should have a shoal of answerers: but no matter for that; you see I can answer without making any reflections, as becomes men of learning. Well, but now for the peace: why we expect it daily; but the French have the staff in their own hands, and we trust to their honesty. I wish it were otherwise. Things are now in the way of being soon in the extremes of well or ill.—I hope and believe the first. Lord Wharton is gone out of town in a rage, and curses himself and friends for ruining themselves in defending Lord Marlborough and Godolphin, and taking Nottingham into their favour. He swears he will meddle no more during this reign; a pretty speech at sixty-six, and the Queen is near twenty years younger, and now in very good health; for you must know her health is fixed by a certain reason, that she has done with braces, (I must use the expression,) and nothing ill is happened to her since; so she has a new lease of her life. Read the Letter to a Whig Lord.[2] Do you ever read? Why don't you say so? I mean does DD read to Ppt? Do you walk? I think Ppt should walk to DD, as DD reads to Ppt, for Ppt oo must know is a good walker; but not so good as Pdfr. I intend to dine to-day with Mr Lewis: but it threatens rain; and I shall be too late to get a lift; and I must write to the Bishop of Clogher. 'Tis now ten in the morning; and this is all writ at a heat. Farewell deelest lole, deelest MD, MD, MD, MD, MD, FW, FW, FW, ME, ME, ME, Lele, ME, Lele, ME, Lele, ME, Lele, Lele, Lele, ME.

[1] Molt the apothecary.

[2] The threepenny pamphlet spoken of in the last Letter. See p. 369.

LETTER XLIX.

Addressed to "Mrs Dingley," as before.
Endorsed: "July 8."

Kensington, July 1, 1712.

I never was in a worse station for writing letters than this especially for writing to MD, since I left off my journals. For I go to town early; and when I come home at night, I generally go to Lord Masham, where Lord-Treasurer comes, and we stay till past twelve. But I am now resolved to write journals again, though my shoulder is not yet well; for I have still a few itching pimples, and a little pain now and then. It is now high cherry time with us; take notice, is it so soon with you? And we have early apricots, and gooseberries are ripe. On Sunday, Archdeacon Parnell came here to see me. It seems he has been ill for grief of his wife's death,[1] and has been two months at the Bath. He has a mind to go to Dunkirk with Jack Hill, and I persuade him to it, and have spoke to Hill to receive him; but I doubt he won't have spirit to go. I have made Ford[2] Gazetteer, and got two hundred pounds-a-year settled on the employment by the Secretary of State, beside the perquisites. It is the prettiest employment in England of its bigness; yet the puppy does not seem satisfied with it. I think people keep some follies to themselves, till they have occasion to produce them. He thinks it not genteel enough, and makes twenty difficulties. 'Tis impossible to make any man easy. His salary is paid him every week, if he pleases, without taxes or abatements. He has little to do for it. He has a pretty office, with coals, candles, papers, &c.; can frank what letters he will; and his perquisites, if he takes care, may be worth one hundred pounds more. I hear the Bishop of Clogher is landing, or landed, in England; and I hope to see him in a few days. I was to see Mrs Bradley on Sunday night. Her youngest son is marry [married] to somebody worth nothing, and her daughter was forced to leave Lady Giffard, because she was striking up an intrigue with a foot-

[1] Mrs. Parnell died in 1712. [2] Charles Ford.

man, who played well upon the flute. This is the mother's account of it. Yesterday the old Bishop of Worcester,[1] who pretends to be a prophet, went to the Queen, by appointment, to prove to her Majesty, out of Daniel and the Revelations, that four years hence there would be a war of religion; that the King of France would be a Protestant, and fight on their side; that the Popedom would be destroyed, &c.; and declared, that he would be content to give up his bishopric if it were not true. Lord-Treasurer, who told it me, was by, and some others; and I am told Lord-Treasurer confounded him sadly in his own learning, which made the old fool very quarrelsome. He is near ninety years old. Old Bradley is fat and lusty, and has lost his palsy. Have you seen Toland's Invitation to Dismal?[2] How do you like it? But it is an imitation of Horace, and perhaps you don't understand Horace. Here has been a great sweep of employments, and we expect still more removals. The court seems resolved to make thorough work. Mr Hill intended to set out to-morrow for Dunkirk, of which he is appointed governor; but he tells me to-day that he cannot go till Thursday or Friday. I wish it were over. Mr Secretary tells me, he is [has] no fear at all that France will play tricks with us. If we have Dunkirk once, all is safe. We rail now all against the Dutch, who, indeed, have acted like knaves, fools, and madmen. Mr Secretary is soon to be made a viscount. He desired I would draw the preamble of his patent; but I excused myself from a work that might lose me a great deal of reputation, and get me very little. We would fain have the court make him an earl, but it would not be; and therefore he will not take the title of Bullenbrook [Bolingbroke], which is lately extinct in the elder branch of his family. I have

[1] Dr. William Lloyd, a vehement antipapist, who had preached the funeral sermon of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, and now published pamphlets against Rome.

[2] "Toland's Invitation to Dismal to dine with the Calf's Head Club." —Swift's Poet. Works (Aldine, iii. 40). Daniel Finch, second Earl of Nottingham, was known as Dismal. He had deserted the Tories, and Swift's imitation of Horace, Epist. I. v. takes the form of an invitation from the Republican and Freethinker Toland to the sober High Church Tory asking him to dine "with his trusty friends" in celebration of the execution of Charles I.

advised him to be called Lord Pomfret; but he thinks that title is already in some other family; and, besides, he objects that it is in Yorkshire, where he has no estate; but there is nothing in that, and I love Pomfret. Don't you love Pomfret? Why? 'Tis in all our histories; they are full of Pomfret Castle. But what's all this to you? You don't care for this. Is Goody Stoyte come to London? I have not heard of her yet. The Dean of St Patrick's never had the manners to answer my letter. I was t'other day to see Sterne[1] and his wife. She is not half so handsome as when I saw her with you at Dublin. They design to pass the summer at a house near Lord Somers's, about a dozen miles off. You never told me how my Letter to Lord-Treasurer passes in Ireland. I suppose you are drinking at this time Temples-something's waters. Steele was arrested the other day for making a lottery directly against an act of Parliament. He is now under prosecution; but they think it will be dropped out of pity.[2] I believe he will very soon lose his employment, for he has been mighty impertinent of late in his Spectators; and I will never offer a word in his behalf. Raymond writes me word, that the Bishop of Meath[3] was going to summon me, in order to suspension, for absence, if the Provost had not prevented him. I am prettily rewarded for getting them their First Fruits, with a p—. We have had very little hot weather during the whole month of June; and for a week past we have had a great deal of rain, though not every day. I am just now told, that the governor of Dunkirk has not orders yet to deliver up the town to Jack Hill and his forces, but expects them daily. This must put off Hill's journey a while, and I don't like these stoppings in such an affair. Go, get ee gone, and drink oo waters, if this rain has not spoiled them, sauci doxi. I have no more to say to oo at plesent; but rove Pdfr, and MD, and ME. And Podafr will rove Pdfr, and MD and ME. I wish you had taken any account when

[1] Enoch Sterne. See p. 33, note 2.

[2] Mr. Aitken thinks that here Swift "was only repeating an inaccurate rumour," for there is no evidence that Steele was arrested. His gambling scheme was at once withdrawn when an information was laid under the new act of parliament against gambling. See Aitken's "Life of Steele," i. 347.

[3] Dr. W. Moreton, Swift's diocesan.

I sent money to Mrs Brent. I believe I han't done it a great while. And pray send me notice when **********. Farewell, dearest MD FW FW FW ME ME ME.

LETTER L.

Addressed to "Mrs Dingley," etc., as before.
Endorsed: "July 23."

Kensington, July 17, 1712.

I am weary of living in this place, and glad to leave it soon. The Queen goes on Tuesday to Windsor, and I shall follow in three or four days after. I can do nothing here, going early to London, and coming late from it, and supping at Lady Masham's. I dined to-day with the Duke of Argyle at Cue [Kew], and would not go to the court to night, because of writing to MD. The Bishop of Clogher has been here this fortnight: I see him as often as I can. Poor Master Ashe has a sad redness in his face; it is St Anthony's fire; his face all swelled, and will break in his cheek, but no danger. Since Dunkirk has been in our hands, Grub Street has been very fruitful. Pdfr has writ five or six Grub Street papers this last week. Have you seen Toland's Invitation to Dismal, or Hue and Cry after Dismal, or a Ballad on Dunkirk, or Argument that Dunkirk is not in our Hands? Poh! you have seen nothing. I am dead here with the hot weather; yet I walk every night home, and believe it does me good: but my shoulder is not yet right; itchings, and scratchings, and small achings. Did I tell you I had made Ford gazetteer, with two hundred pounds a-year salary, beside perquisites? I had a letter lately from Parvisol, who says my canal looks very finely; I long to see it; but no apples; all blasted again. He tells me there will be a triennial visitation in August. I must send Raymond another proxy. So now I will answer oo rettle N. 33, dated[1] June 17. Ppt writes as well as ever, for all her waters. I wish I had never come here, as often and as heartily as Ppt. What had I to do here? I have heard of the Bishop's

[1] "Rettle" means letter. "N. 33" seems a mistake. No. 32 was received after Swift had left Kensington and gone to Windsor. See pp. 380, 383.

making me uneasy, but I did not think it was because I never writ to him. A little would make me write to him, but I don't know what to say. I find I am obliged to the Provost for keeping the Bishop from being impertinent. Yes, Maram DD, but oo would not be content with letters from Pdfr of six lines, or twelve either, fais. I hope Ppt will have done with the waters soon, and find benefit by them. I believe, if they were as far off as Wexford, they would do as much good; for I take the journey to contribute as much as any thing. I can assure you, the Bishop of Clogher's being here does not in the least affect my staying or going. I never talked to Higgins but once in my life in the street, and I believe he and I shall hardly meet but by chance. What care I whether my Letter to Lord-Treasurer be commended there or no? Why does not somebody among you answer it, as three or four have done here? (I am now sitting with nothing but my nightgown, for heat.) Ppt shall have a great Bible. I have put it down in my memlandum[1] just now. And DD shall be repaid her t'other book; but patience; all in good time: you are so hasty, a dog, would, &c. So Ppt has neither won nor lost. Why, mun, I play sometimes too at picket, that is picquett, I mean; but very seldom.—Out late? why, 't is only at Lady Masham's, and that is in our town; but I never come late here from London, except once in rain, when I could not get a coach. We have had very little thunder here; none these two months. Why, pray, madam philosopher, how did the rain hinder the thunder from doing any harm? I suppose it squenched it. So here comes Ppt aden[2] with her little watery postscript. O Rold, dlunken srut![3] drink Pdfr's health ten times in a morning! you are a whetter, fais, I sup MD's fifteen times evly molning in milk porridge. Lele's fol oo now—and lele's fol oo rettle, and evly kind of sing[4]—and now I must say something else. You hear Secretary St John is made Viscount Bullinbrook [Bolingbroke]. I can hardly persuade him to take that title, because the eldest branch of his family had it in an earldom, and it was last year extinct. If he did

[1] Memorandum. [2] Again. [3] O Lord, drunken slut.
[4] There's for you now, and there's for your letter, and every kind of thing.

not take it, I advised him to be Lord Pomfret, which I think is a noble title. You hear of it often in the *Chronicles*, Pomfret Castle: but we believed it was among the titles of some other lord. Jack Hill sent his sister a pattern of a head-dress from Dunkirk; it was like our fashion twenty years ago, only not quite so high, and looked very ugly. I have made Trap chaplain to Lord Bullinbroke and he is mighty happy and thankful for it. Mr Addison returned me my visit this morning. He lives in our town. I shall be mighty retired, and mighty busy for a while at Windsor. Pray why don't MD go to Trim, and see Laracor, and give me an account of the garden, and the river, and the holly and the cherry trees on the river walk?

19. I could not send this letter last post, being called away before I could fold or finish it. I dined yesterday with Lord-Treasurer; sat with him till ten at night; yet could not find a minute for some business I had with him. He brought me to Kensington, and Lord Bulingbrook [Bolingbroke] would not let me go away till two; and I am now in bed, very lazy and sleepy at nine. I must shave head and face, and meet Lord Bullinbrook at eleven, and dine again with Lord-Treasurer. To-day there will be another Grub,[1] "A Letter from the Pretender to a Whig Lord." Grub Street has but ten days to live; then an Act of Parliament takes place that ruins it, by taxing every half sheet at a halfpenny. We have news just come, but not the particulars, that the Earl of Albemarle, at the head of eight thousand Dutch, is beaten, lost the greatest part of his men, and himself a prisoner.[2] This perhaps may cool their courage, and make them think of a peace. The Duke of Ormond has got abundance of credit by his good conduct of affairs in Flanders. We had a good deal of rain last night, very refreshing. 'T is late, and I must rise. Don't play at ombre in your waters, sollah. Farewell, deelest MD, MD MD MD FW FW ME ME ME Lele Lele Lele.

[1] Grub Street pamphlet. This is "A Supposed Letter from the Pretender to Another Whig Lord," intended to suggest that the Whigs were working for the Pretender.

[2] The Dutch under Albemarle were encamped at Denain, in sight of the Imperial army, when Villars inflicted this severe defeat.

LETTER LI.

Addressed to "M^rs Dingley," etc., as before.
Endorsed: "Aug. 14."

London, Aug. 7, 1712.

I had your N. 32 at Windsor: I just read it, and immediately sealed it up again, and shall read it no more this twelvemonth at least. The reason of my resentment at it is, because you talk as glibly of a thing as if it were done, which, for aught I know, is farther from being done than ever, since I hear not a word of it, though the town is full of it, and the court always giving me joy and vexation. You might be sure I would have let you known as soon as it was done; but I believe you fancied I would affect not to tell it you, but let you learn it from newspapers and reports. I remember only there was something in your letter about ME's money; and that shall be taken care of on the other side. I left Windsor on Monday last, upon Lord Bolingbroke's being gone to France; and somebody's being here that I ought often to consult with in an affair I am upon: but that person talks of returning to Windsor again, and I believe I shall follow him. I am now in a hedge lodging very busy, as I am every day till noon: so that this letter is like to be short, and you are not to blame me these two months; for I protest, if I study ever so hard, I cannot in that time compass what I am upon. We have a fever both here and at Windsor, which hardly any body misses; but it lasts not above three or four days, and kills nobody. The Queen has forty servants down of it at once. I dined yesterday with Treasurer, but could do no business, though he sent for me I thought on purpose; but he desires I will dine with him again to-day. Windsor is a most delightful place, and at this time abounds in dinners. My lodgings there look upon Eton and the Thames. I wish I was owner of them; they belong to a prebend. God knows what was in your letter; and if it be not answered, whose fault is it, saucy dallars?——Do you know that Grub Street is dead and gone last week? No more ghosts or murders now for love or money. I plied it pretty close the last fort-

night, and published at least seven penny papers of my own, besides some of other people's: but now every single half sheet pays a halfpenny to the Queen. The Observator is fallen; the Medleys are jumbled together with the Flying Post; the Examiner is deadly sick; the Spectator keeps up, and doubles its price; I know not how long it will hold. Have you seen the red stamp the papers are marked with? Methinks it is worth a halfpenny, the stamping it. Lord Bolingbroke and Prior set out for France last Saturday. My lord's business is to hasten the peace before the Dutch are too much mauled, and hinder France from carrying the jest of beating them too far. Have you seen the fourth part of John Bull? It is equal to the rest, and extremely good. The Bishop of Clogher's son has been ill of St Anthony's fire, but is now quite well. I was afraid his face would be spoiled, but it is not. Dilly is just as he used to be, and puns as plentifully and as bad. The two brothers see one another; but I think not the two sisters. Raymond writ to me that he intended to invite you to Trim. Are you, have you, will you be there? Won't oo see pool Laratol?[1] Parvisol says I shall have no fruit. Blasts have taken away all. Pray observe the cherry trees on the river walk; but oo are too lazy to take such a journey. If you have not your letters in due time for two months hence, impute it to my being tosticated between this and Windsor. And pray send me again the state of ME's money; for I will not look into your letter for it. Poor Lord Winchelsea[2] is dead, to my great grief. He was a worthy honest gentleman, and particular friend of mine: and, what is yet worse, my old acquaintance, Mrs Finch,[3] is now Countess of Winchelsea, the title being fallen to her husband, but without much estate. I have been poring my eyes all this morning, and it is now past two afternoon, so I shall take a little walk in the Park. Do you play at ombre still? Or is that off by Mr. Stoyte's absence, and Mrs Manley's grief? Somebody was telling me of a strange sister that Mrs Manley has got in Ireland, who disappointed you all about her being handsome. My service to

[1] Poor Laracor.

[2] Charles, Earl of Winchelsea, died August 14, 1712.

[3] Ann, daughter of Sir W. Kingsmill and wife of Heneage Finch. She wrote some verse.

Mrs Walls. Farewell, deelest MD MD MD, FW FW FW, ME ME ME ME ME. Lele, logues both; rove poo Pdfr.

LETTER LII.

Addressed to "Mrs Dingley," etc., as before.
Endorsed: "Oct. 1st. At Portraune"
[Portraine].

Windsor, Sept. 15, 1712.

I never was so long without writing to MD as now, since I left them, nor ever will again while I am able to write. I have expected from one week to another that something would be done in my own affairs; but nothing at all is, nor I don't know when any thing will, or whether, ever at all, so slow are people at doing favours. I have been much out of order of late with the old giddiness in my head. I took a vomit for it two days ago, and will take another about a day or two hence. I have eat mighty little fruit; yet I impute my disorder to that little, and shall henceforth wholly forbear it. I am engaged in a long work, and have done all I can of it, and wait for some papers from the ministry for materials for the rest; and they delay me, as if it were a favour I asked of them; so that I have been idle here this good while, and it happened in a right time, when I was too much out of order to study. One is kept constantly out of humour by a thousand unaccountable things in public proceedings; and when I reason with some friends, we cannot conceive how affairs can last as they are. God only knows, but it is a very melancholy subject for those who have any near concern in it. I am again endeavouring, as I was last year, to keep people from breaking to pieces upon a hundred misunderstandings. One cannot withhold them from drawing different ways, while the enemy is watching to destroy both.[1] See how my style is altered, by living and thinking and talking among these people, instead of my canal and river-walk and willows. I lose all my money here among the ladies; so that I never play when I can help it, being sure to lose. I have lost five pounds the five weeks I have

[1] Oxford and Bolingbroke were quarrelling and intriguing against each other.

been here. I hope Ppt is luckier at picquet with the Dean and Mrs Walls. The Dean never answered my letter though. I have clearly forgot whether I sent a bill for ME in any of my last letters. I think I did; pray let me know, and always give me timely notice. I wait here but to see what they will do for me; and whenever preferments are given from me, as hope saved,[1] I will come over.

18. I have taken a vomit to-day, and hope I shall be better. I have been very giddy since I writ what is before, yet not as I used to be: more frequent, but not so violent. Yesterday we were alarmed with the Queen's being ill: she had an aguish and feverish fit; and you never saw such countenances as we all had, such dismal melancholy. Her physicians from town were sent for; but towards night she grew better, to-day she missed her fit, and was up: we are not now in any fear; it will be at worst but an ague, and we hope even that will not return. Lord-Treasurer would not come here from London, because it would make a noise, if he came before his usual time, which is Saturday, and he goes away on Mondays. The Whigs have lost a great support in the Earl of Godolphin.[2] It is a good jest to hear the ministers talk of him now with humanity and pity, because he is dead, and can do them no more hurt. Lady Orkney,[3] the late King's mistress, (who lives at a fine place, five miles from hence, called Cliffden,)[4] and I, are grown mighty acquaintance. She is the wisest woman I ever saw; and Lord-Treasurer made great use of her advice in the late change of affairs. I heard Lord Marlborough is growing ill of his diabetes; which, if it be true, may soon carry him off; and then the ministry will be something more at ease. MD has been a long time without writing to Pdfr, though they have not the same cause: it is seven weeks since your last came to my hands, which was N. 32, that you may not

[1] As I hope to be saved.

[2] He died Sept. 15, 1712.

[3] Elizabeth Villiers, on whom William III. had settled an estate in Ireland of £26,000 a year. She afterwards married Lord George Hamilton (brother of the Duke of Hamilton), who fought under Marlborough, and became Earl of Orkney. Mr. Craik is in error in trying to make two ladies out of one ("Selections from Swift," i. 467).

[4] Cleveden, near Taplow. The house was built by the Duke of Buckingham of Charles II.'s time.

be mistaken. I hope Ppt has not wanted her health. You were then drinking waters. The doctor tells me I must go into a course of steel, though I have not the spleen; for that they can never give me, though I have as much provocation to it as any man alive. Bernage's regiment is broke; but he is upon half-pay. I have not seen him this long time; but I suppose he is overrun with melancholy. My Lord Shrewsbury is certainly designed to be Governor of Ireland; and I believe the Duchess will please the people there mightily. The Irish Whig leaders promise great things to themselves from this government: but care shall be taken, if possible, to prevent them. Mrs. Fenton[1] has writ to me, that she has been forced to leave Lady Giffard, and come to town, for a rheumatism: that lady does not love to be troubled with sick people. Mrs. Fenton writes to me as one dying, and desires I would think of her son: I have not answered her letter. She is retired to Mrs Povey's. Is my aunt alive yet? and do you ever see her? I suppose she has forgot the loss of her son. Is Raymond's new house quite finished? and does he squander as he used to do? Has he yet spent all his wife's fortune? I hear there are five or six people putting strongly in for my livings; God help them! But if ever the court should give me any thing, I would recommend Raymond to the Duke of Ormond; not for any particular friendship to him, but because it would be proper for the minister of Trim to have Laracor. You may keep the gold studded snuff-box now; for my brother Hill, Governor of Dunkirk, has sent me the finest that ever you saw.[2] It is allowed at court that none in England comes near it, though it did not cost above twenty pounds. And the Duchess of Hamilton has made me pockets for [it] like a woman's, with a belt and buckle, (for, you know, I wear no waistcoat in summer,) and there are several divisions, and one on purpose for my box, oh, ho!—We have had most delightful weather this whole week; but illness and vomiting have hindered me from sharing in a great part of it. Lady Masham made the Queen send to Kensington for some of her preserved ginger for me, which I take in the morning,

[1] Swift's sister. See p. 58, note.

[2] See Swift's letter to General Hill, Aug. 12, 1712, printed in his Correspondence.

and hope it will do me good. Mrs. Brent[1] sent me a letter by a young fellow, a printer, desiring I would recommend him here, which you may tell her I have done: but I cannot promise what will come of it, for it is necessary they should be made free here before they can be employed. I remember I put the boy prentice to Brent. I hope Parvisol has set my tithes well this year; he has writ nothing to me about it; pray talk to him of it when you see him, and let him give me an account how things are. I suppose the corn is now off the ground. I hope he has sold that great ugly horse. Why don't you sell to him? He keeps me at charges for horses that I never ride: yours is large, and will never be good for any thing. The Queen will stay here about a month longer I suppose; but Lady Masham will go in ten days to lie in at Kensington. Poor creature, she fell down in the court here t'other day. She would needs walk across it upon some displeasure with her chairmen, and was likely to be spoiled so near her time; but we hope all is over for a black eye and a sore side: though I shall not be at ease till she is brought to bed. I find I can fill up a letter, some way or other, without a journal. If I had not a spirit naturally cheerful, I should be very much discontented at a thousand things. Pray God preserve MD's health, and Pdfr's, and that I may live far from the envy and discontent that attends those who are thought to have more favour at courts than they really possess. Love Pdfr, who loves MD above all things. Farewell, deelrest, ten thousand times dearest, MD MD MD, FW FW, ME ME ME ME. Lele, Lele, Lele, Lele.

LETTER LIII.

Addressed to "M^rs^ Dingley," etc., as before.
Endorsed: "Oct^r^ 18. At Portraune."

London, Oct. 9, 1712.

I have left Windsor these ten days, and am deep in pills with asafœtida, and a steel bitter drink; and I find my head much better than it was. I was very much discouraged; for I used to be ill for three or four days together, ready to

[1] Swift's housekeeper at Laracor.

totter as I walked. I take eight pills a-day, and have taken, I believe, a hundred and fifty already. The Queen, Lord-Treasurer, Lady Masham, and I, were all ill together, but are now all better; only Lady Masham expects every day to lie in at Kensington. There was never such a lump of lies spread about the town together as now. I doubt not but you will have them in Dublin before this comes to you, and all without the least grounds of truth. I have been mightily put backward in something I am writing by my illness, but hope to fetch it up, so as to be ready when the Parliament meets. Lord-Treasurer has had an ugly fit of the rheumatism, but is now near quite well. I was playing at one-and-thirty with him and his family t'other night. He gave us all twelvepence apiece to begin with: it put me in mind of Sir William Temple. I asked both him and Lady Masham seriously, whether the Queen were at all inclined to a dropsy? And they positively assured me she was not: so did her physician Arbuthnot, who always attends her. Yet these devils have spread, that she has holes in her legs, and runs at her navel, and I know not what. Arbuthnot has sent me from Windsor a pretty Discourse upon Lying, and I have ordered the printer to come for it. It is a proposal for publishing a curious piece, called The Art of Political Lying, in two volumes, &c. And then there is an abstract of the first volume, just like those pamphlets which they call "The Works of the Learned."[1] Pray get it when it comes out. The Queen has a little of the gout in one of her hands. I believe she will stay a month still at Windsor. Lord-Treasurer showed me the kindest letter from her in the world, by which I picked out one secret, that there will be soon made some Knights of the Garter. You know another is fallen by Lord Godolphin's death: he will be buried in a day or two at Westminster Abbey. I saw Tom Leigh in town once. The Bishop of Clogher has taken his lodging for the winter; they are all well. I hear there are in town abundance of people from Ireland; half-a-dozen bishops at least. The poor old Bishop of London,[2] at past fourscore, fell down backward going up stairs, and I think b oke or

[1] Under this title accounts of new books were published. The "Art of Political Lying" is usually printed in Swift's works.

[2] Dr. Henry Compton.

cracked his skull; yet is now recovering. The town is as empty as at midsummer; and if I had not occasion for physic, I would be at Windsor still. Did I tell you of Lord Rivers's will? He has left legacies to about twenty paltry old whores by name, and not a farthing to any friend, dependent, or relation: he has left from his only child, Lady Barrymore, her mother's estate, and given the whole to his heir-male, a popish priest,[1] a second cousin, who is now Earl Rivers, and whom he used in his life like a footman. After him it goes to his chief wench and bastard. Lord-Treasurer and Lord-Chamberlain are executors of this hopeful will. I loved the man, and detest his memory. We hear nothing of peace yet: I believe verily the Dutch are so wilful, because they are told the Queen cannot live. I had poor MD's letter, N. 3[2] at Windsor: but I could not answer it then; poor Pdfr was vely kick[3] then: and, besides, it was a very inconvenient place to send letters from. Oo thought to come home the same day, and staid a month: that was a sign the place was agreeable. I should love such a sort of jaunt. Is that lad Swanton a little more fixed than he used to be? I think you like the girl very well. She has left off her grave airs, I suppose. I am now told Lord Godolphin was buried last night.—O poo Ppt! lay down oo head aden—fais[4] I****—I always reckon if oo are ill I shall hear it and therefore hen oo are silent I reckon all is well.****[5] I believe I scaped the new fever, for the same reason that Ppt did, because I am not well; but why should DD scape it, pray? She is melthigal, oo know, and ought to have the fever; but I hope it is now too late, and she won't have it at all. Some physicians here talk very melancholy, and think it foreruns the plague, which is actually at Hamburgh. I hoped Ppt would have done with her illness; but I think we both have that faculty never to part with a disorder for ever; we are very constant.

[1] William Savage, third son of the first Earl Rivers, with whom the title became extinct. On his predecessor, see above, pp. 74, 312.

[2] Should be No. 32.

[3] Very sick.

[4] Faith.

[5] This sentence has been partially obliterated. A few words which are here indicated by asterisks cannot be read.

I have had my giddiness twenty-three years by fits. Will Mrs Raymond never have done lying-in? He intends to leave beggars enough; for I dare say he has squandered away the best part of his fortune already, and is not out of debt. I had a letter from him lately.

October 11. Lord-Treasurer sent for me yesterday and the day before to sit with him, because he is not yet quite well enough to go abroad; and I could not finish my letter. How the deuce come I to be so exact in ME money? Just seventeen shillings and eightpence more than due; I believe you cheat me. If Hawkshaw does not pay the interest I will have the principal, pray speak to Pavisol and have his advice what I should do about it. Service to Mrs Stoyte and Catherine and Mrs Walls. Ppt makes a petition with many apologies. John Danvers, you know, is Lady Giffard's friend. The rest I never heard of. I tell you what, as things are at present, I cannot possibly speak to Lord-Treasurer for any body. I need tell you no more. Something or nothing will be done in my own affairs; if the former, I will be a solicitor for your sister; if the latter, I have done with courts for ever. Opportunities will often fall in my way, if I am used well, and I will then make it my business. It is my delight to do good offices for people who want and deserve, and a tenfold delight to do it to a relation of Ppt, whose affairs she has so at heart.[1] I have taken down his name and his case, (not *her* case;) and whenever a proper time comes, I will do all I can: zats enough to say when I can do no more; and I beg oo pardon a sousand times,[2] that I cannot do better. I hope the Dean of St. Patrick's is well of his fever: he has never writ to me: I am glad of it; pray don't desire him to write. I have dated your bill late, because it must not commence, ung oomens, till the first of November next. O, fais, I must be ise;[3] iss, fais, must I; else ME will cheat Pdfr. Are you good housewives and readers? Are you walkers? I know you are gamesters. Are you drinkers? Are you ——— O Rold, I must go no farther, for fear of abusing fine radies. Parvisol has never sent me one word how he set this year's tithes. Pray, ask whether tithes set well or ill this

[1] Latter half of this sentence has been scribbled over.
[2] Partly obliterated. [3] Wise.

year. Bishop of Killaloe tells me wool bears a good rate in Ireland: but how is corn? I dined yesterday with Lady Orkney, and we sat alone from two till eleven at night.—You have heard of her, I suppose. I have twenty letters upon my hands, and am so lazy and so busy, I cannot answer them, and they grow upon me for several months. Have I any apples at Laracor? It is strange every year should blast them, when I took so much care for shelter. Lord Bolingbroke has been idle at his country house this fortnight, which puts me backward in a business I have. I am got into an ordinary room two pair of stairs, and see nobody, if I can help it; yet some puppies have found me out, and my man is not such an artist as Patrick at denying me. Patrick has been soliciting to come to me again, but in vain. The printer has been here with some of the new whims printed, and has taken up my time. I am just going out, and can only bid you farewell. Farewell, deelest ickle MD, MD MD MD FW FW FW FW ME ME ME ME. Lele deer ME Lele lele lele sollahs bose.[1]

LETTER LIV.[2]

London, Oct. 28, 1712.

I have been in physic this month, and have been better these three weeks. I stop my physic, by the doctor's orders, till he sends me further directions. DD grows politician, and longs to hear the peace is proclaimed. I hope we shall have it soon, for the Dutch are fully humbled; and Prior is just come over from France for a few days; I suppose upon some important affair. I saw him last night, but had no private talk with him. Stocks rise upon his coming. As for my stay in England, it cannot be long now, so tell my friends. The Parliament will not meet till after Christmas, and by that time the work I am doing will be over, and then nothing shall keep me. I am very much discontented at Parvisol, about neglecting to sell my horses, &c.

[1] All after "farewell" has been scribbled over, and can scarcely be read.

[2] The MS. of this letter has been lost. It is here printed from the edition of 1766. See Introduction, p. xii.

Lady Masham is not yet brought to-bed; but we expect it daily. I dined with her to-day. Lord Bolingbroke returned about two months ago, and Prior about a week; and goes back (Prior I mean) in a few days. Who told you of my snuff-box and pocket? Did I? I had a letter to-day from Dr Coghill, desiring me to get Raphoe for Dean Sterne, and the deanery for myself. I shall indeed, I have such obligations to Sterne. But however, if I am asked who will make a good bishop, I shall name him before any body. Then comes another letter, desiring I would recommend a Provost,[1] supposing that Pratt (who has been here about a week) will certainly be promoted; but I believe he will not. I presented Pratt to Lord-Treasurer, and truly young Molyneux would have had me present him too; but I directly answered him I would not, unless he had business with him. He is the son of one Mr Molyneux of Ireland. His father wrote a book;[2] I suppose you know it. Here is the Duke of Marlborough going out of England, (Lord knows why,) which causes many speculations. Some say he is conscious of guilt, and dare not stand it. Others think he has a mind to fling an odium on the government, as who should say, that one, who has done such great services to his country, cannot live quietly in it, by reason of the malice of his enemies. I have helped to patch up these people[3] together once more. God knows how long it may last. I was to-day at a trial between Lord Lansdown and Lord Carteret, two friends of mine. It was in the Queen's Bench, for about six thousand a-year, (or nine I think.) I sat under Lord Chief Justice Parker, and his pen falling down I reached it up. He made me a low bow; and I was going to whisper him that *I had done good for evil; for he would have taken mine from me.*[4] I told it Lord-Treasurer and Bolingbroke. Parker would not have known me, if several lords on the bench, and in the court, bowing, had not turned every body's eyes, and

[1] Provost of Trinity College, Dublin; a post then held by Swift's friend, Dr. Pratt.

[2] "The Case of Ireland's being bound by Acts of Parliament in England Stated" (1698), says Scott. This William Molyneux had written several scientific works, and was Locke's esteemed friend and correspondent.

[3] Oxford and Bolingbroke.

[4] See Journal, p. 299, above.

set them a whispering. I owe the dog a spite, and will pay him in two months at farthest, if I can. So much for that. But you must have chat, and I must say every sorry thing that comes into my head. They say the Queen will stay a month longer at Windsor. These devils of Grub Street rogues, that write the Flying Post and Medley in one paper, will not be quiet. They are always mauling Lord-Treasurer, Lord Bolingbroke, and me. We have the dog under prosecution, but Bolingbroke is not active enough; but I hope to swinge him. He is a Scotch rogue, one Ridpath.[1] They get out upon bail, and write on. We take them again, and get fresh bail; so it goes round. They say some learned Dutchman has wrote a book, proving by civil law, that we do them wrong by this peace; but I shall show, by plain reason, that we have suffered the wrong, and not they. I toil like a horse, and have hundreds of letters still to read: and squeeze a line out of each, or at least the seeds of a line. Strafford goes back to Holland in a day or two, and I hope our peace is very near. I have about thirty pages more to write, (that is, to be extracted,) which will be sixty in print. It is the most troublesome part of all, and I cannot keep myself private, though I stole into a room up two pair of stairs, when I came from Windsor; but my present man has not yet learned his lesson of denying me discreetly.

30. The Duchess of Ormond found me out to-day, and made me dine with her. Lady Masham is still expecting. She has had a cruel cold. I could not finish my letter last post for the soul of me. Lord Bolingbroke has had my papers these six weeks, and done nothing to them. Is Tisdall yet in the world? I propose writing controversies, to get a name with posterity. The Duke of Ormond will not be over these three or four days. I design to make him join with me in settling all right among our people. I have ordered the Duchess to let me have an hour with the Duke at his first coming, to give him a true state of persons and things. I believe the Duke of Shrewsbury will hardly be declared your governor yet; at least, I think so now; but resolutions alter very often. The Duke of Hamilton gave me

[1] This Whig pamphleteer and journalist had the honour of mention in the "Dunciad," bk. i. l. 208, ii. 149.

a pound of snuff to-day, admirable good. I wish DD had it, and Ppt too, if she likes it. It cost me a quarter of an hour of his politics, which I was forced to hear. Lady Orkney is making me a writing-table of her own contrivance, and a bed nightgown. She is perfectly kind, like a mother. I think the devil was in it the other day, that I should talk to her of an ugly squinting cousin of hers, and the poor lady herself, you know, squints like a dragon. The other day we had a long discourse with her about love; and she told us a saying of her sister Fitzharding, which I thought excellent, that *in men, desire begets love*, and *in women, love begets desire.* We have abundance of our old criers still hereabouts. I hear every morning your women with the old satin and taffata, &c., the fellow with old coats, suits or cloaks. Our weather is abominable of late. We have not two tolerable days in twenty. I have lost money again at ombre, with Lord Orkney and others; yet, after all, this year I have lost but three-and-twenty shillings; so that, considering card money, I am no loser.

Our Society hath not yet renewed their meetings. I hope we shall continue to do some good this winter; and Lord-Treasurer promises the academy for reforming our language shall soon go forward. I must now go hunt those dry letters for materials. You will see something very notable, I hope. So much for that. God Almighty bless you.

LETTER LV.

Addressed to "M^rs^ Dingley."
Endorsed: "Nov. 26, just come from Portraine."
Also, "The band box plot—D: Hamilton's murther."

London, Nov. 15, 1712.

Before this comes to your hands, you will have heard of the most terrible accident that hath almost ever happened. This morning at eight, my man brought me word that Duke of Hamilton had fought with Lord Mohun, and killed him, and was brought home wounded. I immediately sent him to the Duke's house, in St James's Square; but the porter

could hardly answer for tears, and a great rabble was about the house. In short, they fought at seven this morning. The dog Mohun was killed on the spot; and, will [while] the Duke was over him, Mohun shortening his sword, stabbed him in at the shoulder to the heart. The Duke was helped toward the cake-house by the ring in Hyde Park, (where they fought,) and died on the grass, before he could reach the house; and was brought home in his coach by eight, while the poor Duchess was asleep. Macartney, and one Hamilton, were the seconds, who fought likewise, and are both fled. I am told, that a footman of Lord Mohun's stabbed Duke of Hamilton; and some say Macartney did so too. Mohun gave the affront, and yet sent the challenge.[1] I am infinitely concerned for the poor Duke, who was a frank, honest, good-natured man. I loved him very well, and I think he loved me better. He that [had] the greatest mind in the world to have me go with him to France, but durst not tell it me; and those he did, said I could not be spared, which was true. They have removed the poor Duchess to a lodging in the neighbourhood, where I have been with her two hours, and am just come away. I never saw so melancholy a scene; for indeed all reasons for real grief belong to her; nor is it possible for any body to be a greater loser in all regards. She has moved my very soul. The lodging was inconvenient, and they would have removed her to another; but I would not suffer it, because it had no room backward, and she must have been tortured with the noise of the Grub Street screamers mention[ing] her husband's murder to her ears.

I believe you have heard the story of my escape, in opening the ben-box [band-box] sent to Lord-Treasurer.[2] The prints have told a thousand lies of it; but at last we gave them a true account of it at length, printed in the even-

[1] The story has never been made quite clear. The materials for judgment lie in the report of Colonel Hamilton's trial in the State Trials.

[2] This Band-box Plot may have been a hoax, magnified into importance by the fears and policy of the Tories. There is no reason to doubt Swift's perfect good faith, and we may assume that loaded pistols, apparently arranged to go off, were found in such a box. But that anything serious was intended it is difficult to conceive. It would have been of no use whatever to the Whigs to assassinate Oxford.

ing;[1] only I would not suffer them to name me, having been so often named before, and teased to death with questions. I wonder how I came to have so much presence of mind, which is usually not my talent; but so it pleased God, and I saved myself and him; for there was a bullet a-piece. A gentleman told me, that if I had been killed, the Whigs would have called it a judgment, because the barrels were of inkhorns, with which I had done them so much mischief. There was a pure Grub Street of it, full of lies and inconsistencies. I do not like these things at all, and I wish myself more and more among my willows. There is a devilish spirit among people, and the ministry must exert themselves, or sink. Nite dee sollahs, I'll go seep.

16. I thought to have finished this yesterday; but was too much disturbed. I sent a letter early this morning to Lady Masham, to beg her to write some comforting words to the poor Duchess. I dined to-[day] with Lady Masham at Kensington, where she is expecting these two months to lie in. She has promised me to get the Queen to write to the Duchess kindly on this occasion; and to morrow I will beg Lord-Treasurer to visit and comfort her. I have been with her two hours again, and find her worse. Her violences not so frequent, but her melancholy more formal and settled. She has abundance of wit and spirit; about thirty-three years old; handsome and airy, and seldom spared any body that gave her the least provocation; by which she had many enemies, and few friends. Lady Orkney, her sister-in-law, is come to town on this occasion, and has been to see her, and behaved herself with great humanity. They have been always very ill together, and the poor Duchess could not have patience when people told her I went often to Lady Orkney's. But I am resolved to make them friends; for the Duchess is now no more the object of envy, and must learn humility from the severest master, Affliction. I design to make the ministry put out a proclamation (if it can be found proper) against that villain Macartney. What shall we do with these murderers? I cannot end this letter to-night, and there is no occasion; for I cannot send it till Tuesday, and the coroner's inquest on the Duke's body is to be to-morrow,

[1] In the "Evening Post," Nov. 15.

and I shall know no more. But what care oo for all this? Iss, MD im sorry for poo Pdfr's friends; and this is a very surprising event. 'Tis late, and I'll go to bed. This looks like journals. Nite.

17. I was to-day at noon with the Duchess of Hamilton again, after I had been with Lady Orkney, and charged her to be kind to her sister in her affliction. The Duchess told me Lady Orkney had been with her, and that she did not treat her as gently as she ought. They hate one another, but I will try to patch it up. I have been drawing up a paragraph for the Post-Boy, to be out to-morrow, and as malicious as possible, and very proper for Abel Roper, the printer of it. I dined at Lord-Treasurer's at six in the evening, which is his usual hour returning from Windsor: he promises to visit the Duchess to-morrow, and says he has a message to her from the Queen. Thank God. I have staid till past one with him. So nite deelest MD.

18. The committee of council is to sit this afternoon upon the affair of Duke of Hamilton's murder, and I hope a proclamation will be out against Macartney. I was just now ('tis now noon) with the Duchess, to let her know Lord-Treasurer will see her. She is mightily out of order.[1] The jury have not yet brought in their verdict upon the coroner's inquest. We suspect Macartney stabbed the Duke while he was fighting. The Queen and Lord-Treasurer are in great concern at this event. I dine to-day again with Lord-Treasurer; but must send this to the post-office before, because else I shall not have time; he usually keeps me so late. Ben Tooke bid me write to DD to send her certificate, for it is high time it should be sent, he says. Pray make Parvisol write to me, and send me a general account of my affairs; and let him know I shall be over in spring, and that by all means he sells the horses. Prior has kissed the Queen's hand, and will return to France in a few days, and Lord Strafford to Holland; and now the King of Spain has renounced his pretensions to France, the peace must follow very soon unavoidably. You must no more call Philip, Duke of Anjou, for we now acknowledge him King of Spain. Dr Pratt tells me, you are all mad in Ireland with your playhouse

[1] A straight line through this. Hawkesworth substitutes "indisposed."

frolics and prologues, and I know not what. The Bishop of Clogher and his family are well: they have heard from you lately, or you from them, I have forgot which: I dined there t'other day; but the Bishop came not till after dinner; and our meat and drink was very so so. Mr Vedeau[1] was with me yesterday, and enquired after you. He was a lieutenant, and is now broke, and upon half-pay. He asked me nothing for himself; but wanted an employment for a friend, who would give a handsome pair of gloves. One Hales sent me up a letter t'other day, which said you lodged in his house, and therefore desired I would get him a civil employment. I would not be within, and have directed my man to give him an answer, that I never open letters brought me by the writers, &c. I was complaining to a lady, that I wanted to mend an employment from forty to sixty pounds a-year, in the salt-office, and thought it hard I could not do it. She told me one Mr Griffin should do it. And afterward I met Griffin at her lodgings; and he was, as I found, one I had been acquainted with. I named Filby[2] to him, and his abode somewhere near Nantwich. He said frankly, he had formerly examined the man, and found he understood very little of his business; but if he heard he mended, he would do what I desired. I will let it rest awhile, and then resume it; and if Ppt writes to Filby, she may advise him to diligence, &c. I told Griffin positively I would have it done, if the man mended. This is an account of poo Ppt's commission to her most humble servant Pdfr. I have a world of writing to finish, and little time; these toads of ministers are so slow in their helps. This makes me sometimes steal a week from the exactness I used to write to MD. Farewell, dee logues, deelest MD MD MD, * * * * * * * * * MD.

Smoke the folding of my letters of late.[3]

[1] See p. 82, *note*.

[2] See p. 388.

[3] For these shorter letters (XLV.-LVI.) Swift folds his folio sheet before writing, and gets a quarto page. Previously he used the folio page.

LETTER LVI.

Addressed to "M^rs Dingley," etc., as before.
Endorsed: "Dec^r 18."

London, Dec. 12, 1712.

Here is now a stlange ting; a rettle from MD unanswered: never was before.[1] I am slower, and MD is faster: but the last was owing to DD's certificate. Why could it not be sent before, pay now? Is it so hard for DD to prove she is alive? I protest solemnly I am not able to write to MD for other business, but I will resume my journal method next time. I find it is easier, though it contains nothing but where I dine, and the occurrences of the day. I will write now but once in three weeks till this business is off my hands, which must be in six, I think, at farthest. O! Ppt, I remember your reprimanding me for meddling in other people's affairs: I have enough of it now, with a wannion. Two women have been here six times a-piece; I never saw them yet. The first I have dispatched with a letter; the other I must see, and tell her I can do nothing for her: she is wife of one Connor, an old college acquaintance, and comes on a foolish errand, for some old pretensions, that will succeed when I am Lord-Treasurer. I am got [up] two pair of stairs, in a private lodging, and have ordered all my friends not to discover where I am; yet every morning two or three sots are plaguing me, and my present servant has not yet his lesson perfect of denying me. I have written a hundred and thirty pages in folio, to be printed, and must write thirty more, which will make a large book of four shillings.[2] I wish I knew an opportunity of sending you some snuff. I will watch who goes to Ireland, and do it if possible. I had a letter from Parvisol, and find he has set my livings very low. Colonel Hamilton, who was second to the Duke of Hamilton, is tried to-day. I suppose he is come off, but have not heard. I dined with Lord-Treasurer, but left him by nine, and visited some people. Lady Betty, is [his] daughter, will be married on Monday next (as I suppose) to

[1] Almost obliterated.

[2] "This seems to be his 'History of the Peace of Utrecht,' not published till after his death." (Note in original edition.)

e Marquis of Caermarthen. I did not know your country place had been Portrain, till you told me so in your last. Has Swanton taken it of Wallis? That Wallis was a grave, wise coxcomb. God be thanked that Ppt is better of her disoddles.[1] God keep her so. The pamphlet of Political Lying is written by Dr Arbuthnot, the author of John Bull; 'tis very pretty, but not so obvious to be understood. Higgins, first chaplain to the Duke of Hamilton? Why, the Duke of Hamilton never dreamt of a chaplain, nor I believe ever heard of Higgins. You are glorious newsmongers in Ireland—Dean Francis, Sir Richard Levinge, stuff: and Pratt, more stuff. We have lost our fine frost here; and Abel Roper tells me you have had floods in Dublin; ho, have you? Oh ho! Swanton seized Portraine, now I understand you. Ay, ay, now I see Portraune at the top of your letter. I never minded it before. Now to your second, N. 36. So, you read one of the Grub Streets about the band-box. The Whig papers have abused me about the band-box. God help me, what could I do? I fairly ventured my life. There is a particular account of it in the Post-boy, and Evening Post of that day. Lord-Treasurer has had the seal sent him that sealed the box, and directions where to find the other pistol in a tree in St James's Park, which Lord Bolingbroke's messenger found accordingly; but who sent the present is not yet known. The Duke of Hamilton avoided the quarrel as much as possible, according to the foppish rules of honour in practice. What signified your writing angry to Filby? I hope you said nothing of hearing any thing from me. Heigh! do oo write by tandle-light! nauti, nauti, nauti, dallar, a hundred times, fol doing so. O, fais, DD, I'll take care of myself! The Queen is in town, and Lady Masham's month of lying-in is within two days of being out. I was at the christening on Monday. I could not get the child named Robin, after Lord-Treasurer; it is Samuel, after the father. My brother Ormond sent me some chocolate to-day. I wish you had share of it: they say 'tis good for me, and I design to drink some in a morning. Our Society meets next Thursday, now the Queen is in town; and Lord-Treasurer assures me, that the Society for reforming the language shall soon be established. I have given away

[1] Disorders.

ten shillings to-day to servants. What a stir is here about your company and visits! Charming company, no doubt; now I keep no company, nor have I any desire to keep any. I never go to a coffee-house nor a tavern, nor have touched a card since I left Windsor. I make few visits, nor go to levees; my only debauching is sitting late where I dine, if I like the company. I have almost dropped the Duchesses of Shrewsbury and Hamilton, and several others. Lord-Treasurer, the Duke of Ormond, and Lady Orkney, are all that I see very often. O yes, and Lady Masham and Lord Bolingbroke, and one or two private friends. I make no figure but at court, where I affect to turn from a lord to the meanest of my acquaintance, and I love to go there on Sundays to see the world. But, to say the truth, I am growing weary of it. I dislike a million of things in the course of public affairs; and if I were to stay here much longer, I am sure I should ruin myself with endeavouring to mend them. I am every day invited into schemes of doing this, but I cannot find any that will probably succeed. It is impossible to save people against their own will; and I have been too much engaged in patch-work already. Do you understand all this stuff? No. Well then, you are now returned to ombre and the Dean, and Christmas; I wish you a very merry one; and pray don't lose oo money, nor play upon Watt Welch's game. Nite, sollahs, 'tis rate, I'll go to seep; I don't seep well, and therefore never dare to drink coffee or tea after dinner: but I am very seepy in a molning. This is the effect of time and years. Nite deelest MD.

13. Morn. I am so very seepy in the morning that my man wakens me above ten times; and now I can tell oo no news of this day. (Here is a restless dog, crying cabbages and savoys, plagues me every morning about this time; he is now at it. I wish his largest cabbage were sticking in his throat.) I lodge over against the house in Little Rider Street,[1] where DD lodged. Don't oo lemember, maram? To-night I must see the Abbé Gautier, to get some particulars for my history. It was he who was first employed by France in the overtures of peace, and I have not had time this month to see him; he is but a puppy

[1] Near Bury Street, St. James's.

too. Lady Orkney has just sent to invite me to dinner; she has not given me the bed night-gown; besides, I am come very much off from writing in bed, though I am doing it this minute; but I stay till my fire is burnt up. My grate is very large; two bushels of coals in a week: but I save it in lodgings. Lord Abercorn is come to London, and will plague me, and I can do him no service. The Duke of Shrewsbury goes in a day or two for France, perhaps to-day. We shall have a peace very soon; the Dutch are almost entirely agreed, and if they stop we shall make it without them; that has been long resolved. One Squire Jones, a scoundrel in my parish, has writ to me, to desire I would engage Joe Beaumont to give him his interest for Parliament man for Trim: pray tell Joe this; and if he designed to vote for him already, then he may tell Jones that I received his letter, and that I writ to Joe to do it. If Joe be engaged for any other, then he may do what he will: and Parvisol may say he spoke to Joe, but Joe's engaged, &c. I received three pair of fine thread stockings from Joe lately. Pray, thank him when you see him; and that I say they are very fine and good. (I never looked at them yet, but that's no matter.) This is a fine day. I am ruined with coaches and chairs this twelve penny weather. I must see my brother Ormond at eleven, and then the Duchess of Hamilton, with whom I doubt I am in disgrace, not having seen her these ten days. I send this to-day, and must finish it now; and perhaps some people may come and hinder me; for it is ten o'clock, (but not shaving day;) and I must be abroad at eleven. Abbé Gautier sends me word I can't see him to-night; pots cake him! I don't value any thing but one letter he has of Petecum's, showing the roguery of the Dutch. Did not the Conduct of the Allies make you great politicians? Fais, I believe you are not quite so ignorant as I thought you. I am glad to hear oo walked so much in the country. Does DD ever read to you, ung ooman? O, fais! I shall find strange doings when I tum ole![1] Here is somebody coming that I must see that wants a little place; the son of cousin Rooke's eldest danghter, that died many years ago. He's here. Farewell, deelest MD MD MD ME ME ME FW FW FW, Lele.

[1] Come home.

LETTER LVII.

Addressed to "Mrs Dingley," etc., as before.
Endorsed: "Jan. 13."

London, Dec. 18, 1712.

Our Society was to meet to-day; but Lord Harley, who was president this week, could not attend, being gone to Wimbleton [Wimbledon] with his new brother-in-law, the young Marquis of Caermarthen, who married Lady Betty Harley on Monday last; and Lord-Treasurer is at Wimbleton too. However, half a dozen of us met, and I propose our meetings should be once a fortnight; for, between you and me, we do no good. It cost me nineteen shillings to-day for my club at dinner; I don't like it [fais]. We have terrible snowy slobbery weather. Lord Abercorn is come to town, and will see me, whether I will or no. You know he has a pretence to a dukedom in France, which Duke of Hamilton was soliciting for; but Abercorn resolves to spoil their title, if they will not allow him a fourth part; and I have advised the duchess to compound with him, and have made the ministry of my opinion. Night, dee sollahs, MD.

19. Ay *** zis is sumsing rike[1] for Pdfr to write journals again! 'Tis as natural as mother's milk, now I am got into it. Lord-Treasurer is returned from Wimbleton, ('tis not above eight miles off,) and sent for me to dine with him at five; but I had the grace to be abroad, and dined with some others, with honest Ben Tooke, by invitation. The Duchess of Ormond promised me her picture, and coming home to night, I found hers and the Duke's both in my chamber. Was not that a pretty civil surprise? Yes, and they are in fine gilded frames too. I am writing a letter to thank her; which I will send to-morrow morning. I'll tell her, she is such a prude, that she will not let so much as her picture be alone in a room with *a man*, unless the duke's be with it; and so forth. We are full of snow, and dabbling. Lady Masham has come abroad these three days,

[1] "This is something like." The previous editions turn it into, "How agreeable it is in a morning." The words in the MS. are scribbled over and one cannot be read.

and seen the Queen. I dined with her t'other other day at her sister Hill's. I hope she will remove in a few days to her new lodgings at St James's from Kensington. Nite, dee logues MD.

20. I lodge [up] two pair of stairs, have but one room, and deny myself to every body almost, yet I cannot be quiet; and all my mornings are lost with people, who will not take answers below stairs; such as Dilly, and the Bishop, and Provost, &c. Lady Orkney invited me to dinner to-day, which hindered me from dining with Lord-Treasurer. This is his day, that his chief friends in the ministry dine with him. However, I went there about six, and sat with them till past nine, when they all went off; but he kept me back, and told me the circumstances of Lady Betty's match. The young fellow has £60,000 ready money, three great houses furnished, £7000 a-year at present, and about five more after his father and mother die. I think Lady Betty's portion is not above £8000. I remember either Tisdall writ to me in somebody's letter, or you did it for him, that I should mention him on occasion to Lord Anglesey, with whom, he said, he had some little acquaintance. Lord Anglesey was with me to-night at Lord-Treasurer's; and then I asked him about Tisdall,[1] and described him. He said, he never saw him, but that he had sent him his book. See what it is to be a puppy. Pray tell Mr Walls, that Lord Anglesey thanked me for recommending Clements to him; that he says, he is £20,000 the better for knowing Clements. But pray don't let Clements go and write a letter of thanks, and tell my lord, that he hears so and so, &c. Why, 'tis but like an Irish understanding to do so. Sad weather; two shillings in coaches to-day, and yet I am dirty. I am now going to read over something and correct it. So, nite.

21. Puppies have got a new way of plaguing me. I find letters directed for me at Lord-Treasurer's, sometimes with enclosed ones to him, and sometimes with projects, and sometimes with libels. I usually keep them three or four days without opening. I was at court to day, as I always am on Sundays, instead of a coffee-house, to see my ac-

[1] The Rev. William Tisdall, Stella's old suitor.

quaintance. This day se'ennight, after I had been talking at court with Sir William Wyndham, the Spanish ambassador came to him, and said, he heard that was Dr Swift, and desired him to tell me, that his master, and the King of France, and the Queen, were more obliged to me than any man in Europe; so we bowed, and shook hands, &c. I took it very well of him. I dined with Lord-Treasurer, and must again to-morrow, though I had rather not, (as DD says;) but now the Queen is in town, he does not keep me so late. I have not had time to see Fanny Manley since she came; but intend it one of these days. Her uncle, Jack Manley, I hear, cannot live a month, which will be a great loss to her father in Ireland, for I believe he is one of his chief supports. Our peace now will soon be determined; for Lord Bolingbroke tells me this morning, that four provinces of Holland have complied with the Queen, and we expect the rest will do so immediately. Nite MD.

22. Lord-Keeper promised me yesterday the first convenient living to poor Mr Gery,[1] who is married, and wants some addition to what he has. He is a very worthy creature. I had a letter some weeks ago from Elwick, who married Betty Gery. It seems the poor woman died some time last summer. Elwick grows rich, and purchases lands. I dined with Lord-Treasurer to-day, who has engaged me to come again to-morrow. I gave Lord Bolingbroke a poem of Parnell's.[2] I made Parnell insert some compliments in it to his lordship. He is extremely pleased with it, and read some parts of it to-day to Lord-Treasurer, who liked it as much. And indeed he outdoes all our poets here a bar's length. Lord Bolingbroke has ordered me to bring him to dinner on Christmas day, and I made Lord-Treasurer promise to see him; and it may one day do Parnell a kindness. You know Parnell. I believe I have told you of that poem. Nite, deel MD.

23. This morning I presented one Diaper, a poet, to Lord Bolingbroke, with a new poem,[3] which is a very good one; and I am to give him a sum of money from my lord; and I have contrived to make a parson of him, for he is half one

[1] Rector of Litcombe, Berks.
[2] "On Queen Anne's Peace."
[3] "Dryades, or the Nymph's Prophecy.

already, being in deacon's orders, and serves a small cure in the country; but has a sword at his a— here in town. 'Tis a poor, little, short wretch, but will do best in a gown, and we will make Lord-Keeper give him a living. Lord Bolingbroke writ to Lord-Treasurer to excuse me to-day; so I dined with the former, and Monteleon, the Spanish ambassador, who made me many compliments. I staid till nine, and now it is past ten, and my man has locked me up, and I have just called to mind that I shall be in disgrace with Tom Leigh. That coxcomb had got into acquaintance with one Eckershall, clerk of the kitchen to the Queen, who was civil to him at Windsor on my account; for I had done some service to Eckershall. Leigh teases me to pass an evening at his lodgings with Eckershall. I put it off several times, but was forced at last to promise I would come to-night; and it never was in my head till I was locked up, and I have called and called, but my man is gone to bed; so I will write an excuse to-morrow. I detest that Tom Leigh, and am as formal to him as I can when I happen to meet him in the Park. The rogue frets me, if he knew it. He asked me, "Why I did not wait on the Bishop of Dromore?" I answered, "I had not the honour to be acquainted with him, and would not presume," &c. He takes me seriously, and says, "The Bishop is no proud man," &c. He tells me of a judge in Ireland, that has done ill things. I ask, "Why he is not out?" Says he, "I think the bishops, and you, and I, and the rest of the clergy, should meet and consult about it." I beg his pardon, and say, "I cannot be serviceable that way." He answers, "Yes, every body may help something."—Don't you see how curiously he contrives to vex me; for the dog knows, that with half a word I could do more than all of them together. But he only does it from the pride and envy of his own heart, and not out of a humorous design of teasing. He is one of those that would rather a service should not be done, than done by a private man, and of his own country. You take all this; don't you? Nite dee sollahs, I'll go seep a dozey.

24. I dined to-day with the Chancellor of the Exchequer,[1]

[1] Robert Benson.

in order to look over some of my papers; but nothing was done. I have been also mediating between the Hamilton family and Lord Abercorn, to have them compound with him; and I believe they will do it. Lord Selkirk, the late Duke's brother, is to be in town, in order to go to France, to make the demands; and the ministry are of opinion they will get some satisfaction, and they empowered me to advise the Hamilton side to agree with Abercorn, who asks a fourth part, and will go to France and spoil all if they won't yield it. Nite sollahs.

25. All melly Titmasses—melly Titmasses—I said it first —I wish it a souzand [times] zoth with halt[1] and soul. I carried Parnell to dine at Lord Bolingbroke's, and he behaved himself very well; and Lord Bolingbroke is mightily pleased with him. I was at St James's Chapel by eight this morning; and church and sacrament were done by ten. The Queen has the gout in her hand, and did not come to church to-day; and I staid so long in my chamber, that I missed going to court. Did I tell you, that the Queen designs to have a drawing-room and company every day? Nite dee logues.

26. I was to wish the Duke of Ormond a happy Christmas, and give half-a-crown to his porter. It will cost me a dozen half-crowns among such fellows. I dined with Lord-Treasurer, who chid me for being absent three days. Mighty kind, with a p—; less of civility, and more of his interest! We hear Macartney is gone over to Ireland. Was it not comical for a gentleman to be set upon by highwaymen, and to tell them he was Macartney? Upon which they brought him to a justice of peace, in hopes of the reward, and the rogues were sent to gaol. Was it not great presence of mind? But may be you heard of this already; for there was a Grub Street of it. Lord Bolingbroke told me I must walk away to-day when dinner was done, because Lord-Treasurer, and he, and another, were to enter upon business; but I said, it was as fit I should know their business as any body, for I was to justify [it].[2] So the rest went, and I staid, and it was so important, I was like to sleep over it. I left them at nine, and it is now twelve. Nite, MD.

[1] Heart.

[2] In the work he was writing on the "History of the Peace of Utrecht."

27. I dined to-day with General Hill, governor of Dunkirk. Lady Masham and Mrs Hill, his two sisters, were of the company, and there have I been sitting this evening till eleven, looking over others at play; for I have left off loving play myself; and I think Ppt is now a great gamester. I have a great cold on me, not quite at its height. I have them seldom, and therefore ought to be patient. I met Mr Addison and Pastoral Philips on the Mall to-day, and took a turn with them; but they both looked terrible dry and cold. A curse of party! And do you know I have taken more pains to recommend the Whig wits to the favour and mercy of the ministers than any other people. Steele I have kept in his place. Congreve I have got to be used kindly, and secured. Rowe I have recommended, and got a promise of a place. Philips I could certainly have provided for, if he had not run party mad, and made me withdraw my recommendation; and I set Addison so right at first, that he might have been employed, and have partly secured him the place he has; yet I am worse used by that faction than any man. Well, go to cards, sollah Ppt, and dress the wine and olange, sollah MD, and I'll go seep. 'Tis rate. Nite MD.

28. My cold is so bad, that I could not go to church to-day, nor to court; but I was engaged to Lord Orkney's with the Duke of Ormond, at dinner; and ventured, because I could cough and spit there as I pleased. The Duke and Lord Arran left us, and I have been sitting ever since with Lord and Lady Orkney till past eleven: and my cold is worse, and makes me giddy. I hope it is only my cold. O, says Ppt, every body is giddy with a cold; I hope it is no more; but I'll go to bed, for the fellow has bawled past twelve. Night, deals.

29. I got out early to-day, and escaped all my duns. I went to see Lord Bolingbroke about some business, and truly he was gone out too. I dined in the city upon the broiled leg of a goose and a bit of brawn, with my printer. Did I tell you that I forbear printing what I have in hand, till the court decides something about me? I will contract no more enemies, at least I will not embitter worse those I have already, till I have got under shelter; and the ministers know my resolution, so that you may be disappointed in seeing this thing as soon as you expected. I hear Lord-

Treasurer is out of order. My cold is very bad. Every [body] has one. Nite two dee logues.

30. I suppose this will be full by Saturday. Zen it sall go. Duke of Ormond, Lord Arran, and I, dined privately to day at an old servant's house of his. The council made us part at six. One Mrs Ramsay dined with us; an old lady of about fifty-five, that we are all very fond of. I called this evening at Lord-Treasurer's, and sat with him two hours. He has been cupped for a cold, and has been very ill. He cannot dine with Parnell and me at Lord Bolingbroke's to-morrow; but says he will see Parnell some other time. I hoise up Parnell partly to spite the envious Irish folks here, particularly Tom Leigh. I saw the Bishop of Clogher's family to-day; miss is mighty ill of a cold, coughs incessantly. Nite MD.

31. To-day Parnell and I dined with Lord Bolingbroke, to correct Parnell's poem. I made him show all the places he disliked; and when Parnell has corrected it fully he shall print it. I went this evening to sit with Lord-Treasurer. He is better, and will be out in a day or two. I sat with him while the young folks went to supper; and then went down, and there were the young folks merry together, having turned Lady Oxford up to my lord, and I staid with them till twelve. There was the young couple, Lord and Lady Caermarthen, and Lord and Lady Dupplin, and Lord Harley and I; and the old folks were together above. It looked like what I have formerly done so often; stealing together from the old folks, though indeed it was not from poor Lord-Treasurer, who is as young a fellow as any of us: but Lady Oxford is a silly mere old woman. My cold is still so bad that I have not the least smelling. I am just got home, and 'tis past twelve; and I'll go to bed, and settle my head, heavy as lead. Nite MD.

Jan. 1, 1712-13. A sousand melly new eals[1] to deelest richar MD. Pray God Almighty bless you, and send you ever happy! I forgot to tell you, that yesterday Lord Abercorn was here, teasing me about his French duchy, and suspecting my partiality to the Hamilton family in

[1] A thousand merry new years. The words are almost obliterated in the MS.

such a whimsical manner, that Dr Pratt, who was by, thought he was mad. He was no sooner gone, but Lord Orkney sent to know, whether he might come and sit with me half an hour upon some business. I returned answer that I would wait on him; which I did. We discoursed a while, and he left me with Lady Orkney; and in came the Earl of Selkirk, whom I had never seen before. He is another brother of Duke of Hamilton, and is going to France, by a power from his mother, the old Duchess, to negotiate their pretensions to the duchy of Chattelleraut.[1] He teased me for two hours in spite of my teeth, and held my hand when I offered to stir; would have had me engage the ministry to favour him against Lord Abercorn, and to convince them that Lord Abercorn had no pretensions; and desired I would also convince Lord Abercorn himself so; and concluded, he was sorry I was a greater friend to Abercorn than Hamilton. I had no patience, and used him with some plainness. Am not I purely handled between a couple of puppies? Ay, says Ppt, you must be meddling in other folks' affairs. I appeal to the Bishop of Clogher whether Abercorn did not complain, that I would not let him see me last year, and that he swore he would take no denial from my servant when he came again. The ministers gave me leave to tell the Hamilton family, it was their opinion, that they ought to agree with Abercorn. Lord Anglesey was then by, and told Abercorn; upon which he gravely tells me, I was commissioned by the ministers, and ought to perform my commission, &c.—But I'll have done with them. I have warned Lord-Treasurer, and Lord Bolingbroke, to beware of Selkirk's teasing, —'x on him! Yet Abercorn vexes me more. The whelp owes to me all the kind receptions he has had from the ministry. I dined to-day at Lord-Treasurer's with the young folks, and sat with Lord-Treasurer till nine, and then was forced to Lady Masham's, and sat there till twelve, talking of affairs, till I am out of humour, as every one must that knows them inwardly. A thousand things wrong, most of them easy to mend; yet our schemes availing at best but little, and sometimes nothing at all. One evil, which I twice patched up with the hazard of all the credit I had,

[1] See p. 357.

is now spread more than ever.[1] But burn politics, and send me from courts and ministers! Nite deelest richar MD.

2. I sauntered about this morning, and went with Dr Pratt to a picture auction, where I had like to be drawn in to buy a picture that I was fond of, but, it seems, was good for nothing. Pratt was there to buy some pictures for the Bishop of Clogher, who resolves to lay out ten pounds to furnish his house with curious pieces. We dined with the Bishop, I being by chance disengaged. And this evening I sate with the Bishop of Ossory,[2] who is laid up with the gout. The French ambassador, Duke d'Aumont, came to town to-night; and the rabble conducted him home with shouts. I cannot smell yet, though my cold begins to break. It continues cruel hard frosty weather. Go and be melly, *** sollahs.[3]

3. Lord Dupplin and I went with Lord and Lady Orkney this morning at ten to Wimbleton, six miles off, to see Lord and Lady Caermarthen. It is much the finest place about this town. Did oo never see it? I was once there before, about five years ago. You know Lady Caermarthen is Lord-Treasurer's daughter, married about three weeks ago.—I hope the young fellow will be a good husband. I must send this away now. I came back just by nightfall, cruel cold weather; I have no smell yet, but my cold something better. [Nite sollahs; I'll take my reeve.] I forgot how [MD's accounts are. Pray let me know always timely before MD wants;] and pray give the bill on t'other side to Mrs Brent as usual. I believe I have not paid her this great while. [Go, play cards. **** Rove Pdfr. Nite MD, FW, ME, Lele.][4]

The six odd shillings, tell Mrs Brent, are for her new year's gift.

I[5] am just now told that poor dear Lady Ashburnham, the Duke of Ormond's daughter, died yesterday at her country house. The poor creature was with child. She was my

[1] Doubtless the quarrelling between Oxford and Bolingbroke.
[2] Dr. John Harstonge.
[3] Partially obliterated after "be."
[4] What is here put in brackets has been scribbled over, but can just be read.
[5] On the third page of paper, usually left blank.

greatest favourite, and I am in excessive concern for her loss. I hardly knew a more valuable person on all accounts. You must have heard me talk of her. I am afraid to see the Duke and Duchess. She was naturally very healthy; I am afraid she has been thrown away for want of care. Pray condole with me. 'Tis extremely moving. Her lord's a puppy; and I shall never think it worth my while to be troubled with him, now he has lost all that was valuable in his possession; yet I think he used her pretty well. I hate life when I think it exposed to such accidents; and to see so many thousand wretches burdening the earth, while such as her die, makes me think God did never intend life for a blessing. Farewell.

LETTER LVIII.

To "Mrs Dingley," etc., as before.
Endorsed: "Feb. 4."

London, Jan. 4, 1712-13.

I ended my last with the melancholy news of poor Lady Ashburnham's death. The Bishop of Clogher and Dr Pratt made me dine with them to-day at Lord Mountjoy's, pursuant to an engagement, which I had forgot. Lady Mountjoy told me that Macartney was got safe out of our clutches, for she had spoke with one who had a letter from him from Holland. Others say the same thing. 'Tis hard such a dog should escape.—As I left Lord Mountjoy's I saw the Duke d'Aumont, the French ambassador, going from Lord Bolingbroke's, where he dined, to have a private audience of the Queen. I followed, and went up to court, where there was a great crowd. I was talking with the Duke of Argyle by the fireside in the bedchamber, when the ambassador came out from the Queen. Argyle presented me to him, and Lord Bolingbroke, and we talked together a while. He is a fine gentleman, something like the Duke of Ormond, and just such an expensive man. After church to-day, I showed the Bishop of Clogher, at court, who was who. Nite my two deel logues, and ****.[1]

[1] The whole sentence is scribbled over. Forster reads the last word as "lastalls," which would mean, rascals.

5. Our frost is broke, but it is bloody cold. Lord-Treasurer is recovered, and went out this evening to the Queen. I dined with Lady Oxford, and then sate with Lord-Treasurer while he went out. He gave me a letter from an unknown hand, relating to Dr Brown, Bishop of Cork, recommending him to a better bishopric, as a person who opposed Lord Wharton, and was made a bishop on that account, celebrating him for a great politician, &c.: in short, all directly contrary to his character, which I made bold to explain. What dogs there are in the world! I was to see the poor Duke and Duchess of Ormond this morning. The Duke was in his public room, with Mr. Southwell and two more gentlemen. When Southwell and I were alone with him, he talked something of Lord Ashburnham, that he was afraid the Whigs would get him again. He bore up as well as he could, but something falling accidentally in discourse, the tears were just falling out of his eyes, and I looked off to give him an opportunity (which he took) of wiping them with his handkerchief. I never saw any thing so moving, nor such a mixture of greatness of mind, and tenderness, and discretion. Nite MD.

6. Lord Bolingbroke and Parnell and I, dined, by invitation, with my friend Dartineuf, whom you have heard me talk of. Lord Bolingbroke likes Parnell mightily; and it is pleasant to see, that one, who hardly passed for anything in Ireland, makes his way here with a little friendly forwarding. It is scurvy rainy weather, and I have hardly been abroad to-day, nor know any thing that passes.—Lord-Treasurer is quite recovered, and I hope will be carefull to keep himself well. The Duchess of Marlborough is leaving England, to go to her Duke, and makes presents of rings to several friends, they say worth two hundred pounds a piece. I am sure she ought to give me one, though the Duke pretended to think me his greatest enemy, and got people to tell me so, and very mildly to let me know how gladly he would have me softened toward him. I bid a lady of his acquaintance and mine let him know, that I had hindered many a bitter thing against him; not for his own sake, but because I thought it looked base; and I desired every thing should be left him, except power. Nite MD.

7. I dined with Lord and Lady Masham to-day, and this

evening played at ombre with Mrs Vanhomrigh, merely for amusement. The ministers have got my papers, and will neither read them nor give them to me; and I can hardly do any thing. Very warm slabby weather, but I made a shift to get a walk; yet I lost half of it, by shaking off Lord Rochester,[1] who is a good, civil, simple man. The Bishop of Ossory will not be Bishop of Hereford, to the great grief of himself and his wife. And what is MD doing now, I wonder? Playing at cards[2] with the Dean and Mrs Walls? I think it is not certain yet that Macartney is escaped. I am plagued with bad authors, verse and prose, who send me their books and poems, the vilest trash I ever saw; but I have given their names to my man, never to let them see me. I have got weak ink, and it is very white; and I don't see that it turns black at all.[3] I'll go to steep; 'tis past twelve.—Nite, MD.

8. Oo must understand that I am in my geers, and have got a chocolate-pot, a present from Mrs Ashe of Clogher, and some chocolate from my brother Ormond, and I treat folks sometimes. I dined with Lord-Treasurer at five o'clock to-day, and was by while he and Lord Bolingbroke were at business; for it is fit I should know all that passes now, because, &c. The Duke of Ormond employed me to speak to Lord-Treasurer to-day about an affair, and I did so; and the Duke had spoke himself two hours before, which vexed me, and I will chide the Duke about it. I'll tell you a good thing; there is not one of the ministry but what will employ me as gravely to speak for them to Lord-Treasurer, as if I were their brother or his; and I do it as gravely: though I know they do it only because them will not make themselves uneasy, or had rather I should be denied than they. I believe our peace will not be finished these two months; for I think we must have a return from Spain by a messenger, who will not go till Sunday next. Lord-Treasurer has in-

[1] Henry Hyde, son of Laurence, Earl of Rochester. He became Earl of Clarendon in 1723.

[2] A good deal of this has been partly obliterated, but can be read.

[3] The transcriber knows this to his cost. Swift writes from seventy to seventy-five lines on a foolscap page, and gets twenty-eight words on an average into each line. This would be difficult to read even with good ink; and Swift's ink at this period was wretched.

vited me to dine with him again to-morrow. Your commissioner, Keatly,[1] is to be there. Nite deelest MD.

9. Dr. Pratt drank chocolate with me this morning, and then we walked. I was yesterday with him to see Lady Betty Butler, grieving for her sister Ashburnham. The jade was in bed in form, and she did so cant, she made me sick. I meet Tom Leigh every day in the Park, to preserve his health. He is as ruddy as a rose, and tells me his Bishop of Dromore[2] recovers very much. That Bishop has been very near dying. This day's Examiner talks of the play of What is it like? and you will think it to be mine, and be bit; for I have no hand in these papers at all. I dined with Lord-Treasurer, and shall again to-morrow, which is his day when all the ministers dine with him. He calls it whipping-day. It is always on Saturday, and we do indeed usually rally him about his faults on that day. I was of the original club, when only poor Lord Rivers, Lord-Keeper, and Lord Bolingbroke came; but now Ormond, Anglesey, Lord-Steward, Dartmouth, and other rabble intrude, and I scold at it; but now they pretend as good a title as I; and, indeed, many Saturdays I am not there. The company being too many, I don't love it. Nite MD.

10. At seven this evening, as we sat after dinner at Lord-Treasurer's, a servant said Lord Peterborow was at the door. Lord-Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke went out to meet him, and brought him in. He was just returned from abroad, where he has been above a year. Soon as he saw me, he left the Duke of Ormond and other lords, and ran and kissed me before he spoke to them; but chid me terribly for not writing to him, which I never did this last time he was abroad, not knowing where he was; and he changed places so often, it was impossible a letter should overtake him. He left England with a bruise, by his coach overturning that made him spit blood, and was so ill, we expected every post to hear of his death; but he outrode it or outdrank it, or something, and is come home lustier than ever. He is at least sixty, and has more spirits than any young fellow I know in England. He has got the old Ox-

[1] Thomas Keightley, one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal.
[2] Dr. Tobias Pullen.

ford regiment of horse, and I believe will have a garter. I love the hang-dog dearly. Nite dee MD.

11. The court was crammed to-day, to say [see] the French ambassador; but he did not come. Did I never tell you, that I go to court on Sundays as to a coffee-house, to see acquaintance, whom I should otherwise not see twice a-year? The Provost[1] and I dined with Ned Southwell, by appointment, in order to settle your kingdom, if my scheme can be followed; but I doubt our ministry will be too tedious. You must certainly have a new Parliament; but they would have that a secret yet. Our Parliament here will be prorogued for three weeks. Those puppies the Dutch will not yet come in, though they pretend to submit to the Queen in every thing; but they would fain try first how our session begins, in hopes to embroil us in the House of Lords: and if my advice had been taken, the session should have begun, and we would have trusted the Parliament to approve the steps already made toward the peace, and had an address perhaps from them to conclude without the Dutch, if they would not agree.—Others are of my mind, but it is not reckoned so safe, it seems; yet I doubt whether the peace will be ready so soon as three weeks, but that is a secret. Nite MD.

12. Pratt and I walked into the city to one Bateman's, a famous bookseller, for old books. There I laid out four pounds like a fool, and we dined at a hedge ale-house, for two shillings and twopence, like emperors. Let me see, I bought Plutarch, two volumes, for thirty shillings, &c. [Well, I'll tell you no] more; [oo don't understand Greek.][2] We have no news, and I have nothing more to say to-day, and I can't finish my work. These ministers will not find time to do what I would have them. So nite, own deer dallars.

13. I was to have dined to-day with Lord-Keeper, but would not, because that brute Sir John Walter[3] was to be one of the company. You may remember he railed at me last summer was twelvemonth at Windsor, and has never

[1] Dr. Pratt.

[2] The words in brackets have been scribbled over in the MS. In this part of the Journal, it may be added, nearly all the words of farewell are regularly obliterated.

[3] See p. 255 above, where he is called Walters.

begged my pardon, though he promised to do it; and Lord Mansel, who was one of the company, would certainly have set us together by the ears, out of pure roguish mischief. So I dined with Lord-Treasurer, where there was none but Lord Bolingbroke. I stayed till eight, and then went to Lady Orkney's, who has been sick, and sat with her till twelve, from whence you may consider it is late, sollahs. The Parliament was prorogued to-day, as I told you, for three weeks. Our weather is very bad, and slobbery, and I shall spoil my new hat, (I have bought a new hat,) or empty my pockets. Does Hawkshaw pay the interest he owes? Lord Abercorn plagues me to death. I have now not above six people to provide for, and about as many to do good offices to; and thrice as many that I will do nothing for; nor can I if I would. Nite deer MD.

14. To-day I took the circle of morning visits. I went to the Duchess of Ormond, and there was she, and Lady Betty, and Lord Ashburnham together: this was the first time the mother and daughter saw each other since Lady Ashburnham's death, They were both in tears, and I chid them for being together, and made Lady Betty go to her own chamber; then sat a while with the Duchess, and went after Lady Betty, and all was well. There is something of farce in all these mournings, let them be ever so serious. People will pretend to grieve more than they really do, and that takes off from their true grief. I then went to the Duchess of Hamilton, who never grieved, but raged, and stormed, and railed. She is pretty quiet now, but has a diabolical temper. Lord-Keeper and his son, and their two ladies, and I, dined to-day with Mr Cæsar, Treasurer of the Navy, at his house in the city, where he keeps his office. We happened to talk of Brutus, and I said something in his praise, when it struck me immediately that I had made a blunder in doing so; and, therefore, I recollected myself, and said, Mr Cæsar, I beg your pardon. So we laughed, &c. Nite, my own deelest richar logues, MD.

15. I forgot to tell you, that last night I had a present sent me (I found it, when I came home, in my chamber) of the finest wild-fowl I ever saw, with the vilest letter, and from the vilest poet in the world, who sent it me as a bribe to get him an employment. I knew not where the scoundrel

lived, so I could not send them back; and, therefore, I gave them away as freely as I got them, and have ordered my man never to let up the poet when he comes. The rogue should have kept the wings at least for his muse. One of his fowls was a large capon pheasant, as fat as a pullet. I ate share of it to-day with a friend. We have now a drawing-room every Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at one o'clock. The Queen does not come out; but all her ministers, foreigners, and persons of quality, are at it. I was there to-day; and as Lord-Treasurer came towards me, I avoided him, and he hunted me thrice about the room. I affect never to take notice of him at church or court. He knows it, for I have told him so; and to-night, at Lord Masham's, he gave an account of it to the company; but my reasons are, that people seeing me speak to him causes a great deal of teasing. I tell you what comes into my head, that I never knew whether MD were Whigs or Tories, and I value our conversation the more that it never turned on that subject. I have a [fancy that Ppt] is a Tory, and a violent one. I don't know why; but methinks she looks like one, and DD a sort of a Trimmer. Am I right? I gave the Examiner a hint about this prorogation, and to praise the Queen for her tenderness to the Dutch in giving them still more time to submit. It fitted the occasions at present. Nite MD.

16. I was busy to-day at the Secretary's office, and staid till past three. The Duke of Ormond and I were to dine at Lord Orkney's. The Duke was at the committee, so I thought all was safe. When I went there, they had almost dined; for the Duke had sent to excuse himself, which I never knew. I came home at seven, and began a little whim, which just came into my head; and will make a threepenny pamphlet. It shall be finished and out in a week; and if it succeeds, you shall know what it is; otherwise, not. I cannot send this to-morrow, and will put it off till next Saturday, because I have much business. So my journals shall be short, and Ppt must have patience. So nite, dee sollahs.

17. This rogue Parnell has not yet corrected his poem, and I would fain have it out. I dined to-day with Lord-Treasurer, and his Saturday company, nine of us in all.

They went away at seven, and Lord-Treasurer and I sat talking an hour after. After dinner he was talking to the lords about the speech the Queen must make when the Parliament meets. He asked me how I would make it? I was going to be serious, because it was seriously put; but I turned it to a jest. And because they had been speaking of the Duchess of Marlborough going to Flanders after the Duke, I said, the speech should begin thus:—My Lords and Gentlemen, In order to my own quiet, and that of my subjects, I have thought fit to send the Duchess of Marlborough abroad after the Duke. This took well, and turned off the discourse. I must tell you, I do not at all like the present situation of affairs, and remember I tell you so. Things must be on another foot, or we are all undone. I hate this driving always to an inch. Nite MD.

18. We had a mighty full court to-day. Dilly was with me at the French church, and edified mightily. Duke of Ormond and I dined at Lord Orkney's; but I left them at seven, and came home to my whim. I have made a great progress. My large Treatise[1] stands stock still. Some think it too dangerous to publish, and would have me print only what relates to the peace. I cannot tell what I shall do. The Bishop of Dromore is dying.—They thought yesterday he could not live two hours: yet he is still alive, but is utterly past all hopes. Go to cards, sollahs, and nite MD.

19. I was this morning to see the Duke and Duchess of Ormond. The Duke d'Aumont came in while I was with the Duke of Ormond, and we complimented each other like dragons. A poor fellow called at the door where I lodge, with a parcel of oranges for a present for me. I bid my man learn what his name was, and whence it came. He sent word his name was Bun, and that I knew him very well. I bid my man tell him I was busy, and he could not speak to me; and not to let him leave his oranges. I know no more of it, but I am sure I never heard the name, and I shall take no such presents from strangers. Perhaps he might be only some beggar, who wanted a little money. Perhaps it might be something worse. Let them keep their poison for their rats. I don't love it. That blot[2] is a blunder. Nite dee MD.

[1] Probably "The History of the Peace of Utrecht."
[2] A line carefully erased.

20. A committee of our Society dined to-day with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Our Society does not meet now as usual, for which I am blamed: but till Lord-Treasurer will agree to give us money and employments to bestow, I am averse to it; and he gives us nothing but promises. Bishop of Dromore is still alive, and that is all. We expect every day he will die, and then Tom Leigh must go back, which is one good thing to the town. I believe Pratt will drive at one of these bishoprics. Our English bishopric[1] is not yet disposed of. I believe the peace will not be ready by the session. Nite MD.

21. I was to-day with my printer, to give him a little pamphlet I have written, but not politics. It will be out by Monday. If it succeeds, I will tell you of it; otherwise, not. We had a prodigious thaw to-day, as bad as rain; yet I walked like a good boy all the way. The Bishop of Dromore still draws breath, but cannot live two days longer. My large book lies flat. Some people think a great part of it ought not to be now printed. I believe I told you so before. This letter shall not go till Saturday, which makes up the three weeks exactly; and I allow MD six weeks, which are now almost out; so oo must know I expect a rettle vely soon, and that MD is vely werr;[2] and so nite, dee MD.

22. This is one of our court days, and I was there. I told you there is a drawing-room, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday. The Hamiltons and Abercorns have done teasing me. The latter, I hear, is actually going to France. Lord-Treasurer quarrelled with me at court, for being four days without dining with him; so I dined there to-day, and he has at last fallen in with my project (as he calls it) of coining halfpence and farthings, with devices, like medals, in honour of the Queen, every year changing the device. I wish it may be done. Nite MD.

23. Duke of Ormond and I appointed to dine with Ned Southwell to-day, to talk of settling your affairs of Parliament in Ireland, but there was a mixture of company, and the Duke of Ormond was in haste, and nothing was done. If your Parliament meets this summer, it must be a new one; but I find some are of opinion there should be none at all

[1] Hereford [2] Very well.

these two years. I will trouble myself no more about it. My design was to serve the Duke of Ormond. Dr Pratt and I sat this evening with the Bishop of Clogher, and played at ombre for threepences. That I suppose is but low with you. I found, at coming home, a letter from MD, N. 37. I shall not answer it zis bout, but will the next. I am sory for poo Ppt. Pray walk hen [when] oo can. I have got a terrible new cold before my old one was quite gone, and don't know how. *****[1] I shall have DD's money soon from the Exchequer. The Bishop of Dromore is dead now at last. Nite MD.

24. I was at court to-day, and it was comical to see Lord Abercorn bowing to me, but not speaking, and Lord Selkirk the same. I dined with Lord-Treasurer and his Saturday club, and sat with him two hours after the rest were gone, and spoke freer to him of affairs than I am afraid others do, who might do more good. All his friends repine, and shrug their shoulders; but will not deal with him so freely as they ought. It is an odd business; the Parliament just going to sit, and no employments given. They say they will give them in a few days. There is a new bishop made of Hereford;[2] so Ossory is disappointed. I hinted so to his friends two months ago, to make him leave off deluding himself, and being indiscreet, as he was. I have just time to send this, without giving to the bellman. Nite deelest richar MD. *** dee MD MD MD FW FW FW ME ME ME Lele Lele Lele.

My second cold is better now. Lele lele lele lele.

LETTER LIX.

To "M^rs^ Dingley," etc., as before.
Endorsed: "Febr 26."

London, Jan. 25, 1712-1713.

We had such a terrible storm to-day, that, going to Lord Bolingbroke's, I saw a hundred tiles fallen down; and one swinger fell about forty yards before me, that would have

[1] Forster professes to read "Pay can oo walk oftener—oftener still?" But this is the work of pure fancy.

[2] Dr. Bisse, translated from St. David's.

killed a horse: so, after church and court, I walked through the Park, and took a chair to Lord-Treasurer's. Next door to his house, a tin chimney-top had fallen down, with a hundred bricks. It is grown calm this evening. I wonder had you such a wind to-day? I hate it as much as any hog does. Lord-Treasurer has engaged me to dine again with him to-morrow. He has those tricks sometimes of inviting me from day to day, which I am forced to break through. My little pamphlet[1] is out: 'tis not politics. If it takes, I say again you shall hear of it. Nite dee logues.

26. This morning I felt a little touch of giddiness, which has disordered and weakened me with its ugly remains all this day. Pity Pdfr. After dinner at Lord-Treasurer's, the French ambassador, Duke d'Aumont, sent Lord-Treasurer word, that his house was burnt down to the ground. It took fire in the upper rooms, while he was at dinner with Monteleon, the Spanish ambassador, and other persons; and soon after Lord Bolingbroke came to us with the same story. We are full of speculations upon it, but I believe it was the carelessness of his French rascally servants. 'Tis odd that this very day Lord Somers, Wharton, Sunderland, Halifax, and the whole club of Whig lords, dined at Pontack's in the city, as I received private notice. They have some damned design. I tell you another odd thing; I was observing it to Lord-Treasurer, that he was stabbed on the day King William died; and the day I saved his life, by opening the band-box, was King William's birthday. My friend Mr Lewis[2] has had a lie spread on him by the mistake of a man, who went to another of his name, to give him thanks for passing his privy seal to come from France. That other Lewis spread about, that the man brought him thanks from Lord Perth and Lord Melfort, (two lords with the Pretender,) for his great services, &c. The lords will examine that t'other Lewis to-morrow in council; and I believe you will hear of it in the prints, for I will make Abel Roper give a relation of it. Pray tell me if it be necessary to write a little plainer; for I looked

[1] "Mr. Collins's Discourse of Freethinking; put into plain English by way of Abstract, for the use of the Poor." See p. 416 above.

[2] He was now Secretary to the Lord-Treasurer.

over a bit of my last letter, and could hardly read it. I'll mend my hand, if oo please: but you are more used to it *nor* I, as Mr Raymond says. Nite MD.

27. I dined to-day with Lord-Treasurer: this makes four days together; and he has invited me again to-morrow, but I absolutely refused him. I was this evening at a christening with him of Lord Dupplin's daughter. He went away at ten; but they kept me and some others till past twelve; so you may be sure 'tis late, as they say. We have now stronger suspicions that the Duke d'Aumont's house was set on fire by malice. I was to-day to see Lord-Keeper, who has quite lost his voice with a cold. There Dr Ratcliffe told me, that it was the ambassador's confectioner set the house on fire by boiling sugar, and going down and letting it boil over. Yet others still think differently; so I know not what to judge. Nite my own deelest MD, rove Pdfr.

28. I was to-day at court, where the Spanish ambassador talked to me as if he did not suspect any design in burning d'Aumont's house: but Abbé Gautier, secretary for France here, said quite otherwise; and that d'Aumont had a letter the very same day, to let him know his house should be burnt, and they tell several other circumstances too tedious to write. One is, that a fellow mending the tiles just when the fire broke out, saw a pot with wildfire in the room. I dined with Lord Orkney. Neither Lord Abercorn nor Selkirk will now speak with me. I have disobliged both sides. Nite dear MD.

29. Our Society met to-day, fourteen of us, and at a tavern. We now resolve to meet but once a fortnight, and have a committee every other week of six or seven, to consult about doing some good. I proposed another message to Lord-Treasurer by three principal members, to give a hundred guineas to a certain person, and they are to urge it as well as they can. We also raised sixty guineas upon our own society; but I made them do it by sessors,[1] and I was one of them, and we fitted our tax to the several estates. The Duke of Ormond pays ten guineas, and I the third part of a guinea; at that rate, they may tax as often as they please. Well, but I must answer oor rettle, ung oomens: not yet; it is rate now, and I can't tind it. Nite deelest MD.

[1] Assessors.

30. I have drank Spa waters this two or three days; but they do not pass, and make me very giddy. I a'n't well; faith, I'll take them no more. I sauntered after church with the Provost to-day, to see a library to be sold, and dined at five with Lord Orkney. We still think there was malice in burning d'Aumont's house. I hear little Harrison is come over; it was he I sent to Utrecht. He is now Queen's secretary to the embassy, and has brought with him the Barrier Treaty, as it is now corrected by us, and yielded to by the Dutch, which was the greatest difficulty to retard the peace. I hope he will bring over the peace a month hence, for we will send him back as soon as possible. I long to see the little brat, my own creature. His pay is in all a thousand pounds a-year, and they have never paid him a groat, though I have teased their hearts out. He must be three or four hundred pounds in debt at least, the brat! Let me go to bed, sollahs.—Nite dee richar MD.

31. Harrison was with me this morning; we talked three hours, and then I carried him to court. When we went down to the door of my lodging, I found a coach waited for him. I chid him for it; but he whispered me it was impossible to do otherwise; and in the coach he told me he had not one farthing in his pocket to pay it; and therefore took the coach for the whole day, and intended to borrow money somewhere or other. So there was the Queen's minister intrusted in affairs of the greatest importance, without a shilling in his pocket to pay a coach! I paid him while he was with me seven guineas, in part of a dozen of shirts he bought me in Holland. I presented him to the Duke of Ormond, and several lords at court; and I contrived it so, that Lord-Treasurer came to me, and asked (I had Parnell by me) whether that was Dr Parnell, and came up and spoke to him with great kindness, and invited him to his house. I value myself upon making the ministry desire to be acquainted with Parnell, and not Parnell with the ministry. His poem is almost fully corrected, and shall soon be out. Here's enough for to-day: only to tell you, that I was in the city with my printer to alter an Examiner about my friend Lewis's story, which will be told with remarks. Nite MD.

Sunday, February 1. I could do nothing till to-day about the Examiner, but the printer came this morning, and I

dictated to him what was fit to be said, and then Mr Lewis came, and corrected it as he would have it; so I was neither at church nor court. The Duke of Ormond and I dined at Lord Orkney's. I left them at seven, and sat with Sir Andrew Fountaine, who has a very bad sore leg, for which he designs to go to France. Pox. Here is a week gone, and one side of this letter not finished. O, but I will write now but once in three weeks.—Iss, fais, this shall go sooner. The Parliament is to sit on the third, but will adjourn for three or four days; for the Queen is laid up with the gout, and both Speakers out of order, though one of them, the Lord-Keeper, is almost well. I spoke to the Duke of Ormond a good deal about Ireland. We do not altogether agree, nor am I judge enough of Irish affairs; but I will speak to Lord-Treasurer to-morrow, that we three may settle them some way or other. Nite sollahs both, rove Pdfr.

2. I had a letter some days ago from Moll Gery;[1] her name is now Wigmore, and her husband has turned parson. She desires nothing, but that I would get Lord-Keeper to give him a living; but I will send her no answer, though she desires it much. She still makes mantuas at Farnham. It rained all this day, and Dilly came to me, and was coaching it into the city; so I went with him for a shaking, because it would not cost me a farthing. There I met my friend Stratford,[2] the merchant, who is going abroad to gather up his debts, and be clear in the world. He begged that I would dine with some merchant friends of ours there, because it was the last time I should see him: so I did, and thought to have seen Lord-Treasurer in the evening, but he happened to go out at five; so I visited some friends, and came home. And now I have the greatest part of your letter to answer; and yet I will not do it to-night, say what oo please. The Parliament meets to-morrow, but will be prorogued for a fortnight; which disappointment will, I believe, vex abundance of them, though they are not Whigs; for they are forced to be in town at expence for nothing: but we want an answer from Spain, before we are sure of every thing being right for the peace; and God knows whether we can have that answer this month. It is a most ticklish juncture

[1] See p. 403, *note*. [2] See p. 9.

of affairs; we are always driving to an inch: I am weary of it. Nite MD.

3. The Parliament met, and was prorogued, as I said, and I found some cloudy faces, and heard some grumbling. We have got over all our difficulties with France, I think. They have now settled all the articles of commerce between us and them, wherein they were very much disposed to play the rogue if we had not held them to; and this business we wait from Spain is to prevent some other rogueries of the French, who are finding an evasion to trade to the Spanish West Indies: but I hope we shall prevent it. I dined with Lord-Treasurer, and he was in good humour enough. I gave him that part of my book in manuscript to read where his character was, and drawn pretty freely. He was reading and correcting it with his pencil, when the Bishop of St David's [1] (now removing to Hereford) came in an interrupted us. I left him at eight, and sat till twelve with the Provost and Bishop of Clogher at the Provost's. Nite MD.

4. I was to-day at court, but kept out of Lord-Treasurer's way, because I was engaged to the Duke of Ormond, where I dined, and, I think, eat and drank too much. I sat this evening with Lady Masham, and then with Lord Masham and Lord-Treasurer at Lord Masham's. It was last year, you may remember, my constant evening place. I saw Lady Jersey with Lady Masham, who has been laying out for my acquaintance, and has forced a promise for me to drink chocolate with her in a day or two, which I know not whether I shall perform, (I have just mended my pen, you see,) for I do not much like her character; but she is very malicious, and therefore I think I must keep fair with her. I cannot send this letter till Saturday next, I find; so I will answer oors now. I see no different days of the month; yet it is dated January 3. So it was long a coming. I did not write to Dr Coghill that I would have nothing in Ireland; but that I was soliciting nothing any where, and that is true. I have named Dr Sterne [2] to Lord-Treasurer, Lord Bolingbroke, and the Duke of Ormond, for a bishopric, and I did

[1] Dr. Bisse.
[2] Dean of St. Patrick's.

it heartily. I know not what will come of it; but I tell you as a great secret, that I have made the Duke of Ormond promise me to recommend nobody till he tells me, and this for some reasons too long to mention. My head is still in no good order. I am heartily sorry for poo Ppt, I'm sure. Her head is good for ****. I'll answer more to-mollow. Nite, dearest MD. Nite two dee Sollahs. Nite MD.[1]

5. [6.] I must go on with oo letter. I dined to-day with Sir Andrew Fountaine and the Provost, and I played at ombre with him all the afternoon. I won, yet Sir Andrew is an admirable player. Lord Pembroke came in, and I gave him three or four scurvy Dilly puns, that begin with an *if*. Well, but oor letter, well, ret me see.—No; I believe I shall write no more this good while, nor publish what I have done. ****[2] I did not suspect oo would tell Filby.[3] Oo are so ****.[4] Turns and visitations—what are these? I'll preach and visit as much for Mr. Walls. Pray God mend people's health; mine is but very indifferent. I have left off Spa water; it makes my leg swell. Nite deelest MD.

6. [7.] This is the Queen's birth-day, and I never saw it celebrated with so much luxury and fine clothes. I went to court to see them, and I dined with Lord-Keeper, where the ladies were fine to admiration. I passed the evening at Mrs Vanhomrigh's, and came home pretty early, to answer oo rettle again. Pray God keep the Queen. She was very ill about ten days ago, and had the gout in her stomach. When I came from Lord-Keeper's, I called at Lord-Treasurer's, because I heard he was very fine, and that was a new thing; and it was true, for his coat and waistcoat were embroidered. I have seen the Provost often since, and never spoke to him to speak to the Temples about Daniel Carr, nor will; I don't care to do it. I have writ lately to Parvisol. Oo did well to let him make up his accounts. All things grow dear in Ireland, but corn to the parsons; for my livings are fallen much this year by Parvisol's account. Nite dee logues, MD.

[1] Much of this has been scribbled over, and is hardly readable.

[2] Forster reads with some probability, "Nauty Ppt oo are very tempegant."

[3] Stella's brother-in-law. See p. 396.

[4] Forster professes to read, "Oo are so 'recise; not to oor health."

7. [8.] I was at court to-day, but saw no birth-day clothes; the great folks never wear them above once or twice. I dined with Lord Orkney, and sat the evening with Sir Andrew Fountaine, whose leg is in a very dubious condition. Pray let me know when DD's money is near due: always let me know it beforehand. This, I believe, will hardly go till Saturday; for I tell you what, being not very well, I dare not study much: so I let company come in a morning, and the afternoon pass in dining and sitting somewhere. Lord-Treasurer is angry, if I don't dine with him every second day, and I cannot part with him till late: he kept me last night till near twelve. Our weather is constant rain above these two months, which hinders walking, so that our spring is not like yours. I have not seen Fanny Manley yet; I cannot find time. I am in rebellion with all my acquaintance, but I will mend with my health and the weather. Clogher make a figure! Clogher make a ———. Colds! why we have been all dying with colds; but now they are a little over, and my second is almost off. I can do nothing for Swanton indeed. It is a thing impossible, and wholly out of my way. If he buys, he must buy. So now I have answered oo rettle; and there's an end of that now; and I'll say no more, but bid oo nite, oo dee logues, MD.

8. [9.] It was terrible rainy to-day from morning till night. I intended to have dined with Lord-Treasurer, but went to see Sir Andrew Fountaine, and he kept me to dinner, which saved coach-hire; and I staid with him all the afternoon, and lost thirteen shillings and sixpence at ombre. There was management! and Lord-Treasurer will chide; but I'll dine with him to-morrow. The Bishop of Clogher's daughter has been ill some days, and it proves the small-pox. She is very full; but it comes out well, and they apprehend no danger. Lady Orkney has given me her picture; a very fine original of Sir Godfrey Kneller's; it is now a mending. He has favoured her squint admirably; and you know I love a cast in the eye. I was to see Lady Worsley to-day, who is just come to town; she is full of rheumatic pains. All my acquaintance grow old and sickly. She lodges in the very house in King Street, between St James's Street and St James's Square, where DD's brother bought the sweet-

bread, when I lodged there, and MD came to see me. Short ****.[1] Nite MD.

9. [10.] I thought to have dined with Lord-Treasurer to-day, but he dined abroad at Tom Harley's; so I dined at Lord Masham's, and was winning all I had lost playing with Lady Masham at crown piquet, when we went to pools, and I lost it again. Lord-Treasurer came in to us, and chid me for not following him to Tom Harley's. Miss Ashe is still the same, and they think her not in danger; my man calls there daily after I am gone out, and tells me at night. I was this morning to see Lady Jersey, and we have made twenty parties about dining together, and I shall hardly keep one of them. She is reduced after all her greatness to seven servants, and a small house, and no coach. I like her tolerably as yet. Nite MD.

10. [11.] I made visits this morning to the Duke and Duchess of Ormond, and Lady Betty, and the Duchess of Hamilton. (When I was writing this near twelve o'clock, the Duchess of Hamilton sent to have me dine with her to-morrow. I am forced to give my answer through the door, for my man has got the key, and is gone to-bed; but I cannot obey her, for our Society meets to-morrow.) I stole away from Lord-Treasurer by eight, and intended to have passed the evening with Sir Thomas Clarges and his lady; but met them in another place, and have there sate till now. My head has not been ill to-day. I was at court, and made Lord Mansel walk with me in the Park before we went to dinner.—Yesterday and to day have been fair, but yet it rained all last night. I saw Sterne[2] staring at court to-day. He has been often to see me, he says: but my man has not yet let him up. He is in deep mourning; I hope it is not for his wife. I did not ask him. Nite MD.

12. I have reckoned days wrong all this while; for this is the twelfth. I do not know when I lost it. I dined to-day with our Society, the greatest dinner I have ever seen. It was at Jack Hill's, the governor of Dunkirk. I gave an account of sixty guineas I had collected, and am to give them away to two authors to-morrow; and Lord-Treasurer

[1] The word is obliterated, but Forster, ever eager for romance, reads "sighs."

[2] Enoch Sterne.

has promised us a hundred pounds to reward some others. I found a letter on my table last night, to tell me, that poor little Harrison, the Queen's secretary, that came lately from Utrecht with the Barrier Treaty, was ill, and desired to see me at night; but it was late, and I could not go till to-day. I have often mentioned him in my letters, you may remember.**** I went in the morning, and found him mighty ill, and got thirty guineas for him from Lord Bolingbroke, and an order for a hundred pounds from the Treasury to be paid him to-morrow; and I have got him removed to Knightsbridge for air. He has a fever and inflammation on his lungs; but I hope will do well. Nite MD.

13. I was to see a poor poet, one Mr Diaper, in a nasty garret, very sick. I gave him twenty guineas from Lord Bolingbroke, and disposed the other sixty to two other authors, and desired a friend to receive the hundred pounds for poor Harrison, and will carry it to him to-morrow morning. I sent to see how he did, and he is extremely ill; and I very much afflicted for him, for he is my own creature, and in a very honourable post, and very worthy of it. I dined in the city. I am much concerned for this poor lad. His mother and sister attend him, and he wants nothing. Nite dee MD.

14. I took Parnell this morning, and we walked to see poor Harrison. I had the hundred pounds in my pocket. I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door; my mind misgave me. I knocked, and his man in tears told me his master was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to me! I went to his mother, and have been ordering things for his funeral with as little cost as possible, to-morrow at ten at night. Lord-Treasurer was much concerned when I told him. I could not dine with Lord-Treasurer, nor any where else; but got a bit of meat toward evening. No loss ever grieved me so much: poor creature! Pray God Almighty bless poor MD. Adieu.

I send this away to-night, and am sorry it must go while I am in so much grief.

LETTER LX.

Addressed to "Mrs Dingley," etc., as before.
Endorsed: "Mar. 7."

London, Feb. 15 [1712-13].

I dined to-day with Mr Rowe[1] and a projector, who has been teasing me with twenty schemes to get grants; and I don't like one of them; and, besides, I was out of humour for the loss of poor Harrison. At ten this night I was at his funeral, which I ordered to be as private as possible. We had but one coach with four of us; and when it was carrying us home after the funeral, the braces broke; and we were forced to sit in it, and have it held up, till my man went for chairs, at eleven at night in terrible rain. I am come home very melancholy, and will go to bed. Nite ********** MD.

16. I dined to-day with Lord Dupplin and some company to divert me; but left them early, and have been reading a foolish book for amusement. I shall never have courage again to care for making any body's fortune. The Parliament meets to-morrow, and will be prorogued another fortnight, at which several of both parties were angry; but it cannot be helped, though every thing about the peace is past all danger. I never saw such a continuance of rainy weather. We have not had two fair days together these ten weeks. I have not dined with Lord-Treasurerer these four days, nor can I till Saturday; for I have several engagements till then, and he will chide me to some purpose. I am perplexed with this hundred pounds of poor Harrison's, what to do with it. I cannot pay his relations till they administer, for he is much in debt; but I will have the staff in my own hands, and venture nothing. Nite ********.

17. Lady Jersey and I dined by appointment to-day with Lord Bolingbroke. He is sending his brother to succeed Mr Harrison. It is the prettiest post in Europe for a young gentleman. I lost my money at ombre sadly; I make a thousand blunders. I play putt [but] threepenny ombre;

[1] Nicholas Rowe, the dramatic poet.

but it is what you call running ombre. Lady Clarges, and a drab I hate, won a dozen shillings of me last night. The parliament was prorogued to-day; and people grumble; and the good of it is the peace cannot be finished by the time they meet, there are so many fiddling things to do. Is Ppt an ombre lady yet? You know all the tricks of it now, I suppose. I reckon you have all your cards from France, for ours pay sixpence a pack taxes, which goes deep to the box. I have given away all my Spa water, and take some nasty steel drops, and my head has been better this week past. I send every day to see how Miss Ashe does: she is very full, they say, but in no danger. I fear she will lose some of her beauty. The son lies out of the house. I wish he had them too, while he is so young.—Nite MD.

18. The Earl of Abingdon[1] has been teasing me these three months to dine with him; and this day was appointed about a week ago, and I named my company; Lord Stawell,[2] Colonel Disney, and Dr. Arbuthnot; but the two last slipped out their necks, and left Stawell and me to dine there. We did not dine till seven, because it is Ash Wednesday. We had nothing but fish, which Lord Stawell could not eat, and got a broiled leg of a turkey. Our wine was poison; yet the puppy has twelve thousand pound a year. His carps were raw, and his candles tallow. I [He] shall not catch me in haste again, and every body has laughed at me for dining with him. I was to-day to let Harrison's mother know I could not pay till she administers; which she will do. I believe she is an old bitch, and her daughter a ——. There were more Whigs to-day at court than Tories. I believe they think the peace must be made, and so come to please the Queen. She is still lame with the gout. Nite MD.

19. I was at court to-day, to speak to Lord Bolingbroke to look over Parnell's poem since it is corrected; and Parnell and I dined with him, and he has shown him three or four more places to alter a little. Lady Bolingbroke came down to us while we were at dinner, and Parnell stared at her as if she were a goddess. I thought she was like

[1] Montagu, second Earl of Abingdon, a strong Tory. He died in 1745.

[2] William, third Lord Stawell.

Parnell's wife, and he thought so too. Parnell is much pleased with Lord Bolingbroke's favour to him, and I hope it may one day turn to his advantage. His poem will be printed in a few days. Our weather continues as fresh raining as if it had not rained at all. I sat to-night at Lady Masham's, where Lord-Treasurer came and scolded me for not dining with him. I told him, I could not till Saturday. I have staid there till past twelve. So ********.

20. Lady Jersey, Lady Catherine Hyde,[1] the Spanish ambassador, the Duke d'Atree [d'Estrées],[2] another Spaniard, and I, dined to-day by appointment with Lord Bolingbroke; but they fell a drinking so many Spanish healths in champagne, that I stole away to the ladies, and drank tea till eight; and then went and lost my money at ombre with Sir Andrew Fountaine, who has a very bad leg. Miss Ashe is past all danger; and her eye, which was lately bad, (I suppose one effect of her distemper,) is now better. I do not let the Bishop see me, nor shall this good while. Good-lack! when I came home, I warrant, I found a letter from MD; No. 38; and oo write so small now-a-days, I hope oor poor eyes are better. Well, this shall go to-morrow se'ennight, with a bill for ME. I will speak to Mr Griffin to-morrow, about Ppt's brother Filby, and desire, whether he deserves or no, that his employment may be mended, that is to say, if I see Griffin; otherwise not; and I'll answer oor rettle hen I Pdfr think fit. Nite MD.

21. Methinks I writ a little saucy last night. I mean the last[3] ****** I saw Griffin at court. He says he knows nothing of a salt-work at Recton; but that he will give Filby a better employment, and desires Filby will write to him. If I knew how to write to Filby, I would; but pray do you. Bid him make no mention of you; but only let Mr Griffin know, "that he has the honour to be recommended by Dr. Swift, &c.; that he will endeavour to deserve, &c.; and if you dictated a whole letter for him, it would be better; I hope he can write and spell well. I'll inquire for a direction to Griffin before I finish this. I dined with Lord-Treasurer

[1] Afterwards Duchess of Queensberry.

[2] Victor Marie, duc d'Estrées, marshal of France, who died in 1727.

[3] The words that follow are obliterated. Forster imagined he could read, "the last word, God 'give me "

and seven lords to-day. You know Saturday is his great day. I sat with them alone till eight, and then came home, and have been writing a letter to Mrs Davis, at York. She took care to have a letter delivered for me at Lord-Treasurer's; for I would not own one she sent by post. She reproaches me for not writing to her these four years; and I have honestly told her, it was my way never to write to those whom I am never likely to see, unless I can serve them, which I cannot her, &c. Davis the schoolmaster's widow. Nite MD.

22. I dined to-day at Lord Orkney's, with the Duke of Ormond and Sir Thomas Hanmer.[1] Have you ever heard of the latter? He married the Duchess of Grafton in his youth, (she dined with us too.) He is the most considerable man in the House of Commons. He went last spring to Flanders, with the Duke of Ormond; from thence to France, and was going to Italy; but the ministry sent for him, and he has been come over about ten days. He is much out of humour with things: he thinks the peace is kept off too long; and is full of fears and doubts. It is thought he is designed for Secretary of State, instead of Lord Dartmouth. We have been acquainted these two years; and I intend, in a day or two, to have an hour's talk with him on affairs. I saw the Bishop of Clogher at court; Miss is recovering. I know not how much she will be marked. The Queen is slowly mending of her gout, and intends to be brought in a chair to Parliament when it meets, which will be March 3; for I suppose they will prorogue no more; yet the peace will not be signed then, and we apprehend the Tories themselves will many of them be discontented. Nite dee MD.

23. It was ill weather to-day, and I dined with Sir Andrew Fountaine, and in the evening played at ombre with him and the Provost, and won twenty-five shillings; so I have recovered myself pretty well. Dilly has been dunning me to see Fanny Manley; but I have not yet been able to do it. Miss Ashe is now quite out of danger; and hope will not be much marked. I cannot tell how to direct to Griffin; and think he lives in Bury Street, near St James's Street, hard by

[1] See p. 54, *note* 3, above.

me; but I suppose your brother may direct to him to the Salt-Office, and, as I remember, he knows his Christian name, because he sent it me in the list of the commissioners. Nite dee MD.

24. I walked this morning to Chelsea, to see Dr Atterbury, Dean of Christchurch. I had business with him about entering Mr Fitz-Maurice, my Lord Kerry's son, into his college; and Lady Kerry is a great favourite of mine. Lord Harley, Lord Dupplin, young Bromley the Speaker's son, and I, dined with Dr Stratford and some other clergymen; but I left them at seven, to go to Lady Jersey, to see Monteleon the Spanish ambassador play at ombre. Lady Jersey was abroad, and I chid the servants, and made a rattle; but since I came home, she sent me a message, that I was mistaken, and that the meeting is to be to-morrow. I have a worse memory than when I left you, and every day forget appointments; but here my memory was by chance too good. But I'll go to-morrow; for Lady Catherine Hyde and Lady Bolingbroke are to be there by appointment, and I listed [? lifted] up my periwig, and all, to make a figure. Well, who can help it? Not I, vow to Heaven![1] Nite MD.

25. Lord-Treasurer met me last night at Lord Masham's, and thanked me for my company in a jeer, because I had not dined with him in three days. He chides me if I stay away but two days together. What will this come to? Nothing. My grandmother used to say, "More of your lining, And less of your dining." However, I dined with him, and could hardly leave him at eight, to go to Lady Jersey's, where five or six foreign ministers were, and as many ladies. Monteleon played like the English, and cried gacco, and knocked his knuckles for trump, and played at small games like Ppt. Lady Jersey whispered me to stay, and sup with the ladies when the fellows were gone; but they played till eleven, and I would not stay. I think this letter must go on Saturday; that's certain; and it is not half full yet. Lady Catherine Hyde had a mighty mind I should be acquainted with Lady Dalkeith, her sister, the Duke of Monmouth's eldest son's widow, who was of the company to-night; but I did not like her; she paints too much. Nite MD.

[1] These last eight words have been almost obliterated, and the reading is very conjectural.

26. This day our Society met at the Duke of Ormond's; but I had business that called me another way; so I sent my excuses, and dined privately with a friend. Besides, Sir Thomas Hanmer whispered me last night at Lady Jersey's, that I must attend Lord-Treasurer and Duke of Ormond at supper, at his house to-night; which I did at eleven, and staid till one, so oo may be sure 'tis late enough. There was the Duchess of Grafton, and the Duke her son; nine of us in all. Duke of Ormond chid me for not being at the Society to-day, and said sixteen were there. I said I never knew sixteen people good company in my life; no, fais, nor eight either. We have no news in this town at all. I wonder why I don't write you news. I know less of what passes than any body, because I go to no coffee-house, nor see any but ministers, and such people; and ministers never talk politics in conservation. The Whigs are forming great schemes against the meeting of Parliament, which will be next Tuesday, I still think, without fail; and we hope to hear by then that the peace is ready to sign. The Queen's gout mends daily. Nite MD.

27. I passed a very insipid day, and dined privately with a friend in the neighbourhood. Did I tell you that I have a very fine picture of Lady Orkney,[1] an original, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, three quarters length? I have it now at home, with a fine frame. Lord Bolingbroke and Lady Masham have promised to sit for me; but I despair of Lord-Treasurer; only I hope he will give me a copy, and then I shall have all the pictures of those I really love here; just half a dozen; only I 'll make Lord-Keeper give me his print in a frame. This letter must go to-morrow, because of sending ME a bill; else it should not till next week, I assure oo. I have little to do now with my pen; for my grand business stops till they are more pressing, and till something or other happens; and I believe I shall return with disgust to finish it, it is so very laborious. Sir Thomas Hanmer has my papers now. And hat [what] is MD doing now? Oh, at ombre with the Dean, always on Friday night, with Mrs Walls. Pray don't play at small games. I stood by, the other night, while the Duke d'Atree [d'Etrées] lost six times

[1] See p. 383, *note*.

with manilio, basto, and three small trumps; and Lady Jersey won above twenty pounds. Nite dee *** MD.

28. I was at Court to-day, when the Abbé Gautier whispered me, that a courier was just come with an account that the French king had consented to all the Queen's demands, and his consent was carried to Utrecht, and the peace will be signed in a few days. I suppose the general peace cannot be so soon ready; but that is no matter. The news presently ran about the court. I saw the Queen carried out in her chair, to take the air in the garden. I met Griffin at court, and he told me that orders were sent to examine Filby; and, if he be fit, to make him (I think he called it) an assistant; I don't know what, supervisor, I think; but it is some employment a good deal better than his own. The Parliament will have another short prorogation, though it is not known yet. I dined with Lord-Treasurer and his Saturday company, and left him at eight to put this in the post-office time enough. And now I must bid oo farewell, deelest richar Ppt. God bless oo ever, and rove Pdfr. Farewell MD MD MD FW FW FW FW ME ME ME Lele Lele.

LETTER LXI.

Addressed to "Mrs Dingley," etc., as before.
Endorsed: "Mar. 27."

London, March 1, 1712-13.

'T is out of my head whether I answered all your letter in my last yesterday or no. I think I was in haste, and could not: but now I see I answered a good deal of it; no, only about your brother, and ME's bill. I dined with Lady Orkney, and we talked politics till eleven at night; and, as usual, found every thing wrong, and put ourselves out of humour. Yes, I have Lady Giffard's picture sent me by your mother. It is boxed up at a place where my other things are. I have goods in two or three places; and when I leave a lodging, I box up the books I get, (for I always get some,) and come naked into a new lodging; and so on. Talk not to me of deaneries; I know less of that than ever by much. Nite MD.

2. I went to-day into the city to see Pat Rolt,[1] who lodges with a city cousin, a daughter of coz. Cleve; (you are much the wiser.) I had never been at her house before. My he-coz Thompson the butcher is dead, or dying. I dined with my printer, and walked home, and went to sit with Lady Clarges. I found four of them at whist; Lady Godolphin was one. I sat by her, and talked of her cards, etc. but she would not give me one look, nor say a word to me. She refused some time ago to be acquainted with me. You know she is Lord Marlborough's eldest daughter. She is a fool for her pains, and I'll pull her down. What can I do for Dr Smith's daughter's husband? I have no personal credit with any of the commissioners. I 'll speak to Keatley[2]; but I believe it will signify nothing. In the customs people must rise by degrees, and he must at first take what is very low, if he be qualified for that. Ppt mistakes me; I am not angry at your recommending any one to me, provided you will take my answer. Some things are in my way, and then I serve those I can. But people will not distinguish, but take things ill, when I have no power; but Ppt is wiser. And employments in general are very hard to be got. Nite MD.

3. I dined to-day with Lord-Treasurer, who chid me for my absence, which was only from Saturday last. The Parliament was again prorogued for a week, and I suppose the peace will be ready by then, and the Queen will be able to be brought to the house, and make her speech. I saw Dr Griffith two or three months ago, at a Latin play at Westminster; but did not speak to him. I hope he will not die; I should be sorry for Ppt's sake; he is very tender of her. I have long lost all my colds, and the weather mends a little. I take some steel drops, and my head is pretty well. I walk when I can, but am grown very idle; and, not finishing my thing, I gamble abroad and play at ombre. I shall be more careful in my physic than Mrs Price: 'tis not a farthing matter her death, I think; and so I say no more to-night, but will read a dull book, and go sleep. Nite dee MD.

4. Mr Ford has been this half year inviting me to dine at his lodgings: so I did to-day, and brought the Provost and

[1] See p. 9, *note.* [2] See p. 413.

Dr. Parnell with me, and my friend Lewis was there. Parnell went away, and the other three played at ombre, and I looked on; which I love, and would not play. Tisdall is a pretty fellow, as you say; and when I come back to Ireland with nothing, he will condole with me with abundance of secret pleasure. I believe I told you what he wrote to me, "That I have saved England, and he Ireland;" but I can bear that. I have learned to hear and see, and say nothing. I was to see the Duchess of Hamilton to-day, and met Blith of Ireland just going out of her house into his coach. I asked her how she came to receive young fellows. It seems he had a ball in the Duke of Hamilton's house when the Duke died; and the Duchess got an advertisement put in the Postboy, reflecting on the ball, because the Marlborough daughters were there; and Blith came to beg the Duchess's pardon, and clear himself. He's a sad dog. Nite poo dee deelest MD.

5. Lady Masham has miscarried; but is well almost again. I have many visits to-day. I met Blith at the Duke of Ormond's; and he begged me to carry him to the Duchess of Hamilton, to beg her pardon again. I did on purpose to see how the blunderbuss behaved himself; but I begged the Duchess to use him mercifully, for she is the devil of a teazer. The good of it is, she ought to beg his pardon, for he meant no harm; yet she would not allow him to put in an advertisement to clear himself from hers, though hers was all a lie. He appealed to me, and I gravely gave it against him. I was at court to-day, and the foreign ministers have got a trick of employing me to speak for them to Lord-Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke; which I do when the case is reasonable. The College need not fear; I will not be their governor. I dined with Sir Thomas Hanmer and his Duchess. The Duke of Ormond was there, but we parted soon, and I went to visit Lord Pembroke for the first time; but it was to see some curious books. Lord Cholmondeley came in; but I would not talk to him, though he made many advances. I hate the scoundrel for all he is your Griffith's friend.—Yes, yes, I am abused enough, if that be all. Nite dee MD.

6. I was to-day at an auction of pictures with Pratt,[1] and

[1] Dr. Pratt, Provost of Trinity College.

laid out two pound five shillings for a picture of Titian, and if it were a Titian it would be worth twice as many pounds. If I am cheated, I'll part with it to Lord Masham: if it be a bargain, I'll keep it to myself. That's my conscience. But I made Pratt buy several pictures for Lord Masham. Pratt is a great virtuoso that way. I dined with Lord-Treasurer, but made him go to court at eight. I always tease him to be gone. I thought to have made Parnell dine with him, but he was ill; his head is out of order like mine, but more constant, poor boy!—I was at Lord-Treasurer's levee with the Provost, to ask a book for the college.—I never go to his levee, unless to present somebody. For all oor rallying, saucy Ppt, as hope saved, I expected they would have decided about me long ago; and as hope saved, as soon as ever things are given away and I not provided for, I will be gone with the very first opportunity, and put up bag and baggage. But people are slower than can be thought. Nite MD.

7. Yes, I hope Leigh will soon be gone, a p— on him! I met him once, and he talked gravely to me of not seeing the Irish bishops here, and the Irish gentlemen; but I believe my answers fretted him enough. I would not dine with Lord-Treasurer to-day, though it was Saturday, (for he has engaged me for to-morrow;) but went and dine[d] with Lord Masham, and played at ombre, sixpenny running ombre, for three hours. There were three voles against me, and I was once a great loser, but came off for three shillings and sixpence. One may easily lose five guineas at it. Lady Orkney is gone out of town to-day, and I could not see her for laziness, but writ to her. She has left me some physic. Fais, I never knew MD's politics before, and I think it pretty extraordinary, and a great compliment to you, and I believe never three people conversed so much with so little politics. I avoid all conversation with the other party; it is not to be borne, and I am sorry for it. O yes, things [are] very dear. DD must come in at last with her two eggs a penny. There the proverb was well applied. Parvisol has sent me a bill of fifty pounds, as I ordered him, which, I hope, will serve me, and bring me over. Pray God MD does not be delayed for

it; but I have had very little from him this long time. I was not at court to-day; a wonder! Nite sollahs * * * * Pdfr.

8. Oo must know, I give chocolate almost every day to two or three people that I suffer to come to see me in a morning. My man begins to lie pretty well. 'Tis nothing for people to be denied ten times. My man knows all I will see, and denies me to every body else. This is the day of the Queen's coming to the crown, and the day Lord-Treasurer was stabbed by Guiscard. I was at court, where every body had their birth-day clothes on, and I dined with Lord-Treasurer, who was very fine. He showed me some of the Queen's speech, which I corrected in several places, and penned the vote of address of thanks for the speech; but I was of opinion the House should not sit on Tuesday next, unless they hear the peace is signed; that is, provided they are sure it will be signed the week after, and so have one scolding for all. Nite MD.

9. Lord-Treasurer would have had me dine with him to-day; he desired me last night, but I refused, because he would not keep the day of his stabbing with all the cabinet, as he intended: so I dined with my friend Lewis; and the Provost and Parnell, and Ford, was with us. I lost sixteen shillings at ombre; I don't like it, as &c. At night Lewis brought us word, that the Parliament does not sit to-morrow. I hope they are sure of the peace by next week, and then they are right in my opinion: otherwise I think they have done wrong, and might have sat three weeks ago. People will grumble; but Lord-Treasurer cares not a rush. Lord-Keeper is suddenly taken ill of a quinsy, and some lords are commissioned, I think Lord-Treasurer, to prorogue the Parliament in his stead. You never saw a town so full of ferment and expectation. Mr. Pope has published a fine poem, called Windsor Forest. Read it. Nite MD.

10. I was early this morning to see Lord Bolingbroke. I find he was of opinion the Parliament should sit; and says, they are not sure the peace will be signed next week. The prorogation is to this day se'night. I went to look on a library I am going to buy, if we can agree. I have offered a hundred and twenty pounds, and will give ten more. Lord Bolingbroke will lend me the money. I was two hours poring

over the books. I will sell some of them, and keep the rest; but I doubt they won't take the money. I dined in the city, and sate an hour in the evening with Lord-Treasurer, who was in very good humour; but reproached me for not dining with him yesterday and to-day. What will all this come to? Lord-Keeper had a pretty good night, and is better. I was in pain for him. How do oo do sollahs? ****** MD.

11. I was this morning to visit the Duke and Duchess of Ormond, and the Duchess of Hamilton, and went with the Provost to an auction of pictures, and laid out fourteen shillings. I am in for it, if I had money; but I doubt I shall be undone; for Sir Andrew Fountaine invited the Provost and me to dine with him, and play at ombre, when I fairly lost fourteen shillings. Fais, it won't do; and I shall be out of conceit with play this good while. I am come home; and it is late, and my puppy let out my fire, and I am gone to bed and writing there, and it is past twelve a good while. Went out four matadores and a trump in black, and was beasted. Vely bad, fais! Nite my deelest logues.

12. I was at another auction of pictures to-day, and a great auction it was. I made Lord Masham lay out forty pounds. There were pictures sold of twice as much value a-piece. Our Society met to-day at the Duke of Beaufort's: a prodigious fine dinner, which I hate; but we did some business. Our printer was to attend us, as usual; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer sent the author of the Examiner[1] twenty guineas. He is an ingenious fellow, but the most confounded vain coxcomb in the world, so that I dare not let him see me, nor am acquainted with him. I had much discourse with the Duke of Ormond this morning, and am driving some points to secure us all in case of accidents,[2] &c. I left the Society at seven. I can't drink now at all with any pleasure. I love white Portugal wine better than claret, champagne, or burgundy. I have a sad vulgar appetite. I remember Ppt used to maunder, when I came from a great dinner, and DD had but a bit of mutton. I cannot endure above one dish; nor ever could since I was a boy, and loved stuffing. It was a fine day, which is a rarity with

[1] William Oldisworth, a Tory journalist and miscellaneous writer.
[2] The words are obliterated. The conjectural reading is Forster's.

us, I assure [you]. Never fair two days together. Nite own MD.

13. I had a rabble of Irish parsons this morning drinking my chocolate. I cannot remember appointments. I was to have supped last night with the Swedish envoy at his house, and some other company, but forgot it; and he rallied me to-day at Lord Bolingbroke's, who excused me, saying, the envoy ought not to be angry, because I serve Lord-Treasurer and him the same way. For that reason, I very seldom promise to go any where. I dined with Lord-Treasurer, who chid me for being absent so long, as he always does if I miss a day. I sat three hours this evening with Lady Jersey; but the first two hours she was at ombre with some company. I left Lord-Treasurer at eight; I fancied he was a little thoughtful, for he was playing with an orange by fits, which, I told him, among common men looked like the spleen. This letter shall not go to-morrow; no haste, ung oomens; nothing that presses. I promised but once in three weeks, and I am better than my word. I wish the peace may be ready, I mean that we have notice it is signed, before Tuesday; otherwise the grumbling will much increase. Nite logues.

14. It was a lovely day this, and I took the advantage of walking a good deal in the Park, before I went to court. Colonel Disney, one of our Society, is ill of a fever, and, we fear, in great danger. We all love him mightily, and he would be a great loss. I doubt I shall not buy the library; for a roguey bookseller has offered sixty pounds more than I designed to give; so you see I meant to have a good bargain. I dined with Lord-Treasurer and his Saturday company; but there were but seven at table. Lord Peterborow is ill, and spits blood, with a bruise he got before he left England; but, I believe, an Italian lady he has brought over is the cause that his illness returns. You know old Lady Bellasis is dead at last? She has left Lord Berkeley of Stratton one of her executors, and it will be of great advantage to him; they say above ten thousand pounds. I staid with Lord-Treasurer upon business, after the company was gone; but I dare not tell you upon what. My letters would be good memoirs, if I durst venture to say a thousand things that pass; but I hear so much of letters opening

at your post-office, that I am fearful, &c. and so good nite, sollahs, rove Pdfr, MD.

15. Lord-Treasurer engaged me to dine with him again to-day, and I had ready what he wanted; but he would not see it, but put me off till to-morrow. The Queen goes to chapel now. She is carried in an open chair, and will be well enough to go to Parliament on Tuesday, if the Houses meet, which is not yet certain; neither, indeed, can the ministers themselves tell; for it depends on winds and weather, and circumstances of negotiation. However, we go on as if it was certainly to meet; and I am to be at Lord-Treasurer's to-morrow, upon that supposition, to settle some things relating that way. Ppt may understand me. The doctors tell me, that if poor Colonel Disney does not get some sleep to-night, he must die. What care you? Ah! but I do care. He is one of our Society; a fellow of abundance of humour; an old battered rake, but very honest, not an old man, but an old rake. It was he that said of Jenny Kingdom, the maid of honour, who is a little old, "That, since she could not get a husband, the Queen should give her a brevet to act as a married woman." You don't understand this. They give brevets to majors and captains to act as colonels in the army. Brevets are commissions. Ask soldiers, dull sollahs. Nite MD.

16. I was at Lord-Treasurer's before he came; and, as he entered, he told me the Parliament was prorogued till Thursday se'nnight. They have had some expresses, by which they count that the peace may be signed by that time; at least, that France, Holland, and we, will sign some articles, by which we shall engage to sign the peace when it is ready: but Spain has no minister there; for Monteleon, who is to be their ambassador at Utrecht, is not yet gone from hence; and till he is there, the Spaniards can sign no peace: and one thing take notice, that a general peace can hardly be finished these two months, so as to be proclaimed here; for, after signing, it must be ratified; that is, confirmed by the several princes at their courts, which to Spain will cost a month; for we must have notice that it is ratified in all courts before we can proclaim it. So be not in too much haste. Nite MD.

17. The Irish folks were disappointed that the Parliament

did not meet to-day, because it was St Patrick's day; and the Mall was so full of crosses, that I thought all the world was Irish. Miss Ashe is almost quite well, and I see the Bishop, but shall not yet go to his house. I dined again with Lord-Treasurer; but the Parliament being prorogued, I must keep what I have till next week: for I believe he will not see it till just the evening before the session. He has engaged me to dine with him again to-morrow, though I did all I could to put it off; but I don't care to disoblige him. Nite dee sollahs 'tis late. Nite MD.

18. I have now dined six days successively with Lord-Treasurer; but to-night I stole away while he was talking with somebody else, and so am at liberty to-morrow. There was a flying report of a general cessation of arms: every body had it at court; but, I believe, there is nothing in it. I asked a certain French minister how things went? And he whispered me in French, "Your plenipotentiaries and ours play the fool." None of us, indeed, approve of the conduct of either at this time; but Lord-Treasurer was in full good humour for all that. He had invited a good many of his relations; and, of a dozen at table, they were all of the Harley family but myself. Disney is recovering, though you don't care a straw. Dilly murders us with his *if* puns. You know them. **** Nite MD.

19. The Bishop of Clogher has made an *if* pun, that he is mighty proud of, and designs to send it over to his brother Tom. But Sir Andrew Fountaine has wrote to Tom Ashe last post, and told him the pun, and desired him to send it over to the Bishop as his own; and, if it succeeds, 'twill be a pure bite. The Bishop will tell it us as a wonder, that he and his brother should jump so exactly. I'll tell you the pun;—If there was a hackney coach at Mr Pooley's door, what town in Egypt would it be? Why, it would be Hecatompolis; *Hack at Tom Poley's.* Silly, says Ppt. I dined with a private friend to-day; for our Society, I told you, meet but once a fortnight. I have not seen Fanny Manley yet; I can't help it. Lady Orkney is come to town: why, she was at her country house; hot[1] care you? Nite MD.

20. Dilly read me a letter to-day from Ppt. She seems to

[1] What.

have scratched her head when she writ it. 'Tis a sad thing to write to people without tact. There you say, you hear I was going to Bath. No such thing; I am pretty well, I thank God. The town is now sending me to Savoy.[1] Forty people have given me joy of it, yet there is not the least truth that I know in it. I was at an auction of pictures, but bought none. I was so glad of my liberty, that I would dine no where; but, the weather being fine, I sauntered into the city, and ate a bit about five, and then supped at Mr Burke's, your accountant-general, who had been engaging me this month. The Bishop of Clogher was to have been there, but was hindered by Lord Paget's funeral. The Provost and I sat till one o'clock; and, if that be not late, I don't know what is late. Parnell's poem will be published on Monday, and to-morrow I design he shall present it Lord-Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke at court. The poor lad is almost always out of order with his head. Burke's wife is his sister. She has a little of the pert Irish way. Nite MD.

21. Morning. I will now finish my letter; for company will come, and a stir, and a clutter; and I'll keep the letter in my pottick,[2] and give it into the post myself. I must go to court, and you know on Saturdays I dine with Lord-Treasurer, of course. Farewell, deelest MD MD MD, FW FW FW, ME ME ME Lele Lele ****

LETTER LXII.

Addressed to "Mrs Dingley," etc., as before.
Endorsed: "Apr 13."

London, March 21, 1712-13.

I gave your letter in this night. I dined with Lord-Treasurer to-day, and find he has been at a meeting at Lord Halifax's house, with four principal Whigs; but he is resolved to begin a speech against them when the Parliament sits; and I have begged that the ministers may have a meeting on purpose to settle that matter, and let us be the attackers; and I believe it will come to something, for the Whigs intend to attack the ministers: and if, instead of that, the ministers

[1] As Master of the Savoy. [2] Pocket.

attack the Whigs, it will be better: and farther, I believe we shall attack them on those very points they intend to attack us. The Parliament will be again prorogued for a fortnight, because of Passion-week. I forgot to tell you, that Mr Griffin has given Ppt's brother a new employment, about ten pounds a-year better than his former; but more remote, and consequently cheaper. I wish I could have done better, and hope oo will take what can be done in good part, and that oo brother will not dislike it.—Nite ***** MD.

22. I dined to-day with Lord-Steward. There Frank Annesley (a Parliament-man) told me he had heard that I had wrote to my friends in Ireland to keep firm to the Whig interest; for that Lord-Treasurer would certainly declare for it after the peace. Annesley said twenty people had told him this. You must know this is what they endeavour to report of Lord-Treasurer, that he designs to declare for the Whigs; and a Scotch fellow has wrote the same to Scotland; and his meeting with those lords gives occasion to such reports. Let me henceforth call Lord-Treasurer Eltee, because possibly my letters may be opened. Pray remember Eltee. You know the reason. L. T. and Eltee pronounced the same way. Stay, 'tis now five weeks since I had a letter from MD. I allow oo six. You see why I cannot come over the beginning of April; whoever has to do with this ministry can fix no time: but as hope saved, it is not Pdfr's fault. Pay don't blame poo Pdfr. Nite deelest logues MD.[1]

23. I dined to-day at Sir Thomas Hanmer's, by an old appointment: there was the Duke of Ormond, and Lord and Lady Orkney. I left them at six. Every body is as sour as vinegar. I endeavour to keep a firm friendship between the Duke of Ormond and Eltee. (Oo know who Eltee is, or have oo fordot already?) I have great designs, if I can compass them; but delay is rooted in Eltee's heart; yet the fault is not altogether there, that things are no better. Here is the cursedest libel in verse come out that ever was seen, called the Ambassadress;[2] it is very dull too; it has been printed three or four different ways, and is handed about, but not sold. It abuses the Queen horribly. The Examiner

[1] There are many erasures. The reading is Forster's.

[2] "The British Ambassadress's Speech to the French King." The printer, Hart, was sent to the pillory and heavily fined.

has cleared me to-day of being author of his paper, and done it with great civilities to me. I hope it will stop people's mouths; if not, they must go on and be hanged, I care not. 'Tis terrible rainy weather, I'll go sleep. Nite, deelest MD.

24. It rained all this day, and ruined me in coach-hire. I went to Colonel Disney, who is past danger. Then I visited Lord-Keeper, who was at dinner; but I would not dine with him, but drove to Lord-Treasurer, (Eltee I mean;) paid the coachman, and went in; but he dined abroad: so I was forced to call the coachman again, and went to Lord Bolingbroke's. He dined abroad too; and at Lord Dupplin's I alighted, and by good luck got a dinner there, and then went to the Latin play at Westminster school, acted by the boys; and Lord-Treasurer (Eltee I mean again) honoured them with his presence. Lady Masham's eldest son, about two years old, is ill, and I am afraid will not live: she is full of grief, and I pity and am angry with her. Four shillings to-day in coach-hire; fais, it won't do. Our peace will certainly be ready by Thursday fortnight; but our plenipotentiaries were to blame that it was not done already. They thought their powers were not full enough to sign the peace, unless every prince was ready, which cannot yet be; for Spain has no minister yet at Utrecht; but now ours have new orders. Nite MD.

25. Weather worse than ever; terrible rain all day, but I was resolved I would spend no more money. I went to an auction of pictures with Dr Pratt, and there met the Duke of Beaufort, who promised to come with me to court, but did not. So a coach I got, and went to court, and did some little business there, but was forced to go home; for oo must understand I take a little physic over night, which works me next day. Lady Orkney is my physician. It is hiera picra,[1] two spoonfuls, devilish stuff! I thought to have dined with Eltee, but would not, merely to save a shilling; but I dined privately with a friend, and played at ombre, and won six shillings. Here are several people of quality lately dead of the small-pox. I have not yet seen Miss Ashe, but hear she is well. The Bishop of Clogher has bought abundance of pictures, and Dr Pratt has got him very good pennyworths.

[1] A purgative electuary made of aloes, saffron, mastic, honey, etc.

I can get no walks, the weather is so bad. Is it so with oo, sollahs? * * * * * *

26. Though it was shaving-day, head and beard, yet I was out early to see Lord Bolingbroke, and talk over affairs with him; and then I went to the Duke of Ormond's, and so to court, where the ministers did not come, because the Parliament was prorogued till this day fortnight. We had terrible rain and hail to-day. Our Society met this day, but I left them before seven, and went to Sir A. F. [Andrew Fountaine], and played at ombre with him and Sir Thomas Clarges, till ten, and then went to Sir Thomas Hanmer. His wife, the Duchess of Grafton, left us after a little while, and I staid with him about an hour, upon some affairs, &c. Lord Bolingbroke left us at the Society before I went; for there is an express from Utrecht, but I know not yet what it contains; only I know the ministers expect the peace will be signed in a week, which is a week before the session. Nite, MD.

27. Parnell's poem is mightily esteemed; but poetry sells ill. I am plagued with that * * * *[1] poor Harrison's mother; you would laugh to see how cautious I am of paying her the L.100 I received for her son from the Treasury. I have asked every creature I know, whether I may do it safely; yet durst not venture, till my Lord-Keeper assured me there was no danger. I have not paid her, but will in a day or two: though I have a great mind to stay till Ppt sends me her opinion, because Ppt is a great lawyer. I dined to-day with a mixture of people at a Scotchman's, who made the invitation to Mr Lewis and me, and has some design upon us, which we know very well. I went afterwards to see a famous moving picture,[2] and I never saw any thing so pretty. You see a sea ten miles wide, a town on t'other end, and ships sailing in the sea, and discharging their cannon. You see a great sky, with moon and stars, &c. I'm a fool. Nite, dee MD.

28. I had a mighty levee to-day. I deny myself to every body, except about half a dozen, and they were all here, and Mr Addison was one, and I had chocolate twice, which I don't like. Our rainy weather continues. Coach-hire goes

[1] Forster reads, "devil's brood;" but this is a mere guess.

[2] There were several such shows in London about this time. One was invented by Morian, a German, and exhibited by Penkethman, the theatrical manager and showman.

deep. I dined with Eltee and his Saturday company, as usual, and could not get away till nine. Lord Peterborow was making long harangues, and Eltee kept me in spite. Then I went to see the Bishop of Ossory, who had engaged me in the morning; he is going to Ireland. The Bishop of Killaloe and Tom Leigh was with us. The latter had wholly changed his style, by seeing how the bishops behaved themselves, and he seemed to think me one of more importance than I really am. I put the ill conduct of the bishops about the First-Fruits, with relation to Eltee and me, strongly upon Killaloe, and showed how it had hindered me from getting a better thing for them, called the crown rents, which the Queen had promised. He had nothing to say, but was humble, and desired my interest in that and some other things. This letter is half done in a week: I believe oo will have it next. Nite MD.

29. I have been employed in endeavouring to save one of your junior fellows,[1] who came over here for a dispensation from taking orders, and, in soliciting it, has run out his time, and now his fellowship is void, if the college pleases, unless the Queen suspends the execution, and gives him time to take orders. I spoke to all the ministers yesterday about it; but they say the Queen is angry, and thought it was a trick to deceive her; and she is positive, and so the man must be ruined, for I cannot help him. I never saw him in my life; but the case was so hard, I could not forbear interposing. Your government recommended him to the Duke of Ormond, and he thought they would grant it; and by the time it was refused, the fellowship by rigour is forfeited. I dined with Dr Arbuthnot (one of my Brothers) at his lodgings in Chelsea, and was there at chapel; and the altar put me in mind of Tisdall's outlandish would[2] at your hospital for the soldiers. I was not at court to-day, and I hear the Queen was not at church. Perhaps the gout has seized her again. Terrible rain all day. Have oo such weather? Nite MD.

30. Morning. I was naming some time ago, to a certain

[1] Mr. Charles Grattan, afterwards master of a free school at Enniskillen. (Scott.)

[2] The word is quite clear in the MS. Forster suggests that it is a mistake for "wood;" but this latter does not give a satisfactory meaning.

person, another certain person, that was very deserving, and poor and sickly; and t'other, that first certain person, gave me a hundred pounds to give the other, which I have not yet done. The person who is to have it never saw the giver, nor expects one farthing, nor has the least knowledge or imagination of it; so I believe it will be a very agreeable surprise; for I think it is a handsome present enough. At night I dined in the city, at Pontack's,[1] with Lord Dupplin, and some others. We were treated by one Colonel Cleland,[2] who has a mind to be governor of Barbadoes, and is laying these long traps for me and others, to engage our interests for him. He is a true Scotchman. I paid the hundred pounds this evening, and it was an agreeable surprise to the receiver. We reckon the peace is now signed, and that we shall have it in three days. I believe it is pretty sure. Nite MD.

31. I thought to-day on Ppt when she told me she suppose[d] I was acquainted with the steward, when I was giving myself airs of being at some Lord's house. Sir Andrew Fountaine invited the Bishop of Clogher and me, and some others, to dine where he did; and he carried us to the Duke of Kent's, who was gone out of town; but the steward treated us nobly, and showed us the fine pictures, &c. I have not yet seen Miss Ashe. I wait till she has been abroad, and taken the air. This evening Lady Masham, Dr. Arbuthnot, and I, were contriving a lie for to-morrow, that Mr Noble,[3] who was hanged last Saturday, was recovered by his friends, and then seized again by the sheriff, and is now in a messenger's hands at the Black Swan in Holborn. We are all to send to our friends, to know whether they have heard anything of it, and so we hope it will spread. However, we shall do our endeavours; nothing shall be wanting on our parts, and leave the rest to fortune. Nite MD.

[1] See p. 223, *note*.

[2] William Cleland was a friend of Pope and other wits; he is said to have been the original of Will. Honeycomb in the "Spectator." The Letter to the Publisher prefixed to the "Dunciad" is signed by him. He was made a Commissioner of Taxes.

[3] Richard Noble, the subject of Swift's All Fool's Day "bite" was an attorney who ran away with the wife of a gentleman named Sayer, whom he killed when the intrigue was discovered in circumstances like those Hogarth has depicted in the fifth scene of "Marriage-à-la-Mode."

April 1. We had no success in our story, though I sent my man to several houses, to inquire among the footmen, without letting him into the secret; but I doubt my colleagues did not contribute as they ought. Parnell and I dined with Dartineuf[1] to-day. You have heard of Dartineuf: I have told you of Dartineuf. After dinner we all went to Lord Bolingbroke's, who had desired me to dine with him; but I would not, because I heard it was to look over a dull poem of one parson Trap, upon the peace. The Swedish envoy told me to-day at court, that he was in great apprehensions about his master; and indeed we are afraid that prince[2] is died [dead] among those Turkish dogs. I prevailed on Lord Bolingbroke to invite Mr Addison to dine with him on Good Friday. I suppose we shall be mighty mannerly. Addison is to have a play of his acted on Friday in Easter week: 'tis a tragedy, called Cato; I saw it unfinished some years ago. Did I tell you that Steele has begun a new daily paper, called the Guardian? they say good for nothing. I have not seen it. Nite dee MD.

2. I was this morning with Lord Bolingbroke, and he tells me a Spanish courier is just come, with the news that the King of Spain has agreed to everything that the Queen desires; and the Duke d'Ossuna has left Paris, in order to his journey to Utrecht. I was prevailed on to come home with Trap, and read his poem and correct it; but it was good for nothing. While I was thus employed, Sir Thomas Hanmer came up to my chamber, and balked me of a journey he and I intended this week to Lord Orkney's, at Cliffden;[3] but he is not well, and his physician will not let him undertake such a journey. I intended to dine with Lord-Treasurer; but going to see Colonel Disney, who lives with General Withers, I liked the general's little dinner so well, that I staid and took share of it, and did not go to Lord-Treasurer till six, where I found Dr Sacheverell, who told us that the bookseller had given him L. 100 for his sermon,[4] preached last Sunday, and intended to print 30,000; I believe he will be confoundedly bit, and will hardly sell above half. I have fires still, though April has begun, against

[1] See p. 19. [2] Charles XII. [3] See p. 383, *note*.
[4] The first preached after the period of his suspension by the House of Lords.

my old maxim; but the weather is wet and cold. I never saw such a long run of ill weather in my life. Nite dee logues MD.

3. I was at the Queen's chapel to-day, but she was not there. Mr St John, Lord Bolingbroke's brother, came this day at noon with an express from Utrecht, that the peace is signed by all the ministers there, but those of the Emperor, who will likewise sign in a few days; so that now the great work is in effect done, and I believe it will appear a most excellent peace for Europe, particularly for England. Addison and I, and some others, dined with Lord Bolingbroke, and sate with him till twelve. We were very civil, but yet when we grew warm, we talked in a friendly manner of party. Addison raised his objections, and Lord Bolingbroke answered them with great complaisance. Addison began Lord Somers's health, which went about; but I bid him not name Lord Wharton's, for I would not pledge it; and I told Lord Bolingbroke frankly, that Addison loved Lord Wharton as little as I did: so we laughed, &c. Well, but you are glad of the peace, you Ppt the Trimmer, are not you? As for DD I don't doubt her. Why, now, if I did not think Ppt had been a violent Tory, and DD the greater Whig of the two! 'Tis late. Nite MD.

4. This Passion-week, people are so demure, especially this last day, that I told Dilly, who called here, that I would dine with him, and so I did, faith; and had a small shoulder of mutton of my own bespeaking. It rained all day. I came home at seven, and have never stirred out, but have been reading Sacheverel's long dull sermon, which he sent me. It is the first sermon since his suspension is expired; but not a word in it upon the occasion, except two or three remote hints. The Bishop of Clogher has been sadly bit by Tom Ashe, who sent him a pun, which the Bishop had made, and designed to send to him, but delayed it; and Lord Pembroke and I made Sir Andrew Fountaine write it to Tom. I believe I told you of it in my last; it succeeded right, and the Bishop was wondering to Lord Pembroke how he and his brother could hit on the same thing. I'll go to bed soon, for I must be at church by eight to-morrow, Easter day. Nite dee MD.

5. Warburton[1] wrote to me two letters about a living of

[1] Swift's curate at Laracor.

one Foulkes, who is lately dead in the county of Meath. My answer is, that before I received the first letter, General Gorge had recommended a friend of his to the Duke of Ormond, which was the first time I heard of its vacancy, and it was the Provost told me of it. I believe verily that Foulkes was not dead when Gorge recommended the other: for Warburton's last letter said, that Foulkes was dead the day before the date.—This has prevented me from serving Warburton, as I would have done, if I had received early notice enough. Pray say or write this to Warburton, to justify me to him. I was at church at eight this morning, and dressed and shaved after I came back, but was too late at court; and Lord Abingdon had like to have snapped me for dinner, and I believe will fall out for refusing him; but I hate dining with them, and I dined with a private friend, and took two or three good walks; for it was a very fine day, the first we have had a great while. Remember, was Easter day a fine day with you? I have sat with Lady Worsley till now. Nite dee MD.

6. I was this morning at ten at the rehearsal of Mr Addison's play, called Cato, which is to be acted on Friday. There were not above half-a-score of us to see it. We stood on the stage, and it was foolish enough to see the actors prompted every moment, and the poet directing them; and the drab that acts Cato's daughter,[1] out in the midst of a passionate part, and then calling out, "What's next?" The Bishop of Clogher was there too; but he stood privately in a gallery. I went to dine with Lord-Treasurer, but he was gone to Wimbleton, his daughter Caermarthen's country seat, seven miles off. So I went back, and dined privately with Mr Addison, whom I had left to go to Lord-Treasurer. I keep fires yet; I am very extravagant. I sate this evening with Sir Andrew Fountaine, and we amused ourselves with making *ifs* for Dilly. It is rainy weather again; nevle saw ze rike.[2] This letter shall go to-morrow; remember, ung oomens, it is seven weeks since your last, and I allow oo but five weeks; but oo have been galloping in the country to Swanton's.[3] O pray tell Swanton I had his letter but

[1] Mrs. Oldfield.

[2] "Never saw the like.

[3] Mrs. Swanton was the daughter of Willoughby Swift, and, therefore, second cousin of Dr. Swift.

cannot contrive how to serve him. If a governor were to go over, I would recommend him as far as lay in my power, but I can do no more: and you know all employments in Ireland, at least almost all, are engaged in reversions. If I were on the spot, and had credit with a Lord-Lieutenant, I would very heartily recommend him; but employments here are no more in my power than the monarchy itself. Nite, dee MD.

7. Morning. I have had a visitor here, that has taken up my time. I have not been abroad, MD may be sure; so I can say nothing to-day, but that I rove MD bettle zan ever, if possibbere. I will put this in the post-office; so I say no more. I write by this post to the Dean, but it is not above two lines; and one enclosed to you, but that enclosed to you is not above three lines; and then one enclosed to the Dean, which he must not have but upon condition of burning it immediately after reading, and that before your eyes; for there are some things in it I would not have liable to accident. You shall only know in general, that it is an account of what I have done to serve him in his pretensions on these vacancies, &c. But he must not know that you know so much.[1] Does this perplex you? Hat [what] care I? But rove Pdfr, saucy Pdfr. Farewell, deelest MD MD MD FW FW FW, Me, Lele.

LETTER LXIII.

Addressed to "M^rs Dingley," etc., as before.
Endorsed: "May 4."

London, April 7, 1713.

I fancy I marked my last, which I sent this day, wrong; only 61, and it ought to be 62. I dined with Lord-Treasurer, and though the business I had with him is something against Thursday, when the Parliament is to meet, and this is Tuesday, yet he put it off till to-morrow. I dare not tell you what it is, lest this letter should miscarry or be opened; but I never saw his fellow for delays. The Parliament will now certainly sit, and every body's expectations are ready to

[1] All that follows has been scribbled over.

burst. At a council to-night, the Lord Chief Justice Parker, a Whig, spoke against the peace; so did Lord Chomley [Cholmondeley,] another Whig, who is treasurer of the household. My Lord-Keeper was this night made Lord-Chancellor. We hope there will soon be some removes. Nite, **** little MD.

8. Lord Chomley, the right name is Cholmondeley, is this day removed from his employment, for his last night's speech; and Sir Richard Temple, lieutenant-general, the greatest Whig in the army, is turned out; and lieutenant-general Palmer[1] will be obliged to sell his regiment. This is the first fruits of a friendship I have established between two great men. I dined with Lord-Treasurer, and did the business I had for him to his satisfaction. I won't tell MD what it was. ****[2] for zat. The Parliament sits to-morrow for certain. Here is a letter printed in Macartney's name, vindicating himself from the murder of the Duke of Hamilton. I must give some hints to have it answered; 'tis full of lies, and will give an opportunity of exposing that party. To-morrow will be a very important-day. All the world will be at Westminster. Lord-Treasurer is as easy as a lamb. They are mustering up the proxies of the absent lords; but they are not in any fear of wanting a majority, which death and accidents have increased this year. Nite MD.

9. I was this morning with Lord-Treasurer, to present to him a young son of the late Earl of Jersey, at the desire of the widow. There I saw the mace and great coach ready for Lord-Treasurer, who was going to Parliament. Our Society met to-day; but I expected the Houses would sit longer than I cared to fast; so I dined with a friend, and never inquired how matters went till eight this evening, when I went to Lord Orkney's, where I found Sir Thomas Hanmer. The Queen delivered her speech very well, but a little weaker in her voice. The crowd was vast. The order for the address was moved, and opposed by Lord Nottingham, Halifax, and Cowper. Lord-Treasurer spoke with great spirit and resolution; Lord Peterborow flirted against the Duke of Marlborough, (who is in Germany, you know,) but it was in answer to one of Halifax's impertinences. The

[1] Francis Palmer, made lieutenant-general in Jan., 1709.
[2] Probably "so much."

order for an address passed by a majority of thirty-three, and the Houses rose before six. This is the account I heard at Lord Orkney's. The Bishop of Chester,[1] a high Tory, was against the court. The Duchess of Marlborough sent for him some months ago, to justify herself to him in relation to the Queen, and showed him letters, and told him stories, which the weak man believed, and was perverted. Nite MD.

10. I dined with a cousin in the city, and poor Pat Rolt was there. I have got her rogue of a husband leave to come to England from Port-Mahon. The Whigs are much down; but I reckon they have some scheme in agitation. This Parliament time hinders our court meetings on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. I had a great deal of business to-night, which gave me a temptation to be idle, and I lost a dozen shillings at ombre, with Dr Pratt and another. I have been to see t'other day the Bishop of Clogher and lady, but did not see Miss. It rains every day, and yet we are all over dust. Lady Masham's eldest boy is very ill: I doubt he will not live, and she stays at Kensington to nurse him, which vexes us all. She is so excessively fond, it makes me mad. She should never leave the Queen, but leave every thing, to stick to what is so much the interest of the public, as well as her own. This I tell her; but talk to the winds. Nite MD.

11. I dined at Lord-Treasurer's, with his Saturday company. We had ten at table, all lords but myself and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Argyle went off at six, and was in very indifferent humour as usual. Duke of Ormond and Lord Bolingbroke were absent. I staid till near ten. Lord-Treasurer showed us a small picture, enamelled work, and set in gold, worth about twenty pounds; a picture, I mean, of the Queen, which she gave to the Duchess of Marlborough, set in diamonds. When the Duchess was leaving England, she took off all the diamonds, and gave the picture to one Mrs Higgins, (an old intriguing woman, whom every body knows,) bidding her make the best of it she could. Lord-Treasurer sent to Mrs Higgins for this picture, and gave her a hundred pounds for it. Was ever

[1] Dr. Francis Gastrell, consecrated to Chester, April 4, 1713.

such an ungrateful beast as that Duchess? or did you ever hear such a story? I suppose the Whigs will not believe it. Pray, try them. [She] takes off the diamonds, and gives away the picture to an insignificant woman, as a thing of no consequence: and gives it to her to sell, like a piece of old-fashioned plate. Is she not a detestable slut? Nite deelest MD.

12. I went to court to-day, on purpose to present Mr Berkeley, one of your fellows of Dublin College, to Lord Berkeley of Stratton. That Mr Berkeley is a very ingenious man, and great philosopher, and I have mentioned him to all the ministers, and given them some of his writings; and I will favour him as much as I can. This I think I am bound to, in honour and conscience, to use all my little credit toward helping forward men of worth in the world. The Queen was at chapel to-day, and looks well. I dined at Lord Orkney's, with the Duke of Ormond, Lord Arran, and Sir Thomas Hanmer. Mr St John, secretary at Utrecht, expects every moment to return there with the ratification of the peace. Did I tell you in my last of Addison's play called Cato, and that I was at the rehearsal of it? Nite MD.

13. This morning, my friend, Mr Lewis, came to me, and showed me an order for a warrant for the three vacant deaneries; but none of them to me. This was what I always foresaw, and received the notice of it better, I believe, than he expected. I bid Mr Lewis tell Lord-Treasurer, that I take nothing ill of him, but his not giving me timely notice, as he promised to do, if he found the Queen would do nothing for me. At noon, Lord-Treasurer hearing I was in Mr Lewis's office, came to me, and said many things too long to repeat. I told him I had nothing to do but go to Ireland immediately; for I could not, with any reputation, stay longer here, unless I had something honourable immediately given to me. We dined together at the Duke of Ormond's. He there told me, he had stopped the warrants for the deans, that what was done for me might be at the same time, and he hoped to compass it to-night; but I believe him not. I told the Duke of Ormond my intentions. He is content Sterne should be a bishop, and I have St Patrick's; but I believe nothing will come of it, for stay I will

not; and so I believe for all oo *******[1] oo may see me in Dublin before April ends. I am less out of humour than you would imagine: and if it were not, that impertinent people will condole with me, as they used to give me joy, I would value it less. But I will avoid company, and muster up my baggage, and send them next Monday by the carrier to Chester, and come and see my willows, against the expectation of all the world.—Hat[2] care I? Nite deelest logues, MD.

14. I dined in the city to-day, and ordered a lodging to be got ready for me against I came to pack up my things; for I will leave this end of the town as soon as ever the warrants for the deaneries are out, which are yet stopped. Lord-Treasurer told Mr Lewis, that it should be determined to-night: and so he will see [say] a hundred nights. So he said yesterday, but I value it not. My daily journals shall be but short till I get into the city, and then I will send away this, and follow it myself; and design to walk it all the way to Chester, my man and I, by ten miles a-day. It will do my health a great deal of good. I shall do it in fourteen days. Nite dee MD.

15. Lord Bolingbroke made me dine with him to-day, I was as good company as ever: and told me the Queen would determine something for me to-night. The dispute is, Windsor or St Patrick's. I told him I would not stay for their disputes, and he thought I was in the right. Lord Masham told me, that Lady Masham is angry I have not been to see her since this business, and desires I will come to-morrow. Nite deelest MD.

16. I was this noon at Lady Masham's who was just come from Kensington, where her eldest son is sick. She said much to me of what she had talked to the Queen and Lord-Treasurer. The poor lady fell a shedding tears openly. She could not bear to think of my having St Patrick's, &c. I was never more moved than to see so much friendship. I would not stay with her, but went and dined with Dr Arbuthnot, with Mr Berkeley, one of your fellows, whom I have recommended to the doctor, and to Lord Berkeley of

[1] Forster reads, "all oo sawcy Ppt can say oo may see me," &c.; but the erasure between "all" and "oo" is complete.

[2] What.

Stratton. Mr Lewis tells me, that the Duke of Ormond has been to-day with the Queen; and she was content, that Dr Sterne should be Bishop of Dromore, and I Dean of St Patrick's; but then out came Lord-Treasurer, and said, he would not be satisfied, but that I must be Prebend[ary] of Windsor. Thus he perplexes things. I expect neither; but I confess, as much as I love England, I am so angry at this treatment, that, if I had my choice, I would rather have St Patrick's. Lady Masham says, she will speak to purpose to the Queen to-morrow. Nite, dee MD.

17. I went to dine at Lady Masham's to-day, and she was taken ill of a sore throat, and aguish. She spoke to the Queen last night, but had not much time. The Queen says she will determine to-morrow with Lord-Treasurer. The warrants for the deaneries are still stopped, for fear I should be gone. Do you think any thing will be done? I don't care whether it is or no. In the mean time, I prepare for my journey, and see no great people, nor will see Lord-Treasurer any more, if I go. Lord-Treasurer told Mr Lewis it should be done to-night; so he said five nights ago. Nite MD.

18. This morning Mr Lewis sent me word, that Lord-Treasurer told him the Queen would determine at noon. At three Lord-Treasurer sent to me to come to his lodgings at St James's, and told me the Queen was at last resolved, that Dr Sterne should be Bishop of Dromore, and I Dean of St Patrick's; and that Sterne's warrant should be drawn immediately. You know the deanery is in the Duke of Ormond's gift; but this is concerted between the Queen, Lord-Treasurer, and the Duke of Ormond, to make room for me. I do not know whether it will yet be done; some unlucky accident may yet come. Neither can I feel joy at passing my days in Ireland; and I confess, I thought the ministry would not let me go; but perhaps they can't help it. Nite MD.

19. I forgot to tell you, that Lord-Treasurer forced me to dine with him yesterday as usual, with his Saturday company; which I did after frequent refusals. To-day I dined with a private friend, and was not at court. After dinner Mr Lewis sent me word, that the Queen staid till she knew whether the Duke of Ormond approved of Sterne for a Bishop.

I went this evening, and found the Duke of Ormond at the Cock-pit,[1] and told him, and desired he would go to the Queen, and approve of Sterne. He made objections, desired I would name any other deanery, for he did not like Sterne; that Sterne never went to see him; that he was influenced by the Archbishop of Dublin, &c.; so all now is broken again. I sent out for Lord-Treasurer, and told him this. He says all will do well; but I value not what he says. This suspense vexes me worse than any thing else. Nite MD.

20. I went to-day, by appointment, to the Cock-pit, to talk with the Duke of Ormond. He repeated the same proposals of any other deanery, etc. I desired he would put me out of the case, and do as he pleased. Then, with great kindness, he said he would consent; but would do it for no man alive but me, &c. And he will speak to the Queen to-day or to-morrow; so, perhaps, something will come of it. I can't tell. Nite deelest logues, MD.

21. The Duke of Ormond has told the Queen he is satisfied that Sterne should be Bishop, and she consents I shall be Dean; and I suppose the warrants will be drawn in a day or two. I dined at an alehouse with Parnell and Berkeley; for I am not in humour to go among the ministers, though Lord Dartmouth invited me to dine with him to-day, and Lord-Treasurer was to be there. I said I would, if I were out of suspense. Nite deelest MD.

22. The Queen says warrants shall be drawn, but she will dispose of all in England and Ireland at once, to be teased no more. This will delay it some time; and, while it is delayed, I am not sure of the Queen, my enemies being busy. I hate this suspense. Nite dee MD.

23. I dined yesterday with General Hamilton: I forgot to tell oo. I write short journals now. I have eggs on the spit. This night the Queen has signed all the warrants, among which Sterne is Bishop of Dromore, and the Duke of Ormond is to send over an order for making me Dean of St Patrick's. I have no doubt of him at all. I think 'tis now passed. And I suppose MD is malicious enough to be glad, and rather have it than Wells. But you see what a

[1] See p. 4.

condition I am in. I thought I was to pay but six hundred pounds for the house; but the Bishop of Clogher says eight hundred pounds; first-fruits one hundred and fifty pounds, and so, with patent, a thousand pounds in all; so that I shall not be the better for the deanery these three years. I hope in some time they will be persuaded here to give me some money to pay off these debts. I must finish the book I am writing, before I can go over; and they expect I shall pass next winter here, and then I will dun them to give me a sum of money. However, I hope to pass four or five months with MD whatever comes on it. MD **** increased.[1] I received oor *****[2] to-night; just ten weeks since I had your last. I shall write next post to Bishop Sterne. Never man had so many enemies of Ireland[3] as he. I carried it with the strongest hand possible. If he does not use me well and gently in what dealings I shall have with him, he will be the most ungrateful of mankind. The Archbishop of York,[4] my mortal enemy, has sent, by a third hand, that he would be glad to see me. Shall I see him, or not? I hope to be over in a month, and that MD, with their raillery, will be mistaken, that I shall make it three years. I will answer oo rettle soon; but no more journals. I shall be very busy. Short letters from henceforward. I shall not part with Laracor. That is all I have to live on, except the deanery be worth more than four hundred pounds a-year. Is it? If it be, overplus shall be divided *****, beside usual allowance [?] *****.[5] Pray write to me a good-humoured letter immediately, let it be ever so short. This affair was carried with great difficulty, which vexes me. But they say here, 'tis much to my reputation, that I have made a bishop, in spite of all the world, to get the best deanery in Ireland. *******.

[1] Forster, with some probability, reads, "MD's allowance must be increased, and shall be too, faith! iss truly."

[2] Probably "rettle, N. 39."

[3] Belonging to Ireland.

[4] Dr. John Sharpe, made Archbishop in 1691. Swift thus speaks of him:

> "Poor York! The harmless tool of others' hate,
> He sues for pardon, and repents too late."

[5] Forster boldly supplies the entirely obliterated words "between MD and FW beside usual allowance of MD dee rogues."

24. I forgot to tell you, I had Sterne's letter yesterday, in answer to mine. Oo performed oor commission well, dood dallars both. I made mistakes the three last days, and am forced to alter the number.[1] I dined in the city to-day with my printer, and came home early, and am going to [be] busy with my work. I will send this to-morrow, and I suppose the warrants will go then. I wrote to Dr Coghill, to take care of passing my patent; and to Parvisol, to attend him with money, if he has any, or to borrow some where he can. Nite MD.

25. Morning. I know not whether my warrant be got ready from the Duke of Ormond. I suppose it will by to-night. I am going abroad, and will keep this unsealed, till I know whether all be finished. Mollow, sollahs.

I had this letter all day in my pocket, waiting till I heard the warrants were gone over. Mr Lewis sent to Southwell's clerk at ten; and he said the Bishop of Killaloe[2] had desired they should be stopped till next post. He sent again, that the Bishop of Killaloe's business had nothing to do with ours. Then I went myself, but it was past eleven, and asked the reason. Killaloe is removed to Raphoe, and he has a mind to have an order for the rents of Raphoe, that have fallen due since the vacancy, and he would have all stop till he has gotten that. A pretty request! But the clerk, at Mr Lewis's message, sent the warrants for Sterne and me; but then it was too late to send this, which frets me heartily, that MD should not have intelligence first from Pdfr. I think to take a hundred pounds a-year out of the deanery, and divide between M [?] and Pr [?][3] and so be one year longer in paying the debt but we'll talk of zis hen I come over. So nite dear sollahs. Lele.

26. I was at court to-day, and a thousand people gave me joy; so I ran out. I dined with Lady Orkney. Yesterday I dined with Lord-Treasurer and his Saturday people as usual; and was so bedeaned! The Archbishop of York says,

[1] The number at the beginning of each entry.

[2] Dr. Thomas Lindsay.

[3] The writing is carefully obliterated. Forster reads, "M and Pr," and he is probably correct; though the letters may be "MD" and "Dr." Swift does not use "M" or "Pr" in other parts of the Journal.

he will never more speak against me. Pray see that Parvisol stirs about getting my patent. I have given Tooke DD's to prove she is alive. I'll answer [?] oo rettle *****

27. Nothing new to-day. I dined with Tom Harley, &c. I'll seal up this to-night. Pray write soon. ****** MD MD MD FW FW FW ME ME ME Lele, lele.

LETTER LXIV.

Addressed to "Mrs Dingley," etc., as before.
Endorsed: "May 22."

London, May 16, [1713.]

I had yours, N. 40, yesterday. Your new Bishop acts very ungratefully. I cannot say so bad of it as he deserved. I begged at the same post his warrant and mine went over, that he would leave those livings to my disposal. I shall write this post to him to let him know how ill I take it. I have letters to tell me, that I ought to think of employing somebody to set the tithes of the deanery. I know not what to do at this distance. I cannot be in Ireland under a month. I will write two orders; one to Parvisol, and t'other to Parvisol, and a blank for whatever fellow it is whom the last Dean employed; and I would desire you to advise with friends, which to make use of: and if the latter, let the fellow's name be inserted, and both act by commission. If the former, then speak to Parvisol, and know whether he can undertake it. I doubt it is hardly to be done by a perfect stranger alone, as Parvisol is. He may perhaps venture at all, to keep up his interest with me; but that is needless, for I am willing to do him any good, that will do me no harm. Pray advise with Walls and Raymond, and a little with Bishop Sterne for form. Tell Raymond I cannot succeed for him to get that living of Moimed. It is represented here as a great sinecure. Several chaplains have solicited for it; and it has vexed me so, that, if I live, I will make it my business to serve him better in something else. I am heartily sorry for his illness, and that of the other two. If it be not necessary to let the tithes till a month hence, you may keep the two papers, and advise well in the mean time; and

whenever it is absolutely necessary, then give that paper which you are most advised to. I thank Mr Walls for his letter. Tell him, that must serve for an answer, with my service to him and her. I shall buy Bishop Sterne's hair as soon as his household goods. I shall be ruined, or at least sadly cramped, unless the Queen will give me a thousand pounds. I am sure she owes me a great deal more. Lord-Treasurer rallies me upon it, and I believe intends it; but, *quando?* I am advised to hasten over as soon as possible, and so I will, and hope to set out the beginning of June. Take no lodging for me. What? at your old tricks again? I can lie somewhere after I land, and I care not where, nor how. I will buy your eggs and bacon, DD **** your caps and Bible; and pray think immediately, and give me some commissions, and I will perform them as far as poor Pdfr can.[1] The letter I sent before this was to have gone a post before; but an accident hindered it: and, I assure oo, I wam vely akklee[2] MD did not write to Dean Pdfr, and I think oo might have had a Dean under your girdle for the superscription. I have just finished my Treatise,[3] and must be ten days correcting it. Farewell, deelest MD, MD, MD, FW, FW, FW, MD, MD, MD, Lele, MD, FW, ME, Lele.

You'll seal the two papers after my name.

"London, May 16, 1713.

"I appoint Mr Isaiah Pavisol and Mr to set and let the tithes of the Deanery of St Patrick's for this present year. In witness whereof, I hereunto set my hand and seal, the day and year above written.

"JONAT. SWIFT."

"London, May 16, 1713.

"I do hereby appoint Mr Isaiah Parvisol my proctor, to set and let the tithes of the Deanery of St Patrick's. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, the day and year above written. JONAT. SWIFT."

[1] The last few words are scribbled over.
[2] Very angry. The words are scribbled over.
[3] "History of the Peace of Utrecht."

LETTER LXV.

Addressed to "Mrs Dingley," etc., as before.
Endorsed: "Chester Letter."

Chester, June 6, 1713.

I am come here after six days. I set out on Monday last, and got here to-day about eleven in the morning. A noble rider, fais! and all the ships and people went off yesterday with a rare wind. This was told me, to my comfort, upon my arrival. Having not used riding these three years, made me terrible weary; yet I resolve on Monday to set out for Holyhead, as weary as I am. 'Tis good for my health, mun. When I came here, I found MD's letter of the 26th of May, sent down to me. Had you written a post sooner, I might have brought some pins: but you were lazy, and would not write your orders immediately, as I desired you. I will come, when God pleases; perhaps I may be with you in a week. I will be three days going to Holyhead; I cannot ride faster, say hat oo will. I am upon Stay-behind's mare. I have the whole inn to myself. I would fain 'scape this Holyhead journey; but I have no prospect of ships, and it will be almost necessary I should be in Dublin before the 25th instant, to take the others [oaths]; otherwise I must wait to a quarter sessions. I will lodge as I can; therefore take no lodgings for me, to pay in my absence. The poor Dean can't afford it. I spoke again to the Duke of Ormond about Moimed for Raymond, and hope he may yet have it, for I laid it strongly to the Duke, and gave him the Bishop of Meath's memorial. I am sorry for Raymond's fistula; tell him so. I will speak to Lord-Treasurer about Mrs South to-morrow.—Odso! I forgot; I thought I had been in London. Mrs Tisdall is very big, ready to lie down. Her husband is a puppy. Do his feet stink still? The letters to Ireland go at so uncertain an hour, that I am forced to conclude. Farewell, MD, MD MD FW FW FW ME ME ME ME

Lele lele
lele logues and
Latlies bose fair
and slender.

[*On flyleaf.*]

I mightily approve Ppt's project of hanging the blind parson. When I read that passage upon Chester walls, as I was coming into town, and just received your letter, I said aloud—Agreeable B—tch.[1]

[1] Forster reads, "witch."

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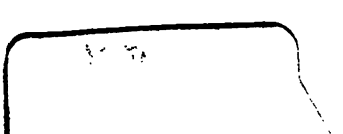
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